★ Dec. 4, 1943

THE NEW YORKER

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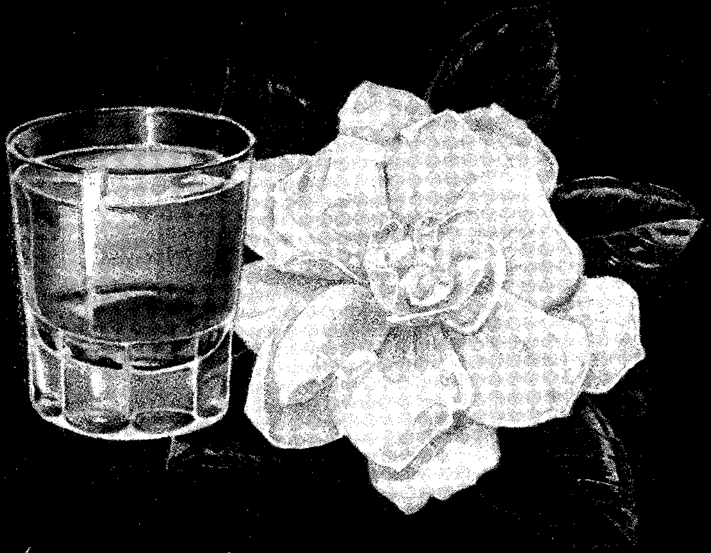

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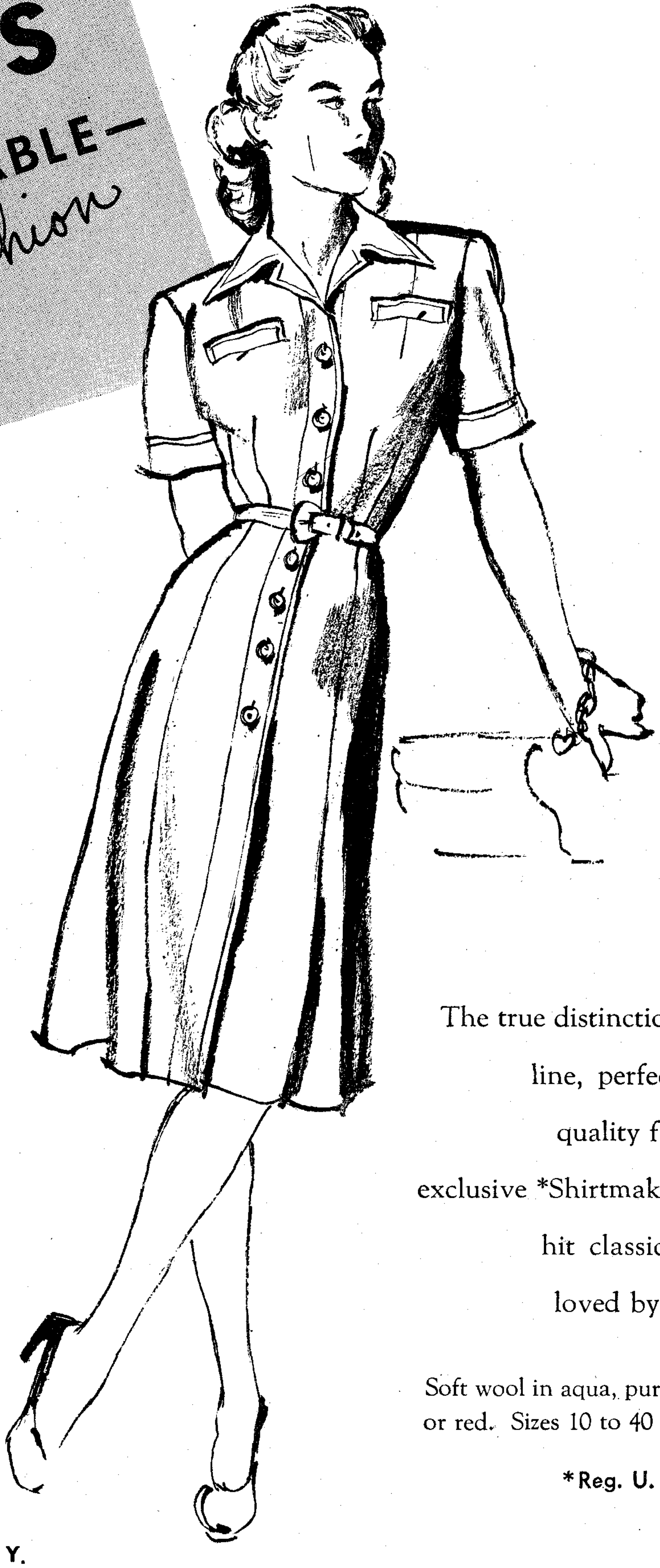

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS
FROM THURSDAY, DECEMBER 2,
THROUGH SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11.

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Angel Street—Very nice Victorian thriller by the author of "Rope's End." Judith Evelyn and Leo G. Carroll are prominent in the dirty work. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

Another Love Story—Frederick Lonsdale back with a comedy involving no less than three love affairs, all shady. The cast includes Roland Young, Margaret Lindsay, and Arthur Margetson. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Arsenic and Old Lace—The Brewster sisters defeat their nephew Jonathan by a score of thirteen corpses to twelve. Now in its third year, this Crouse-Lindsay comedy, with Josephine Hull and Effie Shannon, is still one of the funniest things in town. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Doughgirls—Three sporty girls are turned loose in wartime Washington and nearly wreck it. The cast, directed by George S. Kaufman, includes Virginia Field, Arleen Whelan, and Doris Nolan. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Get Away Old Man—A new Saroyan play about, of all things, Saroyan. Some of the comedy is very funny, but the cosmic thought doesn't seem to mean a lot. With Edward Begley, Richard Widmark, Glenn Anders, and Beatrice Pearson. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Harriet—Helen Hayes splendid as the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," who, unfortunately, doesn't seem to have been a very interesting woman. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sun. and Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed., Thurs., and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Innocent Voyage—A rather drastic simplification of Richard Hughes' extraordinary novel, but still with a good deal of humor and charm. Oscar Homolka and Abby Bonime play the pirate chief and the eldest of the kidnapped children. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Janie—Linda Watkins in a piece about adolescent and military life in the suburbs that may easily appeal to suburban adolescents. (Mansfield, 47, W. CI 6-9056. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

Kiss and Tell—A frail little comedy about a girl who pretends she's going to have a baby. Largely redeemed by George Abbott's direction and a pleasant, competent cast headed by Jessie Royce Landis and Robert Keith. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Life with Father—This agreeable comedy, based on the late Clarence Day's rich and affectionate biography of his family, is in its fifth year. Howard Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney play Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Othello—Shakespeare's tragedy made plausible and tremendously effective by the casting of a Negro as the Moor. Paul Robeson is given fine support, especially by José Ferrer as Iago, and Margaret Webster's direction is superb. Produced by the Theatre Guild. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Outrageous Fortune—Rose Franken tries to deal simultaneously with homosexuality and intolerance but hasn't a great deal to say about either. A fine cast includes Elsie Ferguson, Maria Ouspenskaya, Margalo Gillmore, and Frederic Tozere. (48th Street, 48, E. BR 9-4566. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Three Is a Family—Practically all the girls have babies in this farce. Ruth Weston, Robert Burton, and William Wadsworth are heavily involved. (Longacre, 48, W. CI 6-6454. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 2:50.)

Tomorrow the World—A sober, if not always credible, attempt to deal with the problem of reeducating the children of Nazi Germany. Skippy Homeier is excellent in his rôle of a young Fascist, and Ralph Bellamy and Shirley Booth are very helpful as his American hosts. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Two Mrs. Carrolls—The main attraction of this melodrama is Elisabeth Bergner, who puts in a sound, workmanlike evening. Playing opposite her, when he gets a chance, is Victor Jory. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Winged Victory—Moss Hart's pageant about the Air Corps is enormous and beautiful, but the dramatic narrative is pretty elementary. There are more than two hundred servicemen and women civilians in the cast. (44th Street, 44, W. LA 4-4337. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:15. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:15.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Lovers and Friends—Katharine Cornell and Raymond Massey in a play by Dodie Smith. Staged by Guthrie McClintic and produced by Miss Cornell and John C. Wilson. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

WITH MUSIC

A Connecticut Yankee—A revival proving perhaps that things aren't always as exciting as we remember them. Reasonably good entertainment, though, and Vivienne Segal and Vera-Ellen are both very fine. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Early to Bed—Richard Kollmar in a musical comedy concerned dimly with bull-fighting and Martinique. The cast also includes Muriel Angelus, Mary Small, and Bob Howard, and there is Fats Waller's music, but the whole thing needn't bother you one way or the other. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

The Merry Widow—A big, good-looking revival, with Jan Kiepura and Marta Eggerth in the leading rôles and Melville Cooper doing most of the clowning. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Oklahoma!—A musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs" that may well be the pleasantest entertainment in town. Richard Rodgers wrote the music, and the cast includes Joan Roberts, Celeste Holm, Alfred Drake, Betty Garde, and Joseph Buloff. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

One Touch of Venus—Mary Martin as a statue who comes to life to the amazement of Kenny Baker, John Boles, Paula Laurence, and many others. Ogden Nash, S. J. Perelman, and Kurt Weill attended to the book and music, and Agnes De Mille has contributed a stunning ballet. All very satisfactory. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Rosalinda—A colorful adaptation of Strauss's light opera "Die Fledermaus," with a cast made up of members of the New Opera Company. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Something for the Boys—Ethel Merman singing Cole Porter songs in a comedy that is about Army life as much as anything else. A good-natured show, also containing Frankie Hyers and Betty Bruce. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:35.)

Star and Garter—A peculiar mixture of authentic burlesque and a high-class parody of it. Rough but stimulating. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40. Closes Sat., Dec. 4.)

What's Up—Jimmy Savo very briefly visible, along with a lot of nice children, in a musical comedy about some aviators who come down at a girls' school. Simple-minded, but perhaps you might do worse. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Sat. at 2:30 and Sun. at 2:45.)

Ziegfeld Follies—Not the "Follies" as the Master used to turn them out, but still big and sometimes funny. Milton Berle is in charge of a large cast. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:35. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:35.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

Carmen Jones—An adaptation by Oscar Hammerstein II of Bizet's "Carmen," for an all-Negro cast. Produced by Billy Rose. Opens Thurs., Dec. 2. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 6-5353. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Pillar to Post—A comedy by Rose Simon Kohn, with Perry Wilson and Carl Gose. Staged by Antoinette Perry and produced by Brock Pemberton. Opens Fri., Dec. 3. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-2628. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The World's Full of Girls—A dramatization by Nunnally Johnson of Thomas Bell's novel "Till I Come Back to You." With Virginia Gilmore. Staged and produced by Jed Harris. Opens Mon., Dec. 6. (Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Voice of the Turtle—Margaret Sullavan, Elliott Nugent, and Audrey Christie in a play by John van Druten. Staged by Mr. van Druten and produced by Alfred de Liagre, Jr. Opens Wed., Dec. 8. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

MISCELLANY

Argentinita—With Pilar Lopez and her group: Sat., Dec. 11, at 8:15 P.M. (Central High School, 225 W. 24. ST 9-1391.)

Katherine Dunham—With her company in a program of primitive and jazz dances. (Forrest, 49, W. CI 6-8870. Nightly at 8:45. Mat. Sat. at 2:45. Closes Sat., Dec. 4.)

Ice Shows—"Ice Follies of 1944," with Betty Atkinson and Roy Shipstad. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6815. Nightly at 8:30. Mats. Sun., Dec. 5, and Sat., Dec. 11, at 2:30. Closes Sat., Dec. 11.) . . . "Stars on Ice," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Tues. through Sat. Eves. at 8:40, and Sun. Eve. at 8:15. Mats. Wed., Fri., and Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

Children's Entertainment—The Sue Hastings Marionettes present "Hansel and Gretel," Sat., Dec. 4; and "The Gnomes' Christmas," Sat., Dec. 11; at 3 P.M. (McMillin Theatre, B'way at 116. For tickets, call UN 4-3200, Ext. 773, from 9 A.M. to 1 P.M.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Many of them are closed altogether or have fill-in performers on either Sunday or Monday, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings.)

Ambassador, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—The Trianon Room has plenty of space for dancing. Jules Lande's orchestra.

Biltmore, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—An ice re-

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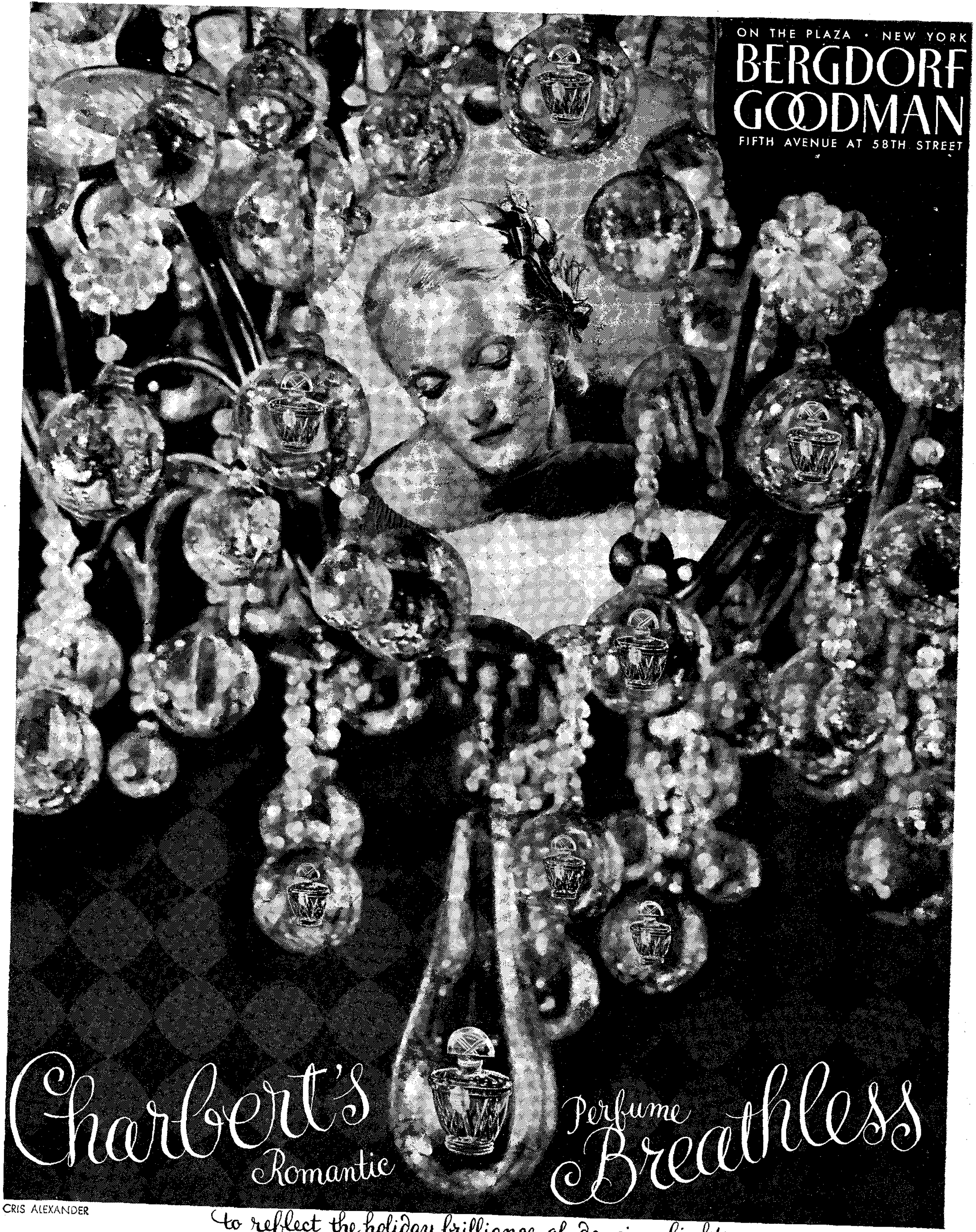

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, DECEMBER 2, THROUGH SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11.

vue, a rather quiet floor show, and Ray Heatherton's orchestra are all in the Bowman Room.

Café Society Uptown, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)—A fine place to hear good jazz. Hazel Scott, John Sebastian, and Teddy Wilson's orchestra.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—An enormous room where you may well be dazzled by both the white palm trees and the beautiful girls. Joe E. Lewis, Sonny Kendis's orchestra, and Frank Marti's samba band.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—The show here is not supplied by the management. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—Agreeable and leisurely music by Eddie Davis's and Michael Lo Scalvo's orchestras.

Monte Carlo Beach, 51 E. 54 (PL 5-3400)—A beach with central heating. Dick Gasparre's orchestra and Ralph Rotgers' rumba band play for dancing.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—Everything in the Cotillion Room is colored red, white, and blue except the crystal chandeliers. The show includes Fred and Elaine Barry and Stanley Melba's orchestra. . . . Another Melba orchestra plays in the Café Pierre. Tea dancing daily.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Hildegarde holds forth in the Persian Room, and there is also Bob Grant's orchestra.

Ritz-Carlton, Madison at 46 (PL 3-4600)—A small Continental orchestra plays discreetly in the Oval Room during the dinner hour.

St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—The Iridium Room has an ice show at the supper hour and Freddy Miller's orchestra all evening. . . . Bob Simone's and Evan Jones' orchestras play for dancing in the Maisonette.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—You'll find Joseph Marvin's orchestra and Clemente's marimba band in the Café Lounge. Tea dancing daily.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—A place you may have heard about. Ben Cutler's orchestra and Noro Morales' rumba band. Charles Baum's orchestra plays for tea dancing daily.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Leo Reisman's and Mischa Borr's orchestras play in the Wedgwood Room, where there is also a supper show headed by the Hartmans. . . . Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Lounge Restaurant.

Supper Clubs—Entertainment but no dancing—**le ruban bleu**, 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): Maxine Sullivan ought to be enough for you. . . . **blue angel**, 152 E. 55 (PL 3-0626): a baroque sort of place, with Mme. Claude Alphand and a number of others. . . . **spivy's roof**, 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): pleasantly casual, with Spivy's rough-and-ready songs. . . . **la vie parisienne**, 3 E. 52 (EL 5-8553): not much connection with the life Parisian, but there's Sheila Barrett and a small show. . . . **1-2-3 club**, 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): Roger Stearns' piano music, as well as plenty of elbow room. . . . **penthouse club**, 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): both the music and the lights are soft enough for Romance.

Miscellaneous—At the **versailles**, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): a good-looking room with a show containing good-looking girls and Dwight Fiske; Val Olman's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band. . . . **le coq rouge**, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): a small one with more charm for its size, or perhaps because of it, than most; Dick Wilson's orchestra. . . . **armando's**, 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): one of the tiniest dance floors yet; songs by Anne Francine and music by George Morris's orchestra. . . . **casbah**, 112 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-2236): not as rough as its namesake but much handsomer; Danny Yates' orchestra and a small show. . . . **la martinique**, 57 W. 57 (PL 5-5757): a cheerful place, containing Maximilian Bergère's orchestra and some entertainment. . . . **riobamba**, 151 E. 57 (PL 8-1960): big and fairly noisy, with Mickey Alpert's orchestra, a rumba band, and a show. . . . **casino russe**, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): Cornelius Codolban's orchestra and Russian entertainment. . . . **commodore**, Lexington at 42 (MU 6-6000): Enric Madriguera's orchestra. . . . **essex house**, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Abe Lyman's orchestra. . . . **lincoln**, 8 Ave. at 44 (CI 6-4500): Count Basie's orchestra. . . . **new yorker hotel**, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Benny Goodman's orchestra and an ice show. . . . **pennsylvania**, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Tommy Dorsey's orchestra. . . . **roosevelt**, Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra. . . . **bill's gay nineties**, 57 E 54 (EL 5-8231): strenuous, but all right if you feel like community singing; no dancing. . . . **el chico**, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): lots of Latin atmosphere in a fairly small space. . . . **village vanguard**, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): a low-ceilinged cellar spot, with Richard Dyer-Bennett singing folk songs. . . . **jimmy kelly's**, 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): things don't get going here until most children are in bed, which is lucky.

•

Broadway Atmosphere—At the **diamond horseshoe**, 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): a revue, all about the postwar world, in the Billy Rose manner. . . . **latin quarter**, B'way at 48 (CI 6-1737): situated on the left bank of Broadway. . . . **café zanzibar**, B'way at 50 (CI 7-7380): all-Negro entertainment, and a good bit of it, including Maurice Rocco and Don Redman's orchestra. . . . **la conga**, 209 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): Machito's rumba band and a show headed by Joey Faye. . . . **havana-madrid**, B'way at 51 (CI 7-3461): castanets, ruffles, and dark, flashing eyes.

Mostly for Music—At **café society downtown**, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): a pleasant, bemuralled place with good music by Eddie Heywood's orchestra, and a show including Pearl Primus, Josh White, and Mary Lou Williams. . . . **nick's**, 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-9742): the home of authentic jazz, with Miff Mole's orchestra, featuring Pee Wee Russell and Eddie Condon. . . . **onyx**, 57 W. 52 (EL 5-7835): people who like Billie Holiday are very happy here in spite of her sad songs. . . . **three deuces**, 72 W. 52 (EL 5-7742): just a bar, some tables, and two small but classy swing ensembles headed by Art Tatum, pianist, and Ben Webster, saxophonist. . . . **kelly's stable**, 137 W. 52 (CI 7-9738): the geniuses being featured right now are Coleman Hawkins, the Clarence Profit Trio, and Clark Monroe's band.

ART

Nina Balaban—Paintings, drawings, and a few textile designs: Pinacotheca, 20 W. 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Dec. 22.

Charlotte Berend—Landscapes and portraits in water color and oil by this California artist: Schaeffer, 61 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 19.

Eugene Berman—Recent oils with a mythological background: Julien Levy, 42 E. 57. Daily 10:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 4.

Aaron Bohrod—Paintings and gouaches done this year in the South Pacific (through Sat., Dec. 4); also, a small group of pictures by John Steuart Curry (through Sat., Dec. 11): Associated American Artists, 711 5 Ave., at 55. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.

Guy Pène du Bois—Landscapes and figures of the last two years: Kraushaar, 730 5 Ave., at 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 18.

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern P'kw'y—A large exhibition of early work by Arthur B. Davies, John Sloan, Everett Shinn, and other members of "The Eight." Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Jan. 16.

José de Creeft—Recent sculpture in wood and stone: Passedoit, 121 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sat., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 11.

Educational Alliance, 197 E. Broadway, at Jefferson—An anniversary show of work by former students of the school, including Chaim Gross, Saul Berman, Peter Blume, Jacob Epstein, and many others. Sun. through Thurs., 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sat., 7 to 10 P.M.; through March 15.

French—At the **bignou**, 32 E. 57: a painting apiece, some never before shown here, by twelve nineteenth-century masters—Cézanne, Corot, Courbet, Gauguin, etc. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 4. . . . **durand-ruel**, 12 E. 57: one-hundred-and-fortieth *anniversary show of a gallery* closely linked with the French Impressionist movement. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 4.

William Glackens—The annual exhibition in the late artist's house, at 10 W. 9. Daily 2 to 6 P.M.; through Sun., Dec. 5.

Gordon Grant—Water colors of Gloucester scenes: Grand Central, 15 Vanderbilt Ave., at 43. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 31.

Groups—At the **buchholz**, 32 E. 57: early work by Chagall, Matisse, Feininger, and other contemporary artists. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Thurs., Dec. 9. . . . **perls**, 32 E. 58: pictures by contemporary Mexican, French, and American artists. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 31. . . . **downtown**, 43 E. 51: an exhibition of work by Charles Demuth, Preston Dickinson, "Pop" Hart, and Jules Pascin. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 11.

Fannie Hillsmith—First one-man show by this American abstractionist: Norlyst, 59 W. 56. Daily 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 4.

Edward Hopper—Recent water colors of Mexican subjects: Rehn, 683 5 Ave., at 54. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 23.

Gina Knee—Abstract water colors by the sculptor: Willard, 32 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 4.

Käthe Kollwitz—Work from 1890 to 1934, in several mediums: Galerie St. Etienne, 46 W. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 4.

James Lechay—Impressionist water colors of New England: Ferargil, 63 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 11.

Franz Lerch—Water colors by an Austrian artist: Artists', 43 W. 55. Weekdays 1 to 6 P.M.; through Mon., Dec. 6.

Barnard Lintott—Portraits of children by an artist known mainly for his flower paintings: Macbeth, 11 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 4.

John Marin—More about Maine: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 3 to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 9.

Nicholas Mocharniuk—Small wood sculptures: Marquie, 16 W. 57. Weekdays 10:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 11.

Morgan Collection—Forty-two paintings by Flemish, Dutch, and English masters; a benefit for the Citizens Committee for the Army and Navy, Inc.: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 11.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53—A large exhibition of romantic American painting (through Feb. 6); also, battle drawings made on the spot by members of the Marine Corps (through Jan. 9); and a retrospective showing of work by Alexander Calder (through Jan. 16). Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.

Museum of Non-Objective Painting, 24 E. 54—A loan exhibition of water colors, constructions, oils, and other work by such artists as Werner Drewes, Jean Xceron, and Warner Phelps. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 30.

Picasso—At the **matisse**, 41 E. 57: paintings, drawings, and gouaches from 1905 to 1937. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 31. . . . **rosenberg**, 16 E. 57: seven large oils, from 1921 to 1937. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 24.

Doris Rosenthal—Drawings, pastels, and paintings—all of Mexico: Midtown, 605 Madison, at 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 11.

Sculpture—Small figures done in the gallery's studio by servicemen: Clay Club, 4 W. 8. Sat., 2 to 5 P.M.; other weekdays, 2 to 5 P.M. and 7 to 10 P.M.; through Dec. 31.

Frederick B. Serger—Big paintings, post-Impressionist in style: Lilienfeld, 21 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 4.

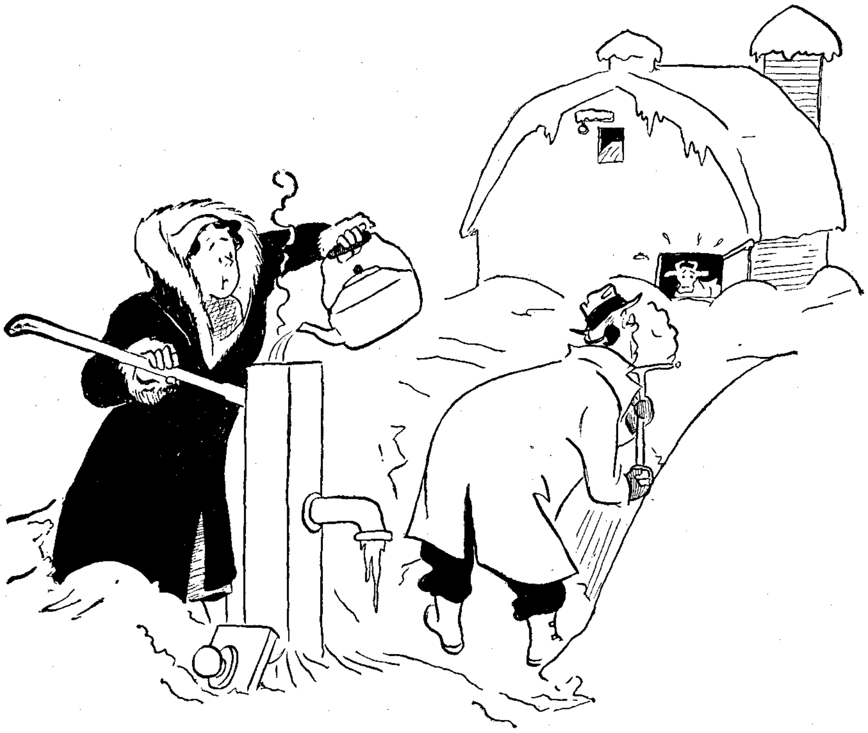
Everett Shinn—Paintings, early and late: Ferargil, 63 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 4.

Surrealist—Work by Max Ernst, Yves Tanguy, Matta, and other surrealists, as well as paintings by patients in insane asylums: Art of This Century, 30 W. 57. Weekdays 10:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 31.

Rufino Tamayo—New paintings by one of the younger Mexican artists: Valentine, 55 E. 57. Daily 10:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 4.

Maurice Utrillo—Twelve paintings, ranging from his "white period" to 1940: Niveau, 63 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 5 P.M.; through Dec. 15.

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8—The annual show of contemporary American paintings, sculptures, water



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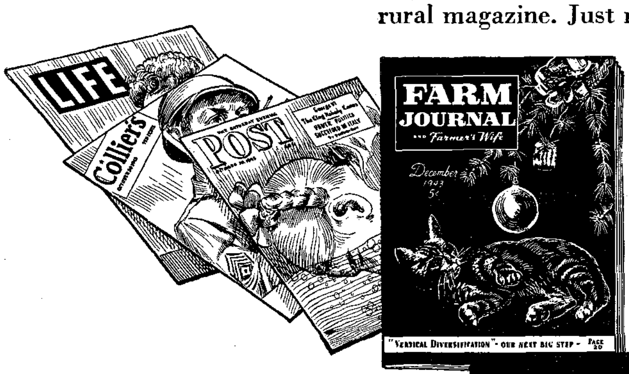
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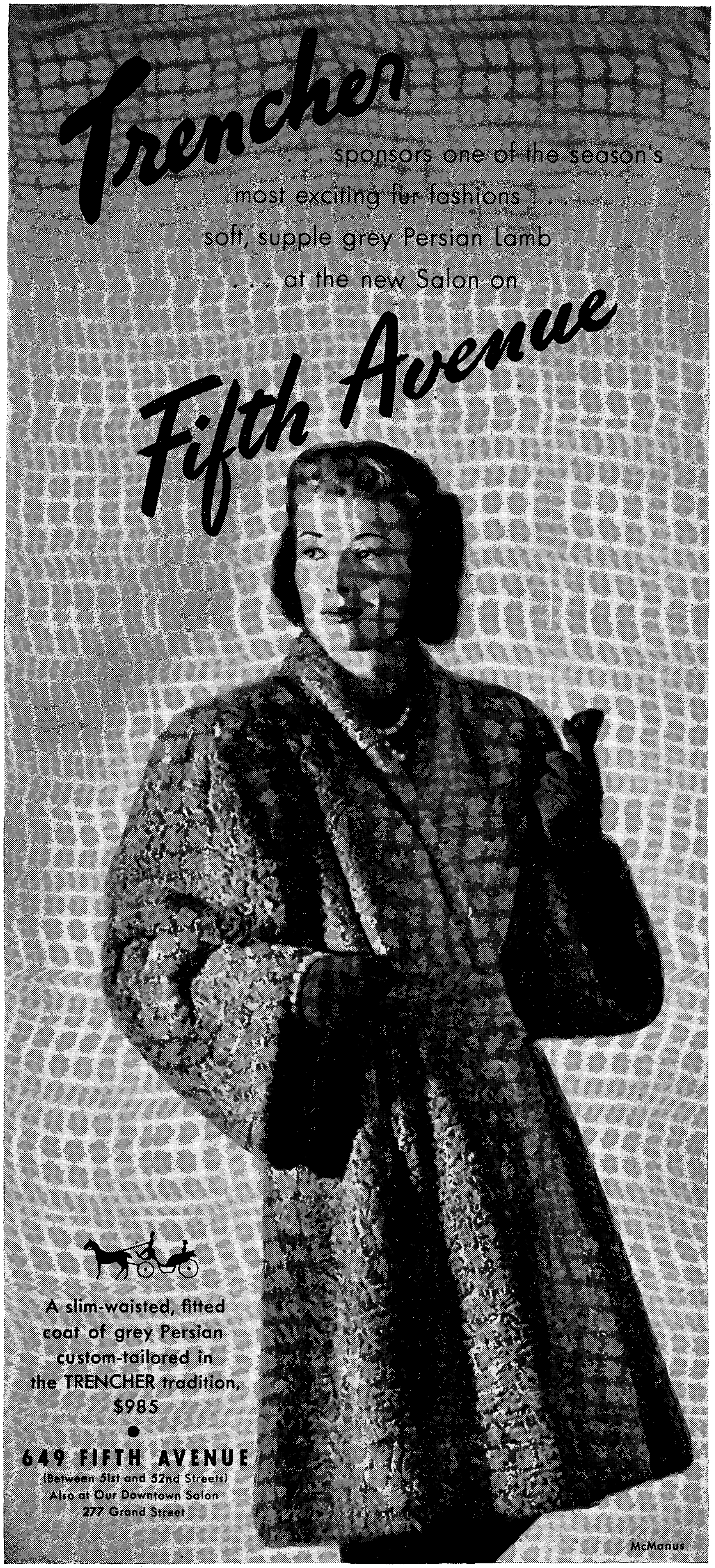
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

colors, and drawings. Tues. through Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Jan. 4.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

Philharmonic-Symphony—Carnegie Hall: Artur Rodzinski and Leonard Bernstein conducting; Thurs., Dec. 2, at 8:45 P.M.; Fri., Dec. 3, at 2:30 P.M.; Sat., Dec. 4, at 8:45 P.M.; and Sun., Dec. 5, at 3 P.M. Artur Rodzinski conducting; Thurs., Dec. 9, at 8:45 P.M.; and Fri., Dec. 10, at 2:30 P.M. (Highlights: Astrid Varnay, soprano, Enid Szantho, contralto, and the Westminster Choir, Dec. 2-5; Artur Rubinstein, Dec. 9-10.). . . Artur Rodzinski conducting the dedication program at the New York City Center, 135 W. 55, Sat., Dec. 11, at 8:30 P.M. The box office, CI 6-8989, will be open daily from Mon., Dec. 6.

National Orchestral Association—Sydney Baron, John Barnett, and Richard K. Korn conducting; soloist, Jacques Abram, piano. Mon., Dec. 6, at 8:45 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

Jazz Concert—Duke Ellington conducting his orchestra in a program of familiar compositions as well as several new numbers. Sat., Dec. 11, at 8:45 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

Metropolitan Opera—"Die Walküre," Thurs. Eve., Dec. 2. . . . "Rigoletto," Fri. Eve., Dec. 3. . . . "Boris Godunoff," Sat. Aft., Dec. 4. . . . "Mignon," Sat. Eve., Dec. 4. . . . "Lucia di Lammermoor," Mon. Eve., Dec. 6. . . . "La Forza del Destino," Thurs. Eve., Dec. 9. . . . "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," Fri. Eve., Dec. 10. . . . "Tristan und Isolde," Sat. Aft., Dec. 11. . . . "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," Sat. Eve., Dec. 11. (Curtain times vary and are not fixed until a day or so before the performance; it's best to make a last-minute call to the box office, PE 6-1210.)

Columbia Theatre Associates—Presenting "The Two Misers," an English version of André Grétry's "Les Deux Avares," Wed. through Sat., Dec. 8-11, at 8:40 P.M., and Sat., Dec. 11, at 2:40 P.M. (Brander Matthews Theatre, 420 W. 117. For tickets, call UN 4-3200, Ext. 502, between 12 noon and 6 P.M.)

Leonard Shure—Piano. Fri., Dec. 3, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

Elisabeth Schumann—Soprano. Sat., Dec. 4, at 3 P.M. (Town Hall.)

Lener Quartet—Chamber music. Sat., Dec. 4 and 11, at 5:30 P.M., and Thurs., Dec. 9, at 8:30 P.M.; soloists, Elisabeth Schumann, soprano, and Miklos Schwalb, piano, Dec. 9. (Town Hall.)

New Friends of Music—Budapest Quartet. Sun., Dec. 5, at 5:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

Helen Traubel—Soprano. Sun., Dec. 5, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

Yves Tinayre—Baritone. Sun., Dec. 5, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

Benefit Concert—Bidu Sayao, soprano, Emanuel List, basso, Joseph Schuster, 'cello, and many others; for the Bagby Music Lovers' Foundation. Mon., Dec. 6, at 2:30 P.M. (Waldorf-Astoria. EL 5-3000, Ext. 1557.)

Dolores Miller—Violin. Mon., Dec. 6, at 3:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

Florence Easton—Soprano. Mon., Dec. 6, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

Marian Anderson—Contralto. Tues., Dec. 7, at 8:30 P.M. (Brooklyn Academy, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700.)

Rudolf Serkin—Piano. Tues., Dec. 7, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

Josef Lhevinne—Piano. Tues., Dec. 7, at 9 P.M. (Times Hall, 240 W. 44. LA 4-1000, Ext. 362.)

Simon Barere—Piano. Wed., Dec. 8, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

SPORTS

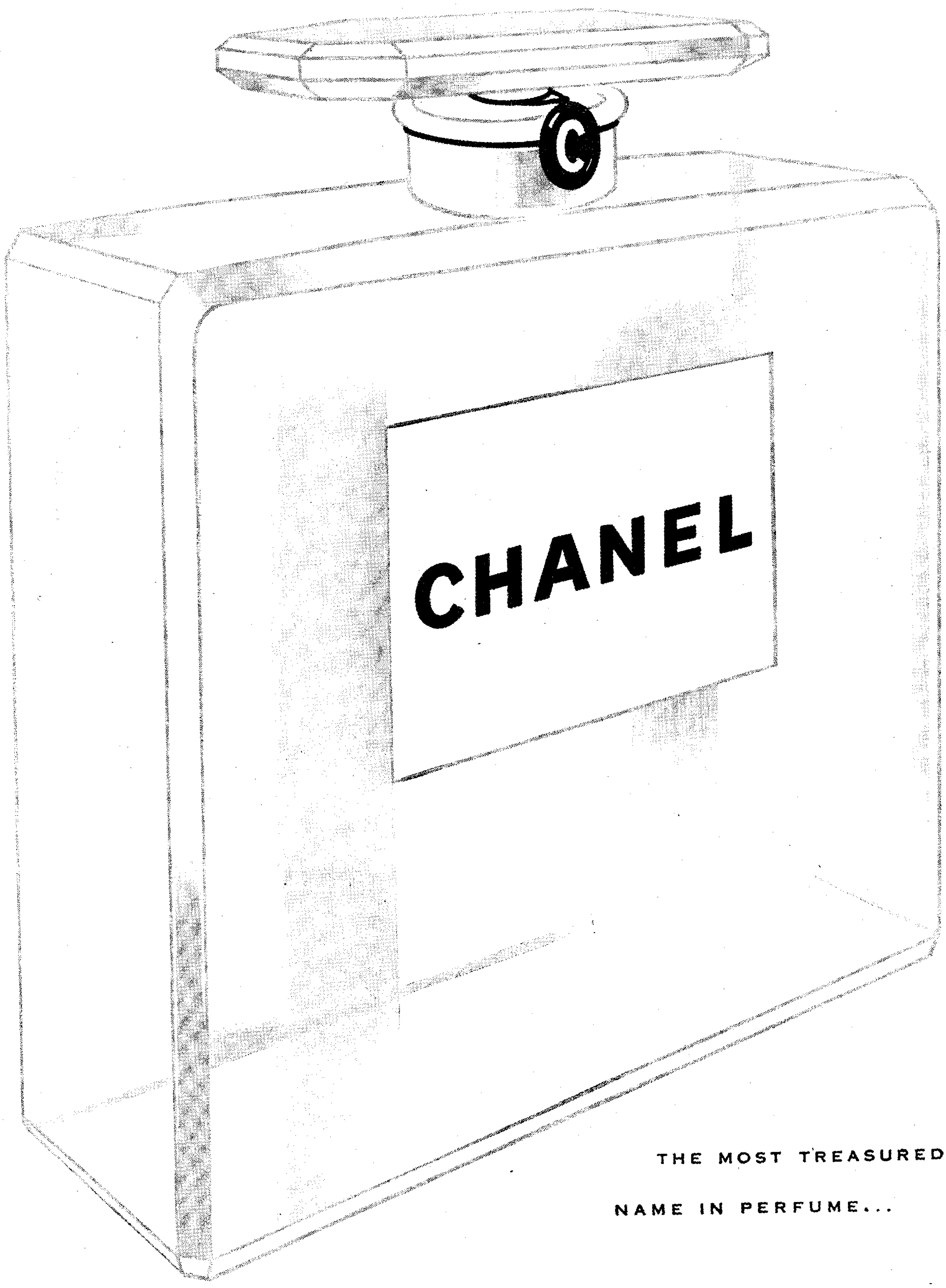
Football—Giants vs. Washington, at the Polo Grounds, Sun., Dec. 5, at 2:30 P.M.

OTHER EVENTS

New York City Center, 135 W. 55—A program marking the opening of this civic centre, with an address by Mayor LaGuardia and a concert by the Philharmonic-Symphony, Sat., Dec. 11, at 8:30 P.M. (The box office, CI 6-8989, will be open daily from Mon., Dec. 6.)

Wartime Exhibitions—At the **chrysler bldg.**, 405 Lexington, at 42: a collection of combat vehicles, artillery, bombs, and small arms, including a bazooka, assembled by the Army. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 11 A.M. to 7 P.M. . . . **museum of science and industry**, R.C.A. Bldg.: an Army Air Forces show, including an Airacobra, a Warhawk, a Hurricane, and other planes. Daily 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through Feb. 28. . . . **metropolitan museum**, 5 Ave. at 82: "The Soviet Artist in the War," an exhibition of original war posters and of photographs showing cultural activities in present-day Russia. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Jan. 2.

Photography—An exhibition of portraits from 1843 to 1943, by such men as Matthew Brady, David O. Hill, Alfred Stieglitz, and Man Ray: Photog-



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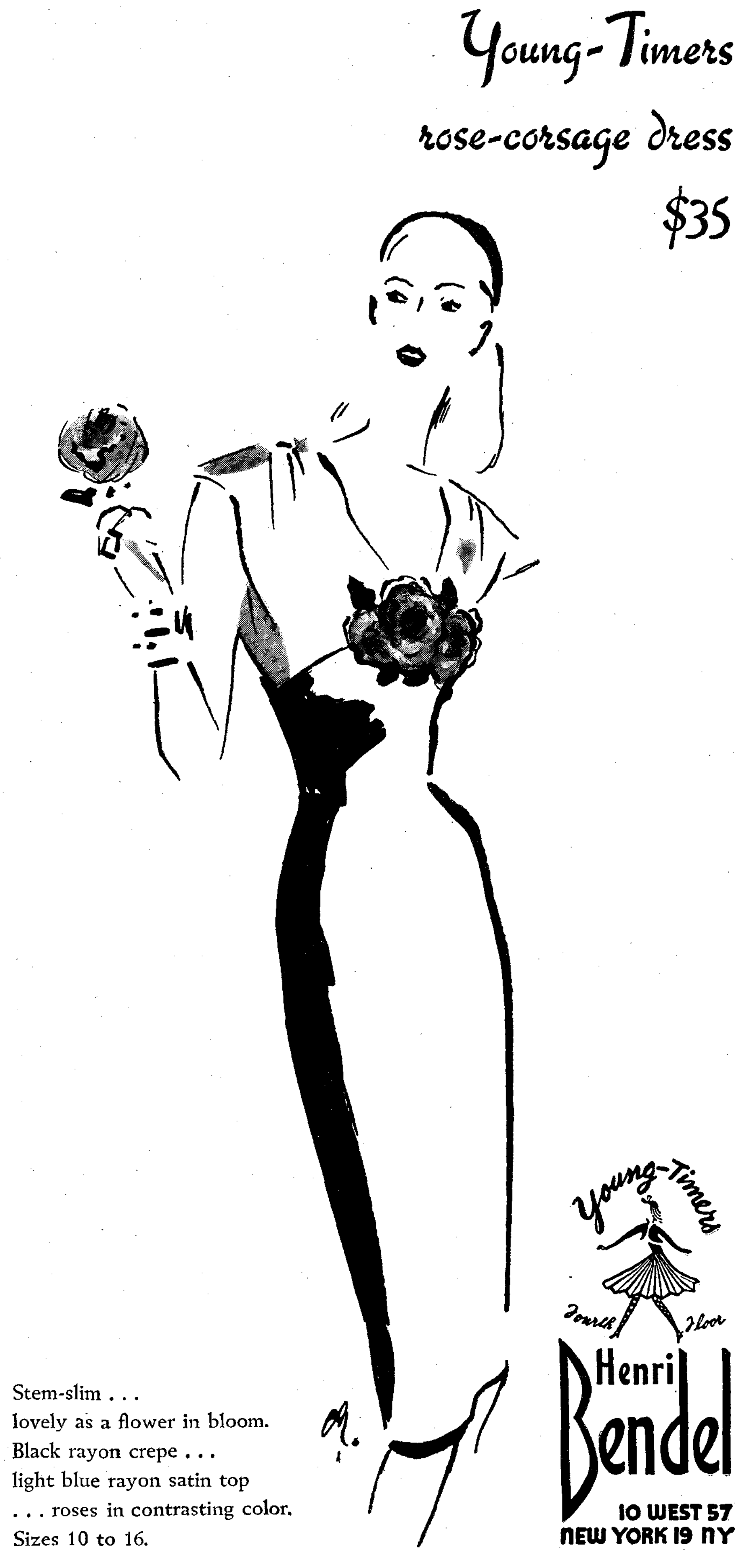

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raphy Center of the Museum of Modern Art, 9 W. 54. Weekdays 1 to 6 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 6 P.M.; through Sun., Dec. 5.

Americana—A loan exhibition showing the influence of classic Greek culture on the architecture, furniture, and decorative arts of the United States during the early eighteen hundreds, with a completely furnished drawing room of the period: Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Feb. 29.

Planetarium—"The Wise Men's Star" is the title of the December lecture and demonstration at the Hayden Planetarium, Central Pk. W. at 81. Mon. through Fri. at 2, 3:30, and 8:30 P.M.; Sat. at 11 A.M. and 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.; Sun. and holidays at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.

On the Air—Philharmonic-Symphony, Artur Rodzinski and Leonard Bernstein conducting, Sun., Dec. 5, at 3 P.M., WABC. . . . Boston Symphony, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, Sat., Dec. 4, at 8:15 P.M., and Sat., Dec. 11, at 8:30 P.M., WJZ. . . . N.B.C. Symphony, Arturo Toscanini conducting, Sun., Dec. 5, at 5 P.M., WEAF. . . . Cleveland Symphony, Erich Leinsdorf conducting, Sun., Dec. 5, at 9 P.M., WOR. . . . Metropolitan Opera: "Boris Godunoff," with Kerstin Thorborg and Ezio Pinza, Sat., Dec. 4; "Tristan und Isolde," with Lauritz Melchior and Helen Traubel, Sat., Dec. 11; at 2 P.M., WJZ. . . . New Friends of Music, Sun., Dec. 5, at 5:30 P.M., WQXR.

NEWS COMMENTATORS: Raymond Clapper, Mon. and Thurs. at 10 P.M., WOR. . . . Samuel Grafton, Sun. at 7:45 P.M., WOR. . . . John Gunther, Fri. and Sat. at 10 P.M., WJZ. . . . Leon Henderson, Sat. at 6:45 P.M., WJZ. . . . Quincy Howe, nightly, except Thurs. and Sun., at 6 P.M., WABC. . . . Ed Murrow (from London), Sun. at 1:30 P.M., WABC. . . . Lisa Sergio, Mon. through Fri. at 7 P.M., WQXR. . . . William L. Shirer, Sun. at 7 P.M., WABC. . . . Raymond Gram Swing, Mon. through Thurs. at 10 P.M., WJZ. . . . Dorothy Thompson, Sun. at 7:15 P.M., WJZ.

NEWS VIA SHORT WAVE: Mon. through Sat. at 6:45 P.M. and Sun. at 2:30 P.M., WABC. . . . Mon. through Fri. at 7:15 P.M. and Sun. at 11:15 P.M., WEAF. . . . Mon. through Fri. at 6:30 P.M., WMCA.

Auctions—At the **PARKE-BERNET GALLERIES**, 30 E. 57—Paintings, antique jewelry, porcelains, and other art objects, owned by the late Mrs. Henry Walters: Thurs. through Sat., Dec. 2-4, at 2 P.M. . . . Books from the libraries of the late Andreas E. Burkhardt and others: Mon. and Tues., Dec. 6-7, at 2 P.M.

KENDE GALLERIES, at the Jay Gould house, 579 5 Ave., at 47—Currier & Ives prints and early American glass and paper weights: Sat., Dec. 4, at 2 P.M.

Note—The Post Office Department has announced that Christmas gifts this year should be in the mail by Fri., Dec. 10, in order to reach their destinations on time.

MOTION PICTURES

The Adventures of Tartu—Robert Donat and Valerie Hobson in a very well-told British spy picture. (Park, at Columbus Circle; Sat. through Tues., Dec. 4-7.)

The Battle of Russia—A clear and dramatic documentary about Russia made by the U. S. Government, mostly from bits of fiction and non-fiction movies by the Russians themselves. (Stanley, 7 Ave. at 41.)

The Cross of Lorraine—About French prisoners in a German camp. It's a good picture until toward the end when it falls apart. Jean Pierre Aumont, Gene Kelly, and Sir Cedric Hardwicke are in the cast. (State, B'way at 45; and Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83; through Wed., Dec. 8. . . . Lexington, Lexington at 51; Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54; Olympia, B'way at 107; and Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; through Mon., Dec. 6.)

For Whom the Bell Tolls—A screen adaptation that you may have heard about, notable for its suspense, acting, and exceptional Technicolor, if not for its political convictions. Gary Cooper, Ingrid Bergman Katina Paxinou, and Akim Tamiroff. (Rivoli, B'way at 49.)

Holy Matrimony—A new version of Arnold Bennett's "Buried Alive," with Gracie Fields and Monty Woolley making it everything you could ask. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Thurs., Dec. 2. . . . 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Wed., Dec. 8. . . . Normandie, Park at 53; Fri. through Sun., Dec. 3-5. . . . Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Sat. through Mon., Dec. 4-6.)

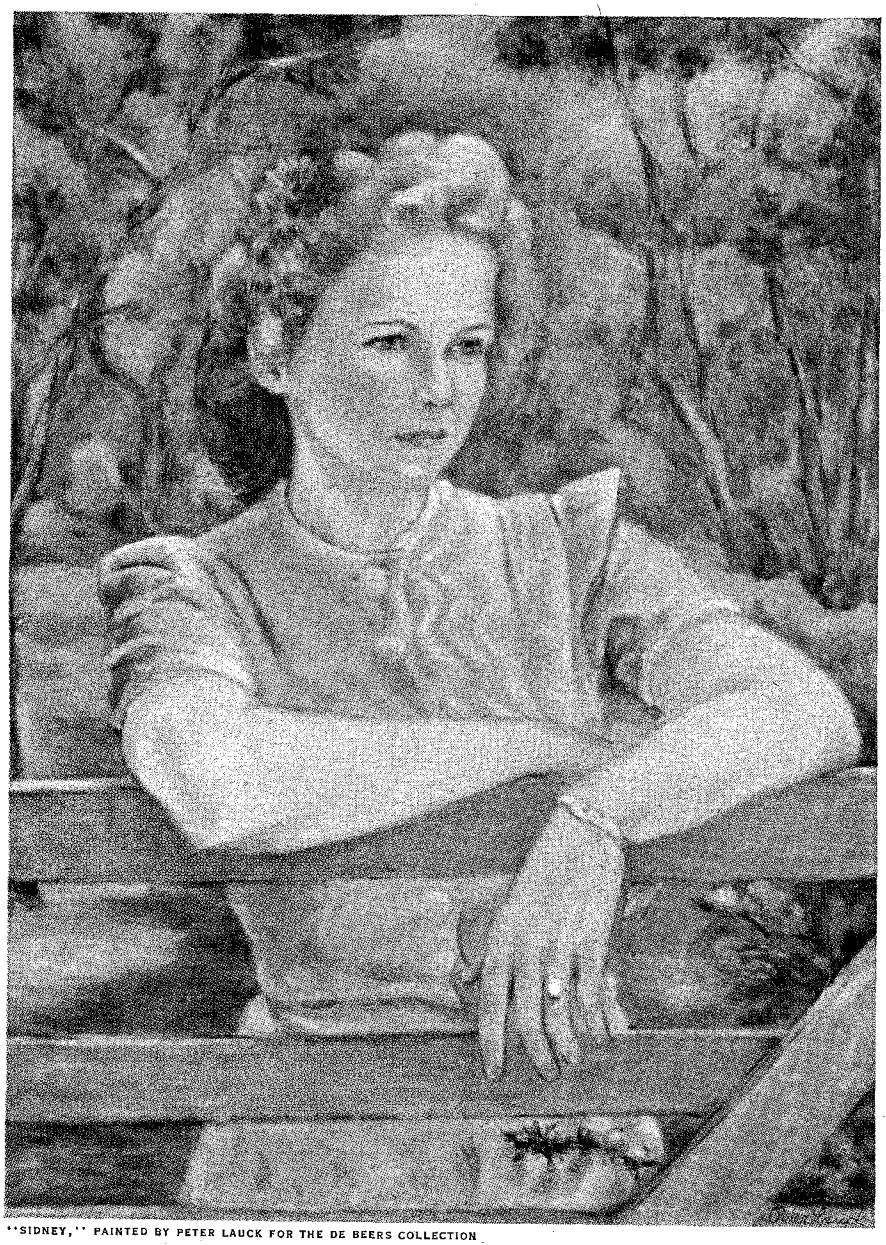
Johnny Come Lately—The talents of James Cagney and Grace George are pleasantly employed in this fragile little period piece about small-town journalism in your grandfather's day. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Fri. and Sat., Dec. 3-4.)

Next of Kin—The British have put this film together to show you that mum, in wartime, is the word. With Nova Pilbeam. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Thurs., Dec. 2.)

The North Star—A great picture by Lillian Hellman

Star of hope

The engagement diamond on her finger is bright as a tear—but not with sadness. Like her eyes it holds a promise—of cool dawns together, of life grown rich and full and tranquil. Its lovely assurance shines through all the hours of waiting, to kindle with joy and precious meaning at the beginning of their new life to be.



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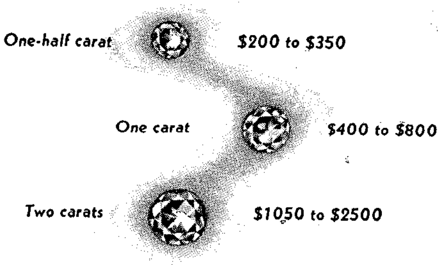

Facts You Should Know About Diamonds: These are average current prices for unmounted quality diamonds, including federal tax. (The exact weights shown occur infrequently.) Size alone does not determine diamond values. Color, cutting, brilliance and clarity have an equally important bearing. You should have a trusted jeweler's best advice when buying diamonds.

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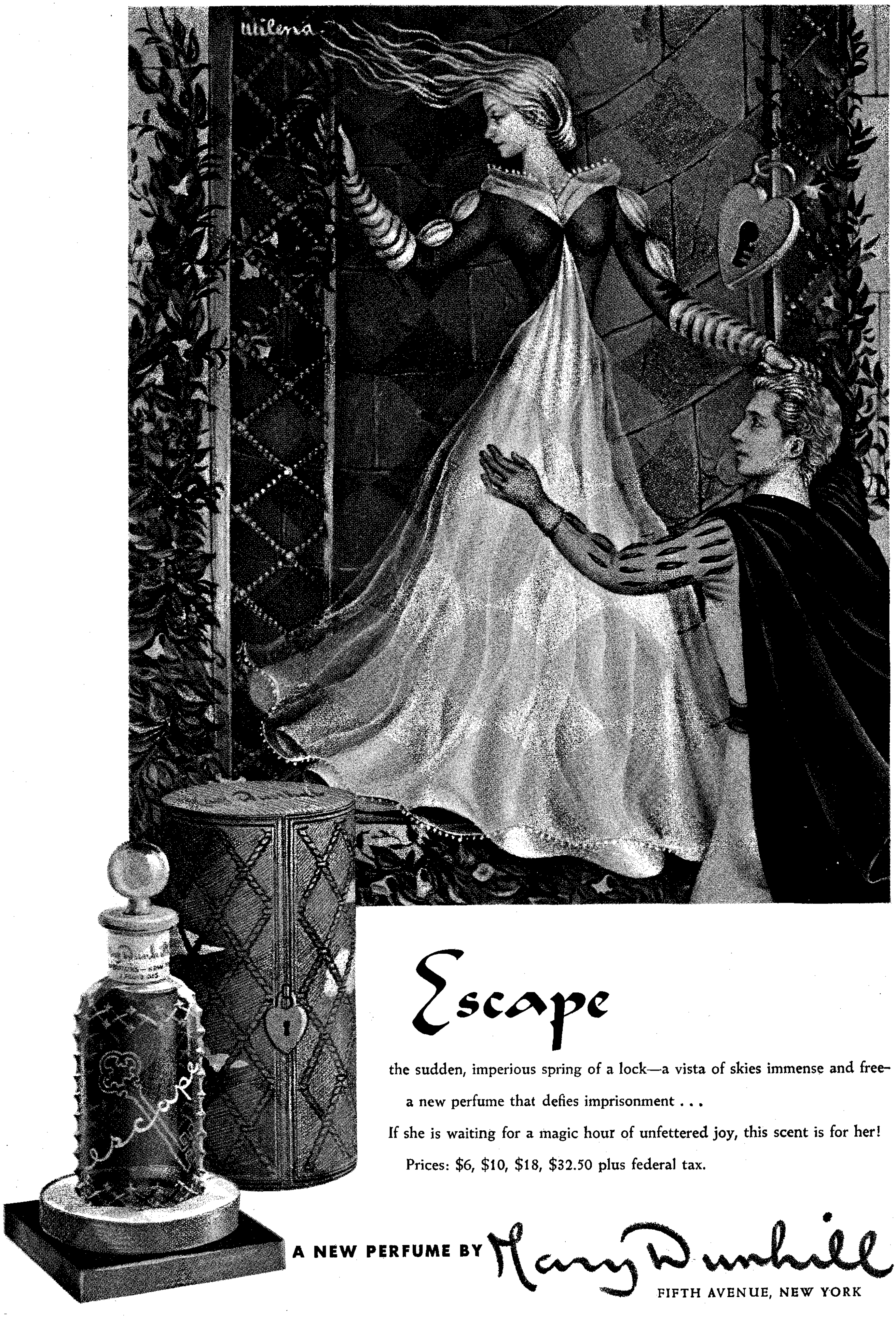

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

about the Russians at peace and at war. With Anne Baxter, Walter Huston, Ann Harding, and Erich von Stroheim. (Victoria, B'way at 46; Mon. through Fri. at 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sat. at 2:45, 5:45, 8:45, and 11:45 P.M.; and Sun. at 2:45, 5:45, and 8:45 P.M. . . . Palace, B'way at 47; continuous showings daily.)

OLD ACQUAINTANCE—A long one about a couple of lady novelists, notable for the presence of Bette Davis, a capable actress. There's also Miriam Hopkins and John Loder. (Hollywood, B'way at 51.)

THIS IS THE ARMY—Irving Berlin's rousing soldier show, with a big cast of soldiers, Hollywood civilians, and Irving Berlin. (R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; Riverside, B'way at 96; Nemo, B'way at 110; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; through Wed., Dec. 8.)

TRUE TO LIFE—A good, noisy comedy with Dick Powell, Franchot Tone, Mary Martin, and Victor Moore. (8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; and Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; through Sat., Dec. 4. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Sun. through Tues., Dec. 5-7. . . . Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Tues. through Thurs., Dec. 7-9.)

REVIVALS

BLACKOUT (1940)—Spies and romance in London. Valerie Hobson and Conrad Veidt. (Art, 36 E. 8; Wed. and Thurs., Dec. 8-9.)

CATHERINE THE GREAT (1934)—Elisabeth Bergner as the Empress of All the Russias and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., as the young Czar. (Art, 36 E. 8; through Tues., Dec. 7.)

THE GHOST GOES WEST (1935)—Robert Donat in a René Clair film about a Scottish castle moved to America. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; through Fri., Dec. 3. . . . 77th Street, B'way at 77; Mon. through Wed., Dec. 6-8.)

GRAND ILLUSION (1938)—German prisons in the last war. In French, with Erich von Stroheim and Jean Gabin. (Park, at Columbus Circle; starting Wed., Dec. 8.)

LIFE BEGINS AT 8:30 (1942)—Monty Woolley as a hard-drinking actor, and Ida Lupino as his daughter. (Park, at Columbus Circle; through Fri., Dec. 3.)

LOVE CRAZY (1941)—William Powell with Myrna Loy and amnesia. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Sun. and Mon., Dec. 5-6.)

MADE FOR EACH OTHER (1939)—Carole Lombard and James Stewart as an ordinary young couple. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Fri. through Mon., Dec. 3-6. . . . Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Tues. and Wed., Dec. 7-8.)

MR. DEEDS GOES TO TOWN (1936)—The Capra comedy about the fellow with too much money. Jean Arthur and Gary Cooper. (Park, at Columbus Circle; starting Wed., Dec. 8.)

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HENRY VIII (1933)—Charles Laughton as the character with all the wives. (Art, 36 E. 8; through Tues., Dec. 7.)

THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL (1935)—Leslie Howard and Merle Oberon in the French Revolution. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; through Fri., Dec. 3. . . . 77th Street, B'way at 77; Mon. through Wed., Dec. 6-8.)

THE SPANISH EARTH (1937)—The Ivens-Hemingway film of war around Madrid. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Tues. and Wed., Dec. 7-8.)

A STAR IS BORN (1937)—Janet Gaynor, Fredric March, and Hollywood life. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Fri. through Mon., Dec. 3-6. . . . Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Tues. and Wed., Dec. 7-8.)

THAT HAMILTON WOMAN! (1941)—Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier as Emma and Lord Nelson. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54; Olympia, B'way at 107; and Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; Tues. and Wed., Dec. 7-8.)

TO BE OR NOT TO BE (1942)—Ernst Lubitsch, with the help of Carole Lombard and Jack Benny, takes the Gestapo apart. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., Dec. 2.)

TOP HAT (1935)—Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers, and Irving Berlin music. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Wed. and Thurs., Dec. 8-9.)

TRADE WINDS (1939)—South Seas adventure. Joan Bennett and Fredric March. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54; Olympia, B'way at 107; and Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; Tues. and Wed., Dec. 7-8.)

NOTE—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing old motion pictures on the following schedule. Unless otherwise noted, showings will be weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M. and Sun. at 1:20, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M.—**THURS. AND FRI., DEC. 2-3:** "Misunderstood" (1912), with Henny Porten, and "Father Sergius" (1917), Russian film. **SAT. AND SUN., DEC. 4-5:** "Blind Husbands" (1919), with Erich von Stroheim. **MON. AND TUES., DEC. 6-7:** "Broken Blossoms" (1919), with Lillian Gish and Richard Barthelmess. **WED. AND THURS., DEC. 8-9:** (at 4 P.M. only): "Way Down East" (1920), with Lillian Gish and Richard Barthelmess. **FRI. AND**

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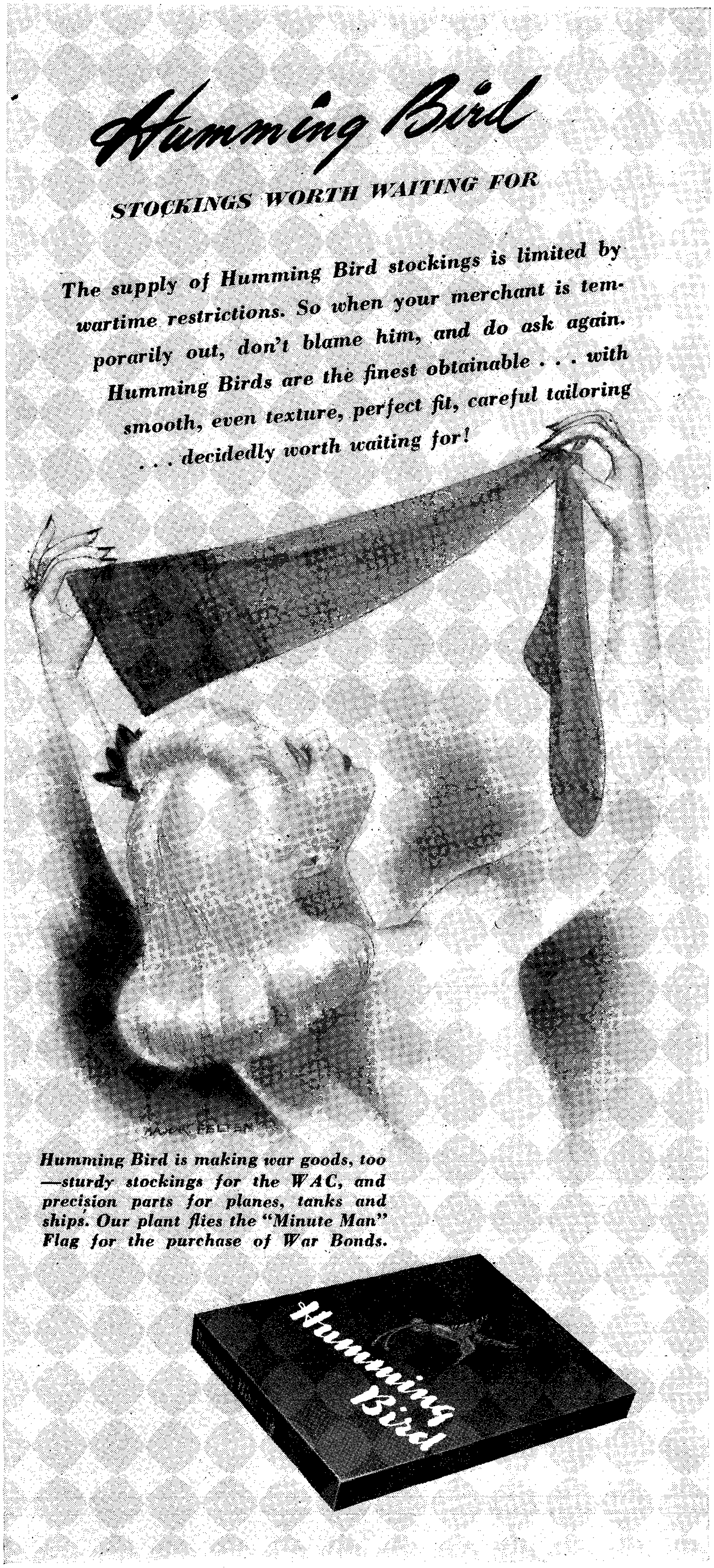

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

SAT., DEC. 10-11: "Foolish Wives" (1922), with Mae Busch and Erich von Stroheim.

CIVILIAN WAR ACTIVITIES

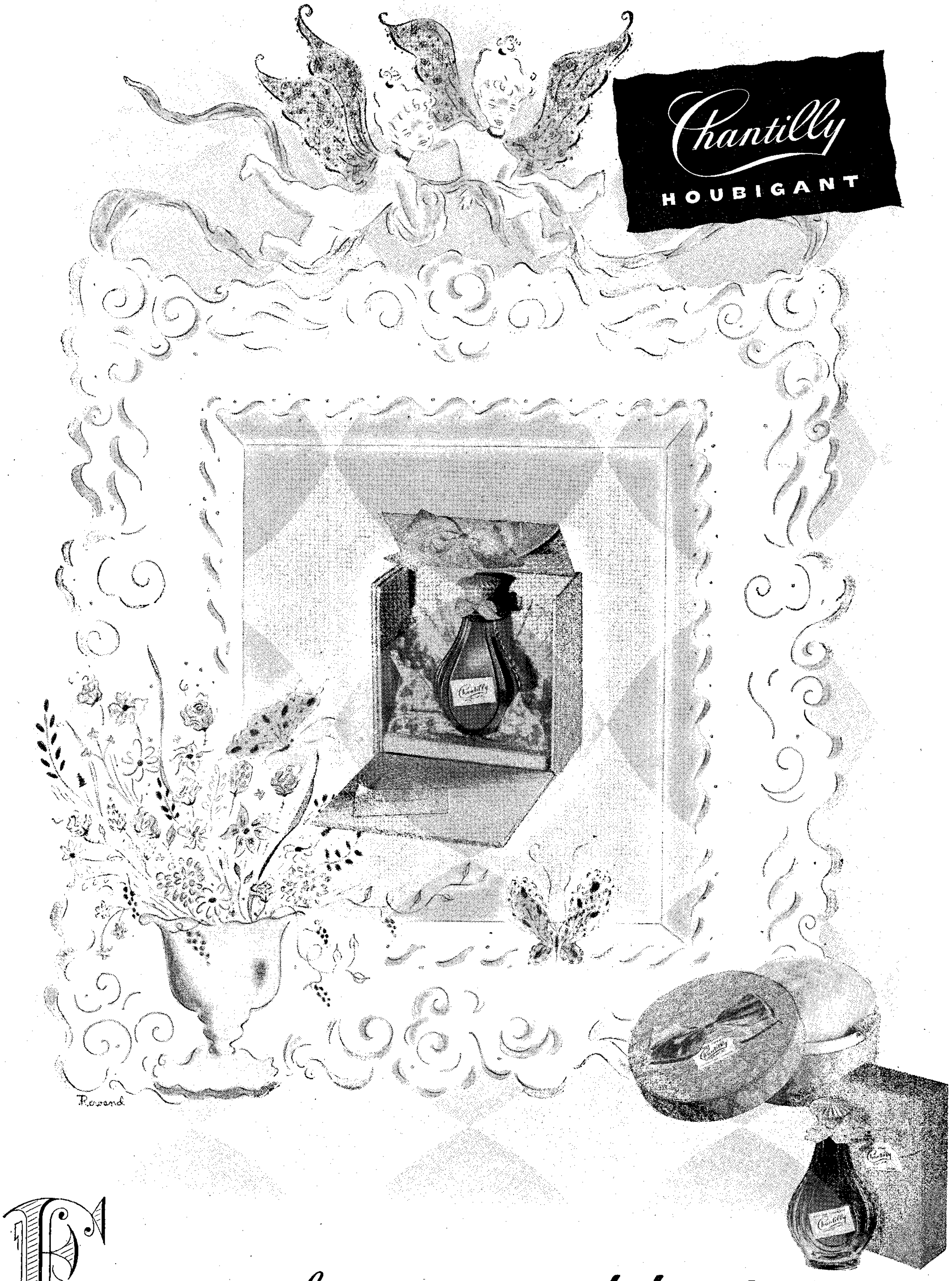
VOLUNTEER WORK—Hundreds of men and women are still needed to fill emergency wartime jobs. Four organizations equipped to direct residents of the city into various kinds of work are listed below, along with a few of the most pressing needs of the moment. At the **CIVILIAN DEFENSE VOLUNTEER OFFICE**, 707 Fifth Ave., at 55th (PL 5-7300): men and women to do clerical work, during the day, in the rent-control division of the Office of Price Administration; women to take a short lecture course in nutrition and then work about six hours a week in public markets and consumer centres, advising housewives on rationing and budgeting. . . . **RED CROSS**, 315 Lexington, at 38th (MU 4-4455): women to take a short lecture course and then do clerical work on a regular schedule in Red Cross offices and information centres; women to spend as much time as they can spare making surgical dressings or sewing for servicemen and war victims. . . . **AMERICAN WOMEN'S VOLUNTARY SERVICES**, 11 E. 58th (PL 3-6487): women who can pass a driver's test and then, after completing a course in mechanics, map-reading, and other subjects, work three days a week in the Motor Transport Service, driving for the Armed Forces and government agencies; women to staff salvage depots throughout the city, keeping records of the collection and disposal of salvage, and also to act as salvage captains in their own apartment buildings. . . . **UNITED HOSPITAL FUND**, 370 Lexington, at 41st (CA 5-7150): women to serve about six hours a week as general helpers in wards, clinics, and dietary departments of hospitals; men to take a hospital training course and then put in about six hours a week as aides in wards.

NATIONAL WAR FUND—The C.D.V.O. and the A.W.V.S. are recruiting volunteers who can work either during the day or in the evening canvassing or doing clerical work in connection with the current campaign.

SALVAGE—The nationwide drive to collect discarded clothing for war victims will continue through Sat., Dec. 4. Contributions should be mailed or taken to the Receiving Depot for the War Relief Clothing Drive, 1239 St. Nicholas Ave., at 172nd; if necessary, however, the New York City Salvage Division (MU 3-9669) will call for them. . . . The government urges that householders continue to save kitchen fat, used in the manufacture of explosives. Pour whatever fat you can spare into any clean can and keep what you collect in a cool place until you have accumulated about a pound, and then turn it over to your butcher, who has been asked by the government to make his shop a receiving centre. . . . Tin cans should be kept separate from other refuse and turned over to your building superintendent, who will see that they reach the proper authorities. Although cans in any condition are acceptable, it will facilitate handling if you flatten them after cutting out both ends.

SUBURBS AND COUNTRY—The setups for volunteer work and salvage collections are by no means uniform outside the city, but most rural communities have some sort of committee in charge of these activities. If your local police can't direct you to a convenient one, write for instructions to the War Council at your county seat.

GIFTS, LOANS, ETC.—The Army needs dogs weighing fifty pounds or more and from one to five years old to train for sentry, scout, or messenger duty. Owners who want to donate such animals should get in touch with Dogs for Defense, 22 E. 60th (PL 9-6470), to see whether theirs meet the Army's fairly stringent requirements. . . . Donors who wish to contribute blood to the Red Cross to send to field and base hospitals should call MU 5-6400 for an appointment. . . . The Navy wants to borrow Zeiss or Bausch & Lomb binoculars, and the Jockey Club, 250 Park Ave., at 46th (EL 5-6146), is serving as a collection centre for them. If you have some you are willing to lend, call the club to see whether they meet the specifications. . . . The American Women's Voluntary Services, 11 E. 58th (PL 3-6487, Ext. 33), will arrange to call for and distribute any recreational equipment which you may care to contribute for the enjoyment of servicemen. At the moment there is a demand for furniture, portable phonographs, radios, playing cards, and ping pong and pool tables. If the radios and phonographs are not in good repair, the A.W.V.S. will fix them up. The organization is also collecting junk jewelry for servicemen to use for barter in primitive areas. . . . The Metropolitan Opera Guild is collecting and reconditioning musical instruments (brasses and accordions are especially needed) to be distributed by the Red Cross to Army and Navy hospitals and transport ships. Anyone wishing to contribute should call RE 4-2410.



Fragrance for a woman beloved

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A precious perfume, stimulating, slightly spicy . . . delightfully feminine.
A fragrance never-to-be-forgotten . . . intoxicating as a kiss!

PERFUME—3.00, 6.50, 10.00, 16.50, 32.00

DUSTING POWDER de luxe, with huge fluffy lamb's wool puff, 3.50 . . . Personal size, 1.00

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beautiful by day,

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Measured in

years of service,

this Jaeckel mink

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...give her a war bond—
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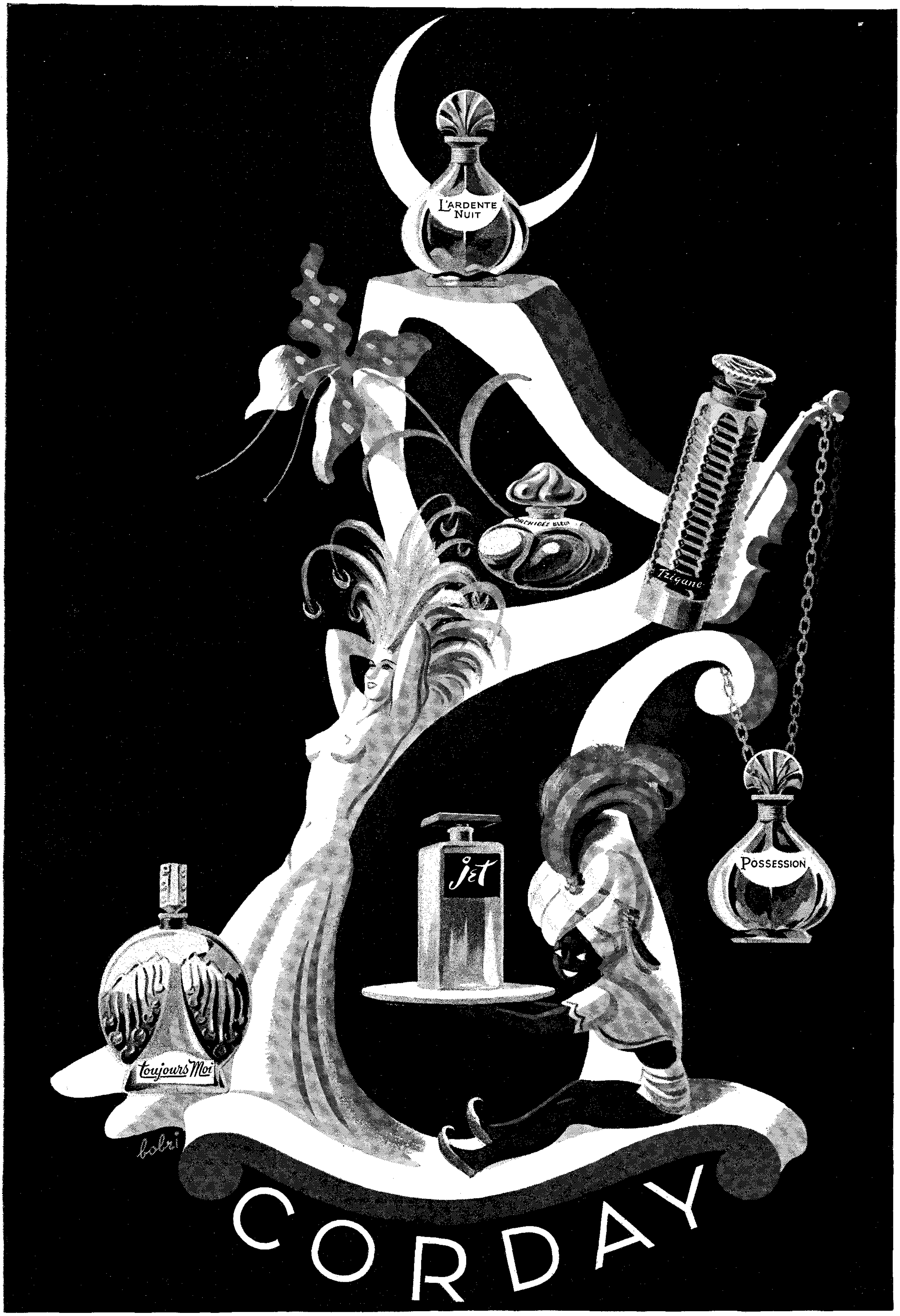
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There are wings on the shopping days for Christmas gifts. They are passing fast. You may save much time by coming to "the greatest sporting goods store in the world" where we have gathered a year's-ful of gift merchandise.

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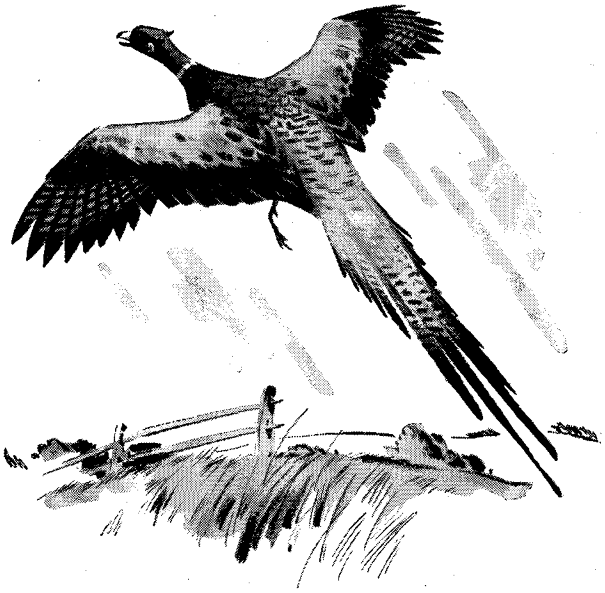
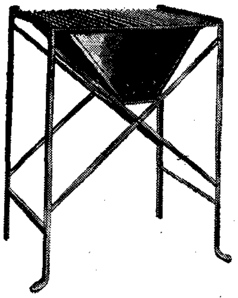
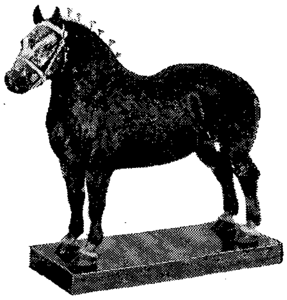
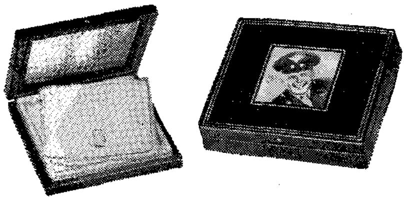




GARDEN CHARCOAL GRILL . . $13.50
A sturdy frame of angle iron is solidly riveted together. Sheet steel firebox. Detachable grill 13"x21". Stands 30½" high.

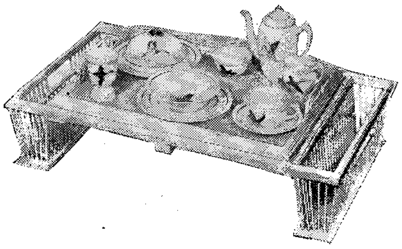


KINSTLER HORSE MODELS . . $75.00
Masterpieces, hand carved in wood and realistically painted by Roy Calvin Kinstler. About 10½" x 9".



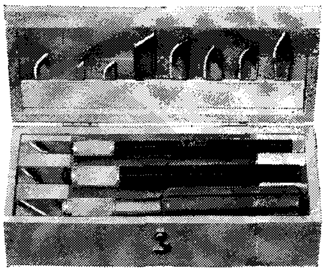
LEATHER COMPACT AND CIGARETTE CASE . . . . Each, $3.95
Matching pieces with space for picture on covers. Compact holds loose powder, cigarette case, 10 cigarettes. Red, tan, navy or green.

RAIN SUIT $15.00
Matching Rain Hat, $1.50
Two-piece. Ideal for hunting or fishing. Wind and waterproof. Lightweight, pliable fabric. O.D. color. Small, medium, large, extra large.

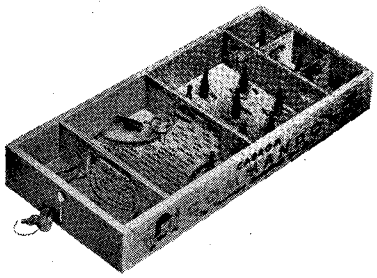


BREAKFAST SET $25.00
Ten-piece set of white English glazed pottery decorated with hand-painted and fired designs in color. Choice of fox hunting scene or gamebirds.
Breakfast Tray. Has book and paper racks. Removable top tray, glass covered. Ivory finish. $10.00

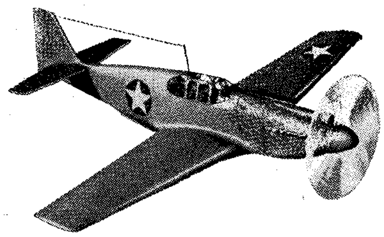
Send for The "Christmas Trail"
A gift shop in a book



WHITTLER'S KNIFE SET $3.50
For model boat and airplane builders. Three size blade holders and twelve assorted blades.



"COMMANDO" GAME $5.00
Tops representing the Commandos knock down pins representing transports, docks, etc. Made of wood. 14"x30"x4" deep.



AIRPLANE CONSTRUCTION SET
Each, $3.50
Makes a realistic model with controls in cockpit. Kit contains complete equipment and plans.
Models of six fighter planes, including P51 North American Mustang Fighter, and P40 Curtiss Warhawk.

Photograph Courtesy of Lester Kierstead Henderson

Imagine F. A. O. Schwarz Short of Toys and *Proud* of It!

Doesn't make sense, hardly — and yet it does. America's leading toy shop to four generations — Santa Claus headquarters since 1861 — the shop that has always had the greatest array of toys, the biggest stock of toys, the most unusual toys — now hasn't enough toys to go around.

The metals, the plastics, the lumber, the fabrics, the kapok stuffings, and just about everything else that Santa Claus needs to make his trains, boats, wagons, dolls and prams, are now in the first line of attack. He surrendered them gladly to our boys in the front lines.

We took all the toys that Santa Claus could fashion out of materials that have no pressing war priority. To these we added what was left of our once plentiful metal and other war-scarce toys. An impressively large stock it made, but not enough to meet the greatest buying demand we have ever experienced.

So now we approach Christmas, 1943, with fast thinning stocks of toys and games. We must disappoint many of our old customers who look to us to make this Christmas as happy for their children as we once made theirs. Yet we feel proud, too, that by this sacrifice we can contribute to the winning of the war.

We hope that this may be the last Christmas that the grim realities of a grown-up's world intrude upon our children. But from long and intimate association with them, we know they understand and are glad to give up their F. A. O. Schwarz toys this year so that Christmas all over the world may be saved from the menace of evil men.

F. A. O. SCHWARZ

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. . . and its three companion perfumes, attuned to varying moods and personalities:

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heartbeat . . . When Hearts are High
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Try these exquisite perfumes at your favorite store

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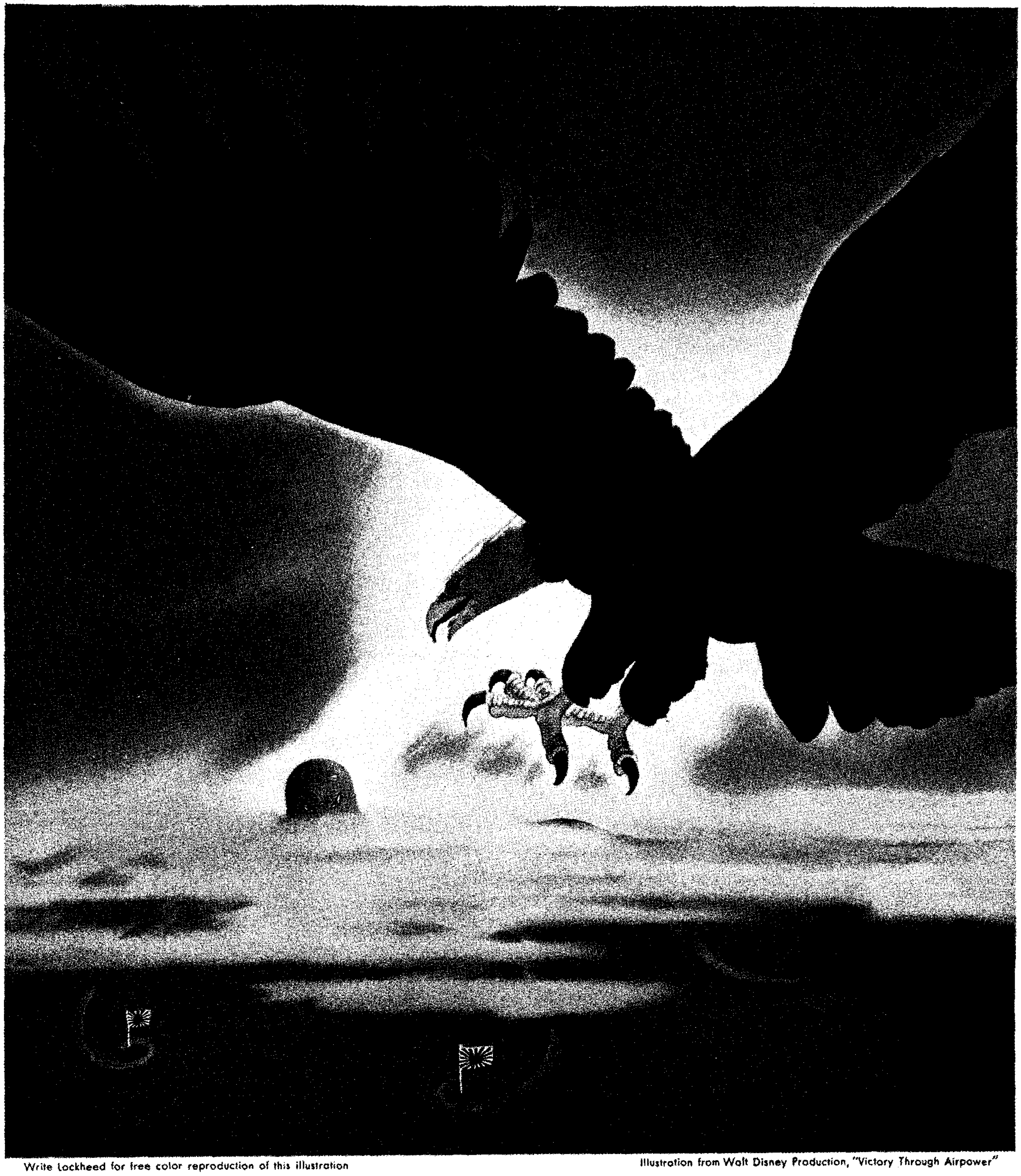


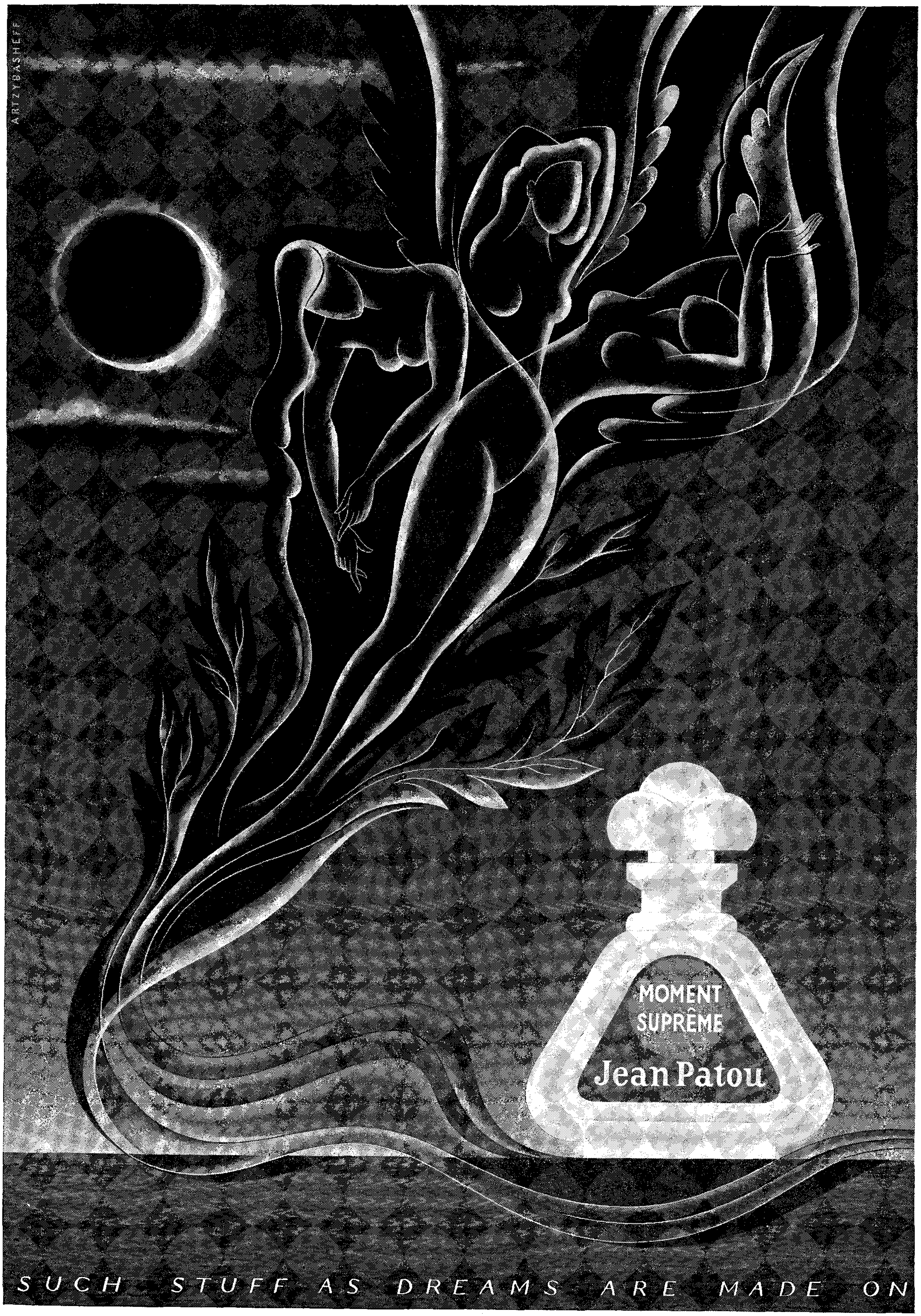
Write Lockheed for free color reproduction of this illustration

Illustration from Walt Disney Production, "Victory Through Airpower"

Victory through Airpower ... Peace through Airpower

LOOK TO Lockheed FOR LEADERSHIP

LOCKHEED AIRCRAFT CORPORATION · VEGA AIRCRAFT CORPORATION · BURBANK, CALIFORNIA


ARTZYBASHEFF
MOMENT SUPRÊME
Jean Patou
SUCH STUFF AS DREAMS ARE MADE ON

Noël Noël

Beauty gifts blessed
with that heavenly look
by

Germaine Monteil

THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

DURING the weeks before Christmas, the shop windows along Sixth Avenue take on a certain baffling similarity. We find ourself staring into a window without quite knowing whether we're looking at hardware or luggage, toiletries or stationery. What does it is the artificial holly and stage snow scattered so lavishly over the goods on display. Apparently holly and snow constitute a sort of universal camouflage, and the Army probably ought to look into the matter. Scattered over a sniper, holly and snow would, we believe, render him indistinguishable from a genuine hand-stitched cowhide leather bag or a set of cold chisels.

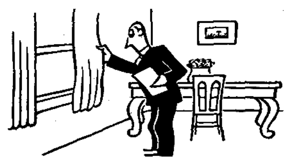
THE other night we bumped into a sailor who was the first man ashore in the invasion of Sicily—met him, as it happened, in an actress's dressing room. She told us how he had waded ashore alone and unarmed, scrambled up the beach, exploding a mine on the way, and got in touch with some friendly Sicilians who knew their way through the mine fields and helped get the landing organized. For this lonely and matter-of-fact errand he was awarded the Silver Star. We may have got the story slightly wrong, however, for while the girl was eagerly trying to tell us about his feat, he was trying to tell her what was wrong with her play. His opinion wasn't especially valid, even considering the low average of dressing-room critiques (he thought the sets were too literal), but he gave us some hope for the postwar world at a time when we badly needed it. Here was a man who plainly refused to be ennobled by a theoretically ennobling experience, a man who had fought in a great cause without losing his feverish interest in the trivia of civilian life. When we realize that there are hundreds and thousands of heroes of this calibre, Old Blood and Guts doesn't seem so hard to take.

WE'D advise Old B. and G. against climbing into a tank and single-handedly engaging Marshal Rommel in another tank, as he once announced he was eager to do. Not a calm, ice-cool cookie like Rommel, who wouldn't get cross with a jammed machine gun.

"THE new American look," which, it seems, has been developing since 1941, was recently summed up in a description by Miss Jessica Daves, managing editor of *Vogue*. According to Miss Daves, "The new look starts with the head, and the ideal head is small, with a definite outline. The figure itself is neatly defined. We have a narrow silhouette, with nearly normal shoulder, arm-sized sleeves . . . and almost knee-length skirts. But it would be a mistake to call this new look of clothes simplicity. It is really a triumph of premeditated elimination." While "a triumph of premeditated elimination" sounds to us more like a George Jean Nathan review of Miss Gypsy Rose Lee than a fashion forecast by an editor of *Vogue*, we nevertheless feel that that publication is at last pointing its graceful toe in the right direction. Proceeding, as Miss Daves does, from the top down, we applaud the emergence of the head with a definite outline. Likewise, we hail the neatly defined figure. And a nearly normal shoulder strikes us as the next-best thing to a normal shoulder, or about all that we really have the right to expect. As to sleeves, arm-size is exactly the size we've always felt sleeves should be, and we would have said so long ago if anyone had thought to bring the subject up.

POPULAR literature in this country is heavily dependent on the brier-smoking male, and for a while it looked as if his day had come to an end. The Axis was firmly encamped on the world's only supplies of burled and straight grain and the pipe companies were toying with preposterous substitutes like mountain laurel and mesquite root. Now, from a source we know to be reliable, comes word that fifty tons of brier-root blocks are on their way to this country from North Africa, and the situation is saved. Carry on, Christopher Morley. Rest easy, Womrath's.

LADY employees have recently been taken on in considerable numbers by the banks, as you may have noted, and what was bound to happen to someone happened to us. A little cherub at the Manufacturers Trust Company, in making up our last monthly statement, jiggled a decimal point and multiplied our balance by one hundred. It will be a long time before we forget the feeling of careless, unbounded power we experienced the morning we opened the statement. Immediately we noted how shoddy were our dining-room curtains, how baggy the knees of our pants. Women on Madison Avenue avoided our bold eyes as we strode along, taking deep breaths like a radio executive. We have since received a letter from an official of the bank, explaining the error and informing us that the extra funds are now where they belong. But it doesn't matter. We've had our dizzy, wonderful hour, and the Manufacturers Trust

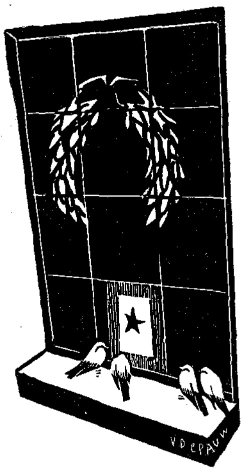


Company can never take it away from us.

Clue Wagon

ONE unit of the Police Department that doesn't get very much attention, considering the amount of work it does, is the Mobile Laboratory Truck. When it was mentioned in the newspaper stories about the Lonergan murder, we determined to investigate further. Down at 400 Broome Street, where the truck is based, we talked with Lieutenant Daniel Murphy. He's the head of the Technical Research Laboratory, which includes, in addition to the truck, ten detectives with special scientific talents, two chemists, and a physicist. Naturally, he couldn't talk about what part, if any, his outfit had played in the Lonergan case, since that's still pending in the courts, but he told us enough about its technical scope and past performances to convince us more firmly than ever that crime is a bad bargain. Briefly, the truck, which with its special apparatus cost something over seven thousand dollars, is equipped to take to the scene of a crime anywhere in the five boroughs almost anything a modern criminologist may want. It was put in service a year ago last June and has made about three hundred and fifty trips.

Say a post-office employee or check-room attendant reports a ticking parcel. The Mobile Laboratory shows up and the crew attaches to the parcel a sound-amplifying device which has earphones at the end of a three-hundred-foot cable; they can thus diagnose the bomb in relative safety. Or if a gunman fleeing from a cop has tossed his rod down a sewer or into the river, they have an answer to that: an electromagnet on a hundred-foot rope, capable of lifting metal objects up to twelve pounds and registering a pull if it touches anything heavier, so that they'll know where to grapple. For the electric equipment, there's a 3,000-watt motor generator. The truck also carries a set of reagents for analyzing possible bloodstains. It even carries smudges of actual blood, to be used in testing the reagents. There are complete kits of metal- and woodworking tools, in case it becomes necessary to tear up a floor or dissect a bathroom. A moulage outfit makes it possible to take permanent impressions of footprints and tire markings. The finger-printing outfit is complete. It includes a couple of ostrich-plume dusters, for whisking dust and dirt away without disturbing the prints underneath; a slab of polished rubber which, if pressed against a surface bearing a print, will "lift" the print so that it can be carried away for further study; and the usual equipment for making enlarged photographs of prints. For exhaustive scene-of-the-crime photography, the truck carries cameras and floodlights.



Something which you may not have ever heard of, but which the Mobile Laboratory men use from time to time, is a dust-extraction unit. This is a powerful little vacuum cleaner with a fine filter. If a burglar has made his escape by climbing over a whitewashed wall, and a suspect is picked up with white dust on his clothes, he is thoroughly vacuumed and the resulting dust is compared under a microscope with a sample from the wall. There are two microscopes in the truck. If some snide customer tries to elude justice by burning The Papers, the laboratory is ready for him. With a chicken feather, the detectives gather up the ashes, tucking them safely away in boxes lined with cotton; enlarged photographs are then made, and they often reveal a few significant words. Forgeries involving erasures are quickly detected with an ultraviolet lamp and infra-red photography.

In hit-and-run cases, the laboratory makes good use of the fact that the headlights of the offending car are almost invariably smashed. The detectives collect all the shattered glass found near the scene, take it back to headquarters, and there compare it with a file of plaster casts of different types of headlights. Very often this gives them the make of car involved. By way of supplementary evidence, they can compare the tire marks, if any, with impressions of all sizes and makes of tires which are shown in a catalogue. There's a spectrograph, which, among other things, is useful in determining the color of a car from any small scrapings that may be found on the victim. That should be enough to convince you that the police are in complete control of the situation, and at that we've probably forgotten a lot of the things we were told about.

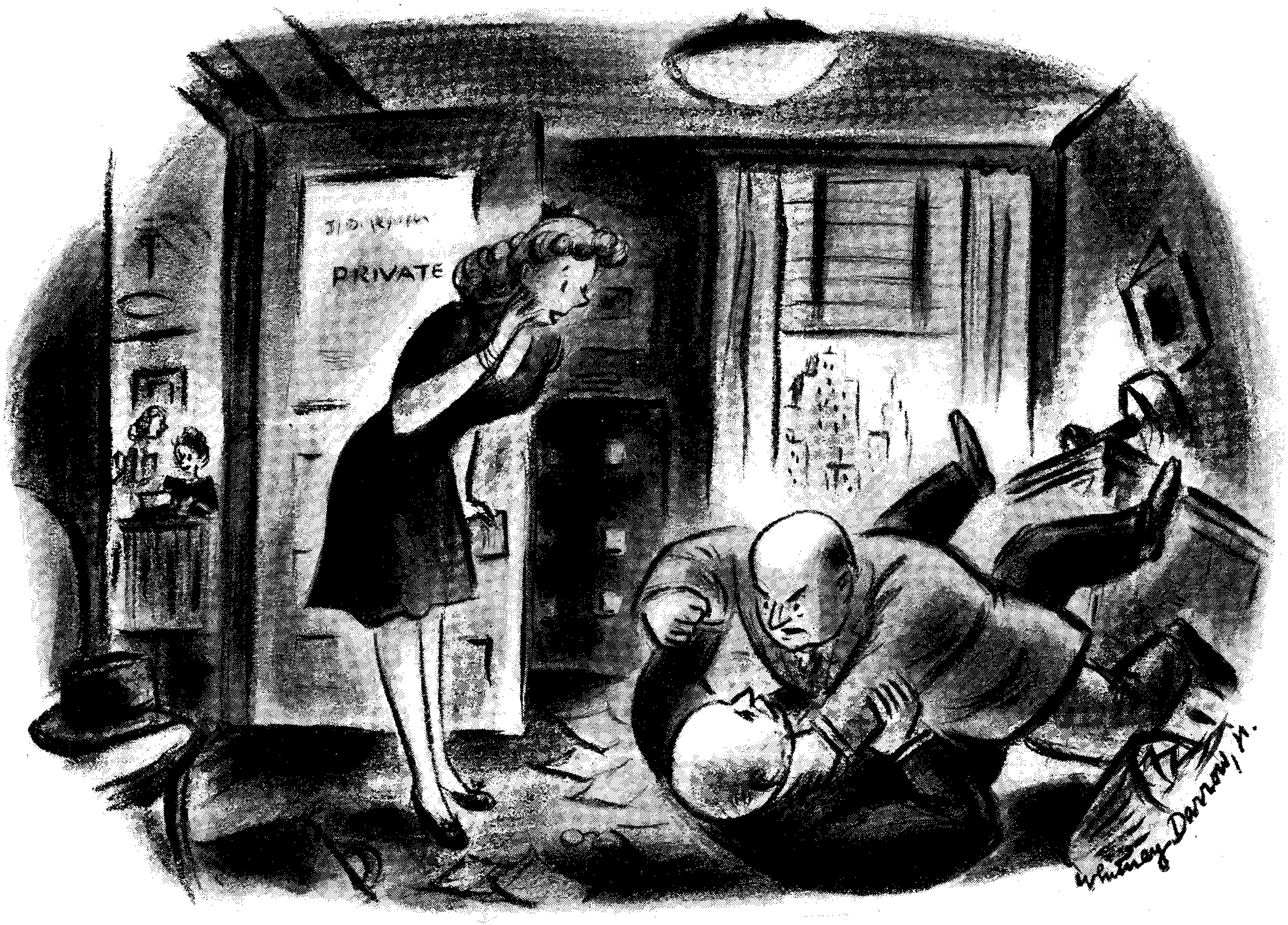
Tolerance

AT a Thanksgiving family dinner up Boston way, one of the young men was telling about a Communist phase he had passed through while he was in college. "Grandma was terribly shocked," he said. "She said, 'To think that any grandson of mine should be a Communist!' " His mother raised her eyebrows. "That was queer," she remarked. "She never said a word when your cousin Joe decided to go to Yale."

Pope of Persia

PROFESSOR ARTHUR UPHAM POPE, who is celebrated as a consistent writer of indignant letters to the *Times* on a variety of topics, is also distinguished in that he knows more about Persia, probably, than any other man in the world. This includes the Persians. Professor Pope's two passions converged not long ago when he chided the *Times*, in its letters-to-the-editor column, for having compared Hitler with Darius, the Persian conqueror. Professor Pope lives, appropriately, in a secluded part of the Iranian Institute, which is at 9 East Eighty-ninth Street. The Iranian Institute, of which Professor Pope is founder and president, is devoted to Iranian research and the collection and preservation of books, manuscripts, pictures, objets d'art, and other things bearing on Persian history and culture. The same goes largely for Professor Pope's private rooms, which are filled with an overwhelming number of Persian rugs and Persian cats.

Professor Pope is a tall, handsome fellow with a full head of hair and a somewhat ascetic look, and he told us during a brief interview recently that he is a born tilter at windmills. Stroking one of his cats, he said, "I use the *Times*' letter section as a safety valve. You know, I can feel a letter coming on the way a poet can feel a poem, and I yell for my secretary." The letter about Darius was not a major explosion. "I simply scolded them in a dignified way," he said. "There's no likeness at all between Darius and Hitler. In founding his empire, Darius proved himself wise and noble, constructive and good." Several months before the Darius incident, Professor Pope had written a violent answer to Captain Rickenbacker's conservative views on the labor problem. "If I hadn't been able to write



"Oh, I'm sorry, Mr. Winsten. I'll come back when you're not so busy."

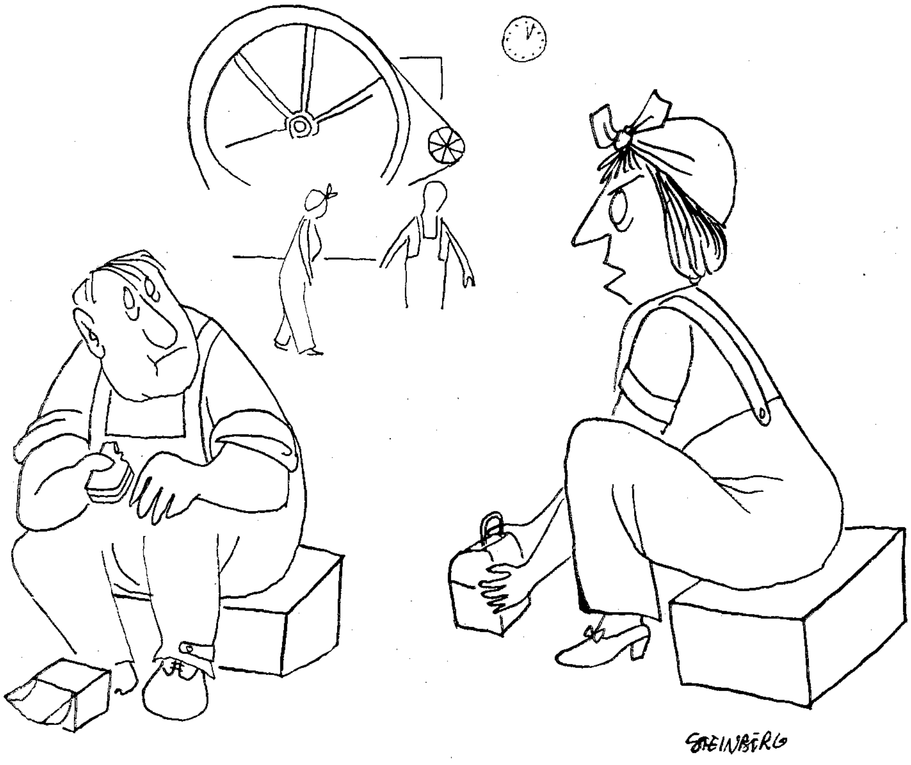
• •

to the *Times* about Rickenbacker's idiocy, I might have exploded," he said. "Boom!" he added, to show us what this would have been like. His best *Times* letter, out of the several dozen that comprise his output, is, he thinks, the one he wrote as a sizzling rebuttal to a letter John Dewey wrote, in which Dewey attacked Joseph Davies' pro-Russian stand in "Mission to Moscow." Apparently this rebuttal was a lulu. People still mention it to Professor Pope. "If I'm remembered by posterity, it will be as that Prof Whoozis who wrote that letter against John Dewey," he told us. When the film version of the book appeared, Pope had it out all over again with Professor Dewey, filling column after column of the obliging *Times* with minute discussion of dramatic license, cinema technique, and other abstruse matters bearing on the film's historical accuracy—another triumph for Whoozis.

Professor Pope says that he is what he is today because as a child he was influenced by two aunts who collected Persian rugs—"therefore I became interested in Persian rugs. Q.E.D." As an adult collector of rugs, Professor Pope soon passed the point where any rug dealer could tell him anything he didn't know. "But the more I learned, the more keenly I became aware that your Persian rug or carpet is a hotbed of contradictions," he said. "Oh, the inscrutable, unsolvable problems of the Persian rug!" In the hot pursuit of the inner secrets of Persian rugs, he sacrificed a promising career as a musician; at least, he had been a fair pianist in his youth and believes he might have developed further, although honesty compels him to admit that his fifth fingers are a bit short. Anyway, he spent six years at Brown University, concentrating on philosophy. After an interlude in 1917 and 1918, during which he served in a special capacity in the personnel section of the General Staff of the Army, he lectured on philosophy at this and that university and became more deeply interested in Persian lore. Finally he went to Persia for a first-hand investigation of his favorite study. He returned so hopped up that his enthusiasm was communicated to a wealthy friend, who leaped out of his armchair and cried, "I'll give you a hundred thousand dollars! Start an Iranian Institute, quick, quick!" Pope got busy at once. The Institute opened in 1930 and it has had a useful career. Since then the enthusiastic millionaire has kicked in with exactly $35. "'Quick, quick,' indeed!" Professor Pope snarled, looking dangerously like a man about to write a letter to the *Times*. The Institute has not had to exist for thirteen years on a budget of $35, however, having been cut in on the Rockefeller, Carnegie, and Oberlander educational funds.

Modern Design

MACY'S Little Shop, a lady reports, had a rather finicky customer the other day. She was looking at print dresses but couldn't seem to find anything she liked. "What I really want," she finally said, "is a design with sea-



"... and don't call me Mac!"

• •

grams all over it." They could have asked her if she meant a cocktail frock, but nobody thought of it until it was too late.

Destroying Angel

THE fascinating possibility of gathering and learning about the highly poisonous mushroom, Destroying Angel, sent us on safari into New Jersey last Sunday. We accompanied a field trip of the Torrey Botanical Club to a nearby woodland area in a search for this and other varieties of fungi and for lichens. Damp fall days are considered fine for this. Twenty ladies and gentlemen comprised the party, which assembled at 10 A.M. in front of the Public Service bus barn in Cresskill, a few miles from the other end of George Washington Bridge. We were under the leadership of Mr. Guy G. Nearing, a middle-aged chap with a Vandyke, a nurseryman of adjacent Ridgewood and an expert in several botanical fields. He led us out of town and into some woods, where we fanned out and began scuffling through the leaves, looking for specimens. Fungi were inexplicably scarce at first, but after about five minutes a man yoohooed and we all gathered around him. He held in his hand a white toadstool with a cap about two inches in diameter. This Mr. Nearing instantly identified as the Destroying Angel, or *Amanita verna.* Mr. Nearing related that once a coachful of railroad passengers got violently ill just from breathing the spores of an identical fungus, present by mistake in a basket of mushrooms a passenger had brought aboard. We moved cautiously to windward. "This *Amanita,* however," said Mr. Nearing, "has cast its spores." He pointed out the empty spaces between the gills under the cap. We exhaled. A person would die after eating a tenth part of this, or any similar, mushroom, Mr. Nearing revealed.

Mushrooms continued scarce, so the group switched its attention to lichens, which were plentiful. Lichens are composite plants, consisting of a fungus living in harmony with an alga. They attach themselves to rocks and trees, or anything else that is likely to remain still for a long time. They're so inconspicuous that ordinary hikers never notice them, but not our little group. We came on an old stone wall in the woods, over which we pored with good results. "Ah," said Mr. Nearing, who had a magnifying glass to one eye. "*Ah!*" He bent over the wall, studying a lichen which was stuck to it like a green postage stamp. "*Parmelia saxatilis,*" he said. "I was hardly prepared for it on this wall." What he was prepared for remained a mystery, because someone announced the discovery of a lichen with a frond full of spores. "Save it for Miss Smith over there," called Mr. Nearing. "She's teaching spore reproduction." Miss Smith, a comely schoolteacher, slipped the frond into a small metal box, which she put in her knapsack. Eight further species of lichens were discovered on the wall, including *Lecidea cyrtidia,* the blackest lichen of the New York area, which resembles a patch of flaky, ebony-colored paint. Near the wall Mr. Nearing pointed out a moderate-sized boulder, almost covered by a single lichen. This plant, he estimated, was over a century old. Lichens grow slowly, he said, and have almost unlimited life expectancy if conditions in the neighborhood remain unchanged. "Perhaps man, too, may sometime reach that state," said Mr. Nearing thoughtfully. We heard a soft sound, which we took to be the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company licking its lips.

During a sylvan lunch under the trees, Mr. Nearing pulled some lichen specimens from his knapsack for discussion. One was a sample of the only known poisonous variety, *Evernia vulpina,* which grows in northern Europe and the western part of this country. It looked like yellow cornsilk. It is used in Scandinavia to poison wolves, while in this country a murder mystery, of course, has been written around it. When lunch was finished, we forged through the woods again, picking up, among many other things, some oak moss, a lichen whose resinous extract is used in the manufacture of perfume. Tons of it used to be imported from Yugoslavia before the war, but perfumers these days have been receiving very little of it from abroad. It's fairly plentiful hereabouts, but you know about manpower. The trip ended at Alpine in late afternoon, the group well laden with specimens. We caught a streamlined ferryboat across the river to Yonkers, fully satisfied, and spent the ride picking bits of autumn from our trousers, in the form of burs and a pernicious species of flora we had learned to identify as tick trefoil.

Men

THE Mayflower bar, in Washington, continues to be a good hunting ground for connoisseurs of overheard conversations. A friend of ours sat next to a soldier and a sailor one evening. Though somewhat downy-faced, they looked well over the age of consent, and it was something of a shock to our friend when the soldier said to the sailor, "My mother knows I smoke." "So does mine," the sailor said. "I *told* her."

L'Affaire Silver

BY all critical standards, opening-night honors at the Metropolitan went to Silver, a fifteen-year-old white charger who balked during the third act of "Boris Godunoff," Armand Tokatyan up, and drew rave notices: "The principal distinction of the evening"—Downes, *Times;* "earned . . . laughs"—Bagar, *World-Telegram;* "handsome"—Thompson, *Sun;* "unscheduled"—Simon, *PM.* We have done a reasonable amount of investigation and are prepared to reconstruct the details of Silver's tour de force. Silver is a veteran of "Aïda" and "Carmen." He works daytimes for the Gracie Riding Academy, on East Ninetieth Street, an institution which also provides the donkeys for "Pagliacci." On the day of the opening, Silver spent a placid morning and afternoon in his stall; he had two feedings of hay and oats. At 6:45 P.M., his groom, Eddie Thompson, mounted him and rode him quietly down through Central Park and to the opera house, arriving at seven forty-five and being ushered through a rear door on Seventh Avenue and thence to a scene dock just offstage. Thompson disappeared to change into the costume of a muzhik and Silver stood quietly alone, seemingly calm and self-possessed, a horse utterly without temperament. Mr. Tokatyan, the tenor, mounted him offstage during a snow scene, and Thompson, now a muzhik, led them on. Tokatyan launched into an aria and Silver launched into several wide circles, stared hard at the audience, and made for a corner of the stage. Tokatyan continued to sing, rather well, they say, under the circumstances. Silver then whinnied and turned his back to the audience. "Jealousy among tenors," a stagehand remarked. At that point, Silver was led away.

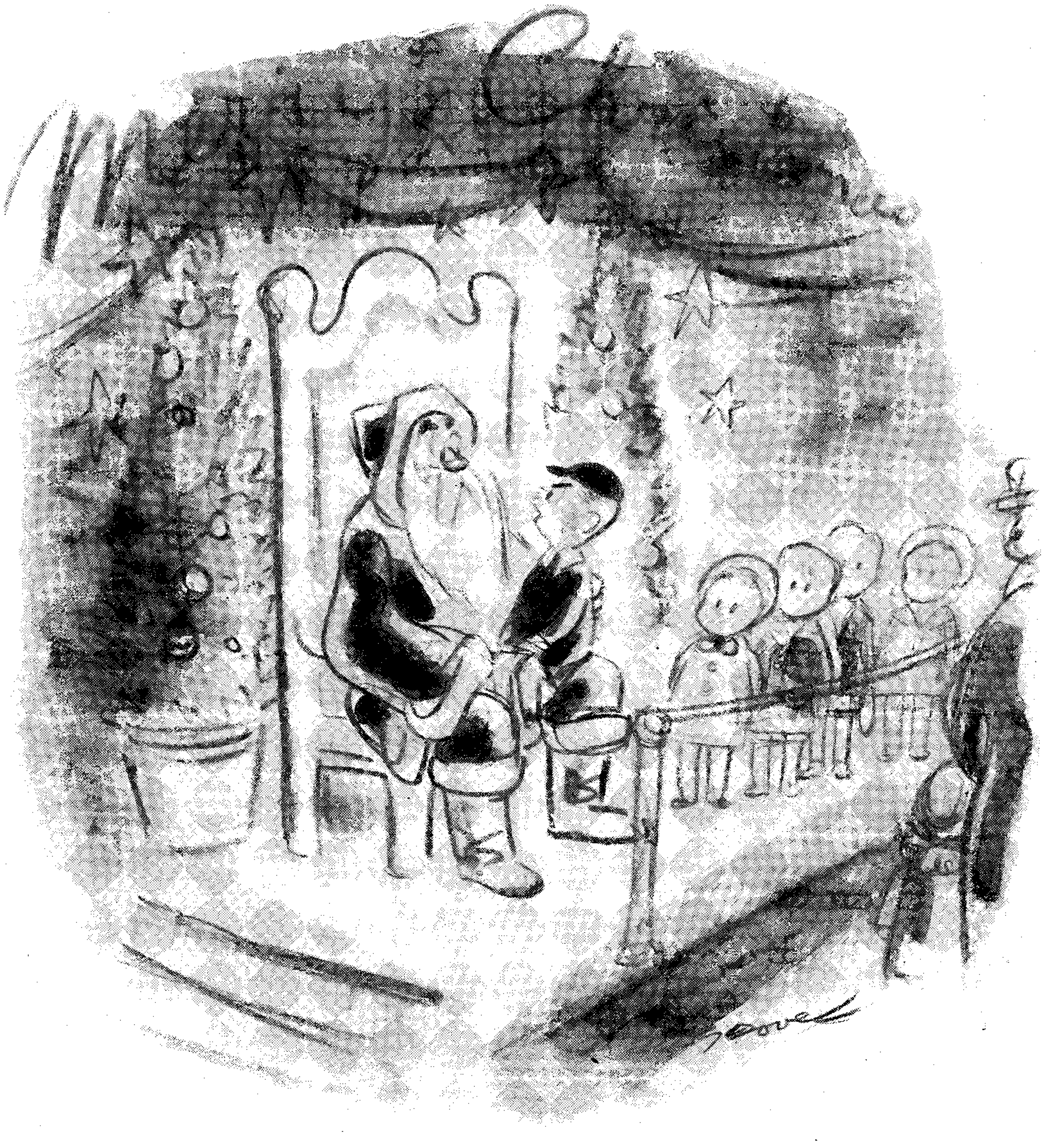
We dropped by the riding academy and had a chat with one of Silver's proprietors, Silver himself being out, taking a music lesson. This man said that Silver had returned to the stable after the scene and, like most opera performers, had eaten a hearty supper. He showed no signs whatsoever of remorse, nor, for that matter, did anybody at the academy. "That horse has no nerves," the man told us. "He's fine in 'Aïda,' he's fine in 'Carmen,' he doesn't bat an eye in the National War Fund parade, and then he gets into 'Goris Bidinoff' and he's nervous! Why? Because the tenor was nervous, that's why. The tenor's knees shake and bang into Silver's side and Silver jumps around, naturally. Besides, he held the reins too tight." Silver is equally at home in outdoor or indoor opera, we learned. While performing at the Met, he wears felt boots over his shoes. He is well acquainted with "Aïda" and recognizes the music. "The fact is, he loves 'Aïda,'" the man said. Silver has been trained to remain impassive before large crowds. With the exception of the recent War Fund parade, during which he drew a tallyho with three colleagues, he had not appeared professionally since a performance of "Aïda" at the Met last season. "But he's a real trouper, that one," the man said. "You can't blame the horse."

Being an objective journalist, we tried to locate Mr. Tokatyan, to get his side of the matter. At the opera house they told us he was at home, and when we called his home they said he'd gone to the dentist's.

Laughter

IN the vestibule of an apartment building in the West Sixties, there is pasted a neat little bulletin reading as follows:

> These halls are cleaned every week, believe it or not. I am laughing at the complaints. SUPERINTENDENT.



"You've been drinking."

CIVILIZED

Holcomb, the lawyer, pushed open the door of his private office. "Go right in, please, Mr. Ward," he said. "After you."

"Thanks," said Ward. This was his first meeting with Holcomb and his immediate impression had been that here was a ward heeler in a Charvet tie. Even before Ward noticed that Betsy was in the room (she was standing at a window), he had the somewhat irrelevant and immaterial suspicion that behind the austere wood panelling there was hidden a good-sized, well-stocked bar. Betsy turned and faced them. Ward half nodded to her and, having started that much of a greeting, he said hello.

"Hello," she said, but she looked not at him but at the chair she had picked. It was a heavy leather chair, costing a hundred dollars, surely, offering comfort but no warmth, and as Ward seated himself in its twin he was glad he was not in his underclothes. It'd be awfully cold in that chair in your underclothes. He looked over at Betsy and tried to imagine her in her underclothes in *her* chair. The idea of her half naked in front of this Holcomb was preposterous; still, it was, in a way, interesting to gaze at her now and, just forgetting that Holcomb existed, to remind himself that her clothes would never come off for him again. He began to wonder if maybe he couldn't talk her into—well, this was hardly the time for that kind of thinking.

Betsy was self-sufficient, with her gloves on, wearing a suit that Ward did not recognize. She did not turn his way even when he scratched a match to light a cigarette. Holcomb sat with his back to the window, and in Ward's already intense dislike of the man, he was sure the lawyer had arranged the seating somewhat after the manner of a police lineup, the light pouring in on his clients so that he could study them.

Instead of going right into a set speech, Holcomb surprised Ward by first studying some papers on the Florentine leather desk set (probably a gift bludgeoned out of the office staff when Holcomb had been made a senior partner). Then Holcomb pressed a key on the interoffice phone and said, "Miss Michaelson, I don't want to be disturbed unless it's a matter of the most vital importance. Do you understand?" He nodded at the phone, snapped the key, and began to give his full attention to Ward v. Ward.

"Now as I understand it, Mrs. Ward," said Holcomb, "you and Mr. Ward have already come to some kind of tentative agreement regarding custody of the children and, of course, property settlement."

"That's right," said Ward.

"Yes," said Betsy.

"I see. Now could we have just a brief résumé of the terms of that agreement, with the three of us all here together?"

"Well—" began Betsy, and yielded to Ward.

"I have it all here in my pocket," said Ward. He reached in his pocket and took out an envelope, which he laid in front of Holcomb, ignoring Holcomb's extended hand.

"What's this?" said Holcomb. He turned to Betsy. "Mrs. Ward, I hope you didn't sign anything."

"No, I didn't," said Betsy.

"Nobody signed anything," said Ward. "If you'll read what's in that envelope you'll find it's the terms of Mrs. Ward's and my agreement, put in legal mumbo jumbo. I had my lawyer draw it up."

"Oh, you've *seen* a lawyer," said Holcomb.

"Naturally. Isn't that O.K.? I knew Mrs. Ward was coming to see you, so I thought I might just as well see a lawyer too. You see, Mr. Holcomb, I don't know you. At least not until five minutes ago."

"Oh, of course," said Holcomb. "I didn't mean that."

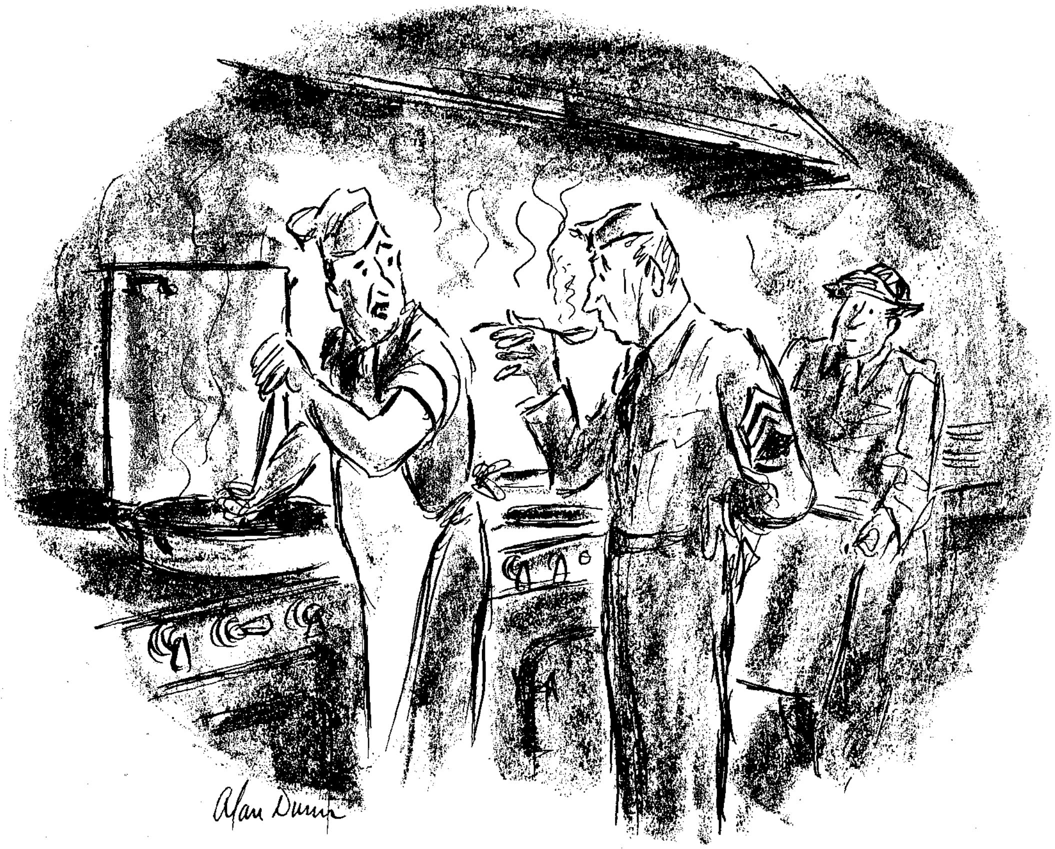
"Mean what?" said Ward.

"I merely meant it was perfectly all right for you to have seen your lawyer." Holcomb smiled. "I realize, of course, that this isn't one of those, uh, shall we say ultra-modern divorces, where the husband and wife are just too friendly for words. Civilized divorces, I believe they call them."

"Yes, that's what they call them," said Ward. "No, I wouldn't call this one of those. Of course, as you probably know by this time, under the New York laws Mrs. Ward had me dead to rights and she could get a divorce in this state, but she prefers going to Reno. That part is civilized. I mean not making a stink here in New York."

"I'm glad you appreciate that, Mr. Ward," said Holcomb. "Since you mention it, and since *Mrs.* Ward is my client, I'm glad you're aware of the fact that

ARE YOU READY FOR Eternity?
R.J.D.



"I put just a hint of rosemary in it."

• •

she's going to a great deal of inconvenience in these times—the trip to Reno, leaving the children, and so on."

"Both children are away at school, Mr. Holcomb," said Ward, "and it's they that leave us every year at this time. However, as I said, I *am* full of admiration for my wife's course of action, and I also appreciate the fact that you'd be in a damned good bargaining position except that as it now stands there's nothing to bargain about. Mrs. Ward gets the children, and I'm to see them—all that's in there. The money thing's been all settled—*that's* in there. It's all relatively simple, Mr. Holcomb. Of course, I imagine you'll want to have a good look at it."

"Oho, most assuredly, Mr. Ward," said Holcomb. The buzzer on his phone sounded and he clicked the key. "Excuse me.... Yes, Miss Michaelson? . . . Oh, he is? Well, I'll see him in the partners' room." He addressed Ward and Ward. "I'm sorry, but this is very urgent. Will you excuse me for just a minute? I won't be five minutes." He went out.

"A MAN of great charm," said Ward.

"And naturally you're making it so much easier for everybody with your superior attitude," said Betsy.

"Of course you know what he's doing now, don't you?"

"I'm sure I *don't* know," she said.

"Oh, now don't tell me you don't see through this mythical urgent visitor," said Ward.

"Mythical? What's mythical about it? I happened to hear his secretary say a Mr. Vanderbeck or some name like that was outside, waiting."

"I don't see how you ever found out about . . . call her Miss X. Not if you're naïve enough to fall for this act of Holcomb's. The great barrister is throwing us together, don't you see that? He hopes to come back and find us in each other's arms and in tears. It's all the same to him. He gets his fee just the same, and then later on he can tell people how he brought about the big reconciliation. I can just hear the son of a bitch. 'Hadda couple in my office only the other day. Man and wife. Two lovely children. Husband been kicking over the traces and the wife found out about it. Wife all set to go to Reno. Got them together in my office. Made up a ruse to leave 'em alone for a few minutes. Came back and found 'em in each other's arms. Went out together arm in arm.' I can just hear him."

"Can you though?"

"Yes, I can," said Ward. "Or else—listen to me, Betsy, this may be conceited on my part, but maybe it was your scheme. Well, God knows I'd agree to behave and all that, and I miss you and the kids, but I'll be God damned if I'll have any part of a scheme like this, not with this Holcomb fellow in it. If that was your idea, why couldn't you do it through some friends of ours? I . . ."

"You have my word of honor that I had nothing to do with Mr. Holcomb's leaving the room," she said.

"I see. Well, I apologize," said Ward. They had begun to look at each other when Holcomb burst into the room, leaving the door open.

"I'm terribly apologetic about this, Mrs. Ward, Mr. Ward," said Holcomb, "but I'm afraid you'll have to—we'll have to postpone the rest of this conference. This client of mine has to catch a plane to Washington in an hour and what he has won't wait. In fact, I'm going to ride out to the airport with him. Mr. Ward, I'll take that copy of the agreement home with me tonight and read it there and I'll call you—today's Thursday. I'll call you Monday. I hope you'll forgive me."

Betsy rose. "Perfectly all right," she said.

"You know where to get me," said Ward.

"Yes, I'll call you both Monday morning," said Holcomb. He called to a man who was standing near the secretary's desk. "Come on in here, Van," he said.

Betsy went out, followed by Ward. They did not speak until after he had pushed the button for the elevator. "Well, you were right about Mr. Vanderbeek or whatever his name was," he said.

She did not say anything.

He looked down at her. "Where are *you* going?" he asked.

"Oh, hell, I don't know," said Betsy. "Anyway, not with you."

—John O'Hara

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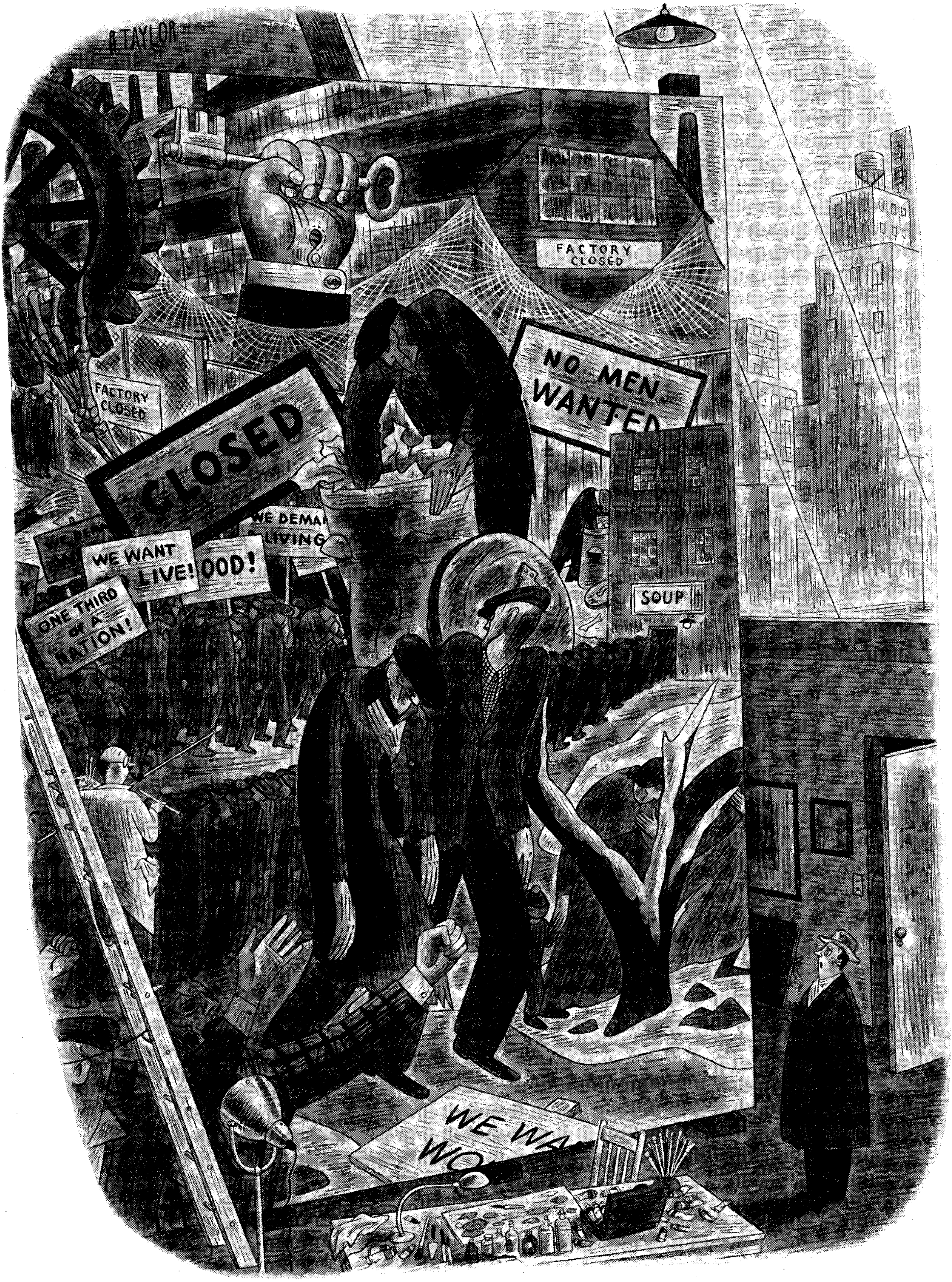
Lost—2 headed man's snake ring with green, red stones, between 7-5 Kneeland St. & Hotel Statler, reward. B 5311, Herald-Traveler.—*Adv. in the Boston Herald.*

Double reward, we presume.


R. TAYLOR
FACTORY CLOSED
FACTORY CLOSED
CLOSED
NO MEN WANTED
WE DEMA
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LIVE!
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ONE THIRD of A NATION!
SOUP
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"My God, Coulton! Hasn't anybody told you?"

SWEETHEARTS AND WIVES

WITHOUT husbands, the household at Rose Cottage consisted of three women and four children. Justina, who was fond of figures, had worked out that the average age of its inmates was thirteen. If one left out Mrs. Sheridan, who was over thirty, the average age fell to eight years and nine months, but to leave out Mrs. Sheridan, except arithmetically, was inconceivable, for Mrs. Sheridan was the kingpin and glory of the establishment at Rose Cottage. She was its cook.

Early in 1940, Justina had married Roger Debenham, who was in the R.A.F., and Midge had married William Corby of the Royal Navy. To the girls' mothers, it seemed natural that they should stay on at home, giving a helping hand in establishments suddenly denuded of servants and enlarged by such creative wartime activities as organizing First Aid Points, entertaining Polish officers, and breeding table rabbits. When they decided instead to set up together in Rose Cottage, it seemed hopefully probable that the poor darlings would soon tire of cooking for themselves and return home. The discovery of Mrs. Sheridan quenched this hope. Mrs. Sheridan was also married to a fighting man. He had been a circus hand. Now he was a truck driver in the R.A.S.C. Blitzed out of Wandsworth, Mrs. Sheridan had come to Wiltshire to find a home for herself, her three children, her Alsatian, and her horse, Shirley. The horse had associations; Mrs. Sheridan would not part with her and the billeting officer had washed his hands of the problem when a fight broke out between the Alsatian and Justina's two poodles. Mrs. Sheridan confided to Justina, after the dogs were separated, that she would do anything and everything for whoever made a kind home for her beautiful Shirley. Midge's baby had immunized her from Mr. Bevin and the labor draft, but Justina's poodles could not do the same for Justina, who had been called to replace a male clerk in the local town. By privily dismembering her bicycle, hiding its fragments in a fox covert, and declaring it stolen, she put herself in a position to claim the horse as an essential means of transport. The horse thereby received a ration, Mrs. Sheridan was able to live with Justina and Midge and be their cook, and when the Alsatian had grown reconciled to the two poodles the compound household worked perfectly.

Another of Mrs. Sheridan's beauties was her farmer friend, Mr. Culley. Until Shirley became an essential means of transport, he had kept her going with oats, and he still stabled her. For Mr. Culley, though a sad married man who had never been out of Wiltshire in his life and who regularly took the collection at the Methodist chapel, had a romantic streak in his nature which made him the slave of Mrs. Sheridan's black eyes, purple velveteen trousers, and *haute-école* graces. At dusk he would visit Rose Cottage to woo Mrs. Sheridan with forbidden cream and extra butter, and sometimes a nice little bit of pork and sometimes a pheasant which had chanced to get itself entangled in a rabbit snare. And having a generous, circuslike outlook on windfalls, Mrs. Sheridan would share these courtesies with Justina and Midge and Midge's baby, Lettice.

THE first serious strain on the arrangement at Rose Cottage developed when Midge's husband, William Corby, came home unexpectedly on a furlough.

"If only we had known you were coming," Midge remarked to him the day of his arrival, "we could have feasted you on the wages of sin. As it is, it must be fish."

"I suppose William gets a lot of fish in the Navy," Justina said. "I expect he's sick of fish. Midge, come outside one minute."

William heard some anxious murmurings and the sound of flat, damp objects being turned over. Then the two women reappeared. Midge said, "Darling, I'm afraid it won't be fish after all. You see, Justina does the marketing when she's in town. She brought back what she could get, and what she got was one largish sole and a plaice. And Justina and I were to share the sole and Mrs. Sheridan was to have the plaice. She prefers plaice. But the sole isn't big enough for three, and if we had the plaice too there would be no fish for Mrs. Sheridan. So we think she had better have the sole and we'll have toasted cheese."

"Fortunately there's quite a lot of cheese," said Justina.

"My only criticism is that you don't seem to have accounted for the plaice," said William.

"Oh, Mrs. Sheridan will have it for breakfast," Justina said.

"She likes plaice, she likes it better than sole," Midge said. "It would be a shame to deprive her of her plaice."

"Especially as she has been so obliging about the sole," added Justina.

At breakfast—tea, toast, apple jelly, and the smell of Mrs. Sheridan's plaice—and at intervals during the rest of his leave, William Corby reminded himself that it is ridiculous to think much about food, that he was better fed than any civilian anyway, that it was very handsome of Mrs. Sheridan to share the wages of sin with his daughter as well as with her own children, and that it was marvellous for his Midge to have a cook. If she had not got a cook, Midge explained, she would never have time to make so much jam. Midge's jams seemed to be the mainstay of every meal, though this, as Midge also explained, was partly because if you made jam with less sugar than the book said, it had to be eaten down immediately or it got mildewed.

On Sunday, William was able to get a little riding, for Mrs. Sheridan lent him her horse. The Alsatian and the two poodles came along and killed and ate several rabbits. Justina's husband, so William had heard, was a good shot. Every man, at any rate every husband, should be able to shoot, thought William, and reproached himself that he was incapable of hitting anything with certainty except stationary bottles at fairs. One is not a good shot unless one can shoot something edible. He decided that he would like to meet Roger Debenham and take some shooting lessons. It would be fun if Roger's next leave should coincide with his own. It might mitigate, too, this disquieting impression of having four children at Rose Cottage and two or possibly three wives. Yet democracy is desirable, we must all aim at a future of more equality and less luxury, and the household at Rose Cottage was a step toward such a future; it was probably reactionary of him to dislike seeing so much of Mrs. Sheridan's purple trousers and never feeling sure whether it was Lettice wearing little Pamela Sheridan's rompers or little Gloria Sheridan, clasping Lettice's Teddy bear, who needed picking out of the pond. If he had been at home instead of being at sea, no doubt he would be better at recognizing his own child. And meanwhile—let him remember that—he was riding Mrs. Sheridan's horse and Lettice and Midge were sharing in Mr. Culley's dispensations, and the joint households of early Soviet days must have been more promiscuous and infinitely hungrier. These reflections were cut short by the necessity of galloping across a field in order to deter the two poodles from pulling down a sheep. The fact that the Alsatian had taken no part in this chase but was virtuously engaged in hunting another rabbit was a further reminder that it is the upper classes who have most to learn in the matter of citizenship.

WILLIAM returned to his ship, and life at Rose Cottage was going on much as usual when a parcel arrived for Midge containing a large tin of olives and a letter from William, in the course of which he hoped the olives might come in handy. Midge said that dear William must be at Gibraltar, didn't Justina think? The tin of olives was put by in the store cupboard. Midge was too loyal to voice the wish that William had sent dried apricots, Justina was too polite to criticize William's gift, and Mrs. Sheridan only said, "Well, thank God it's in a tin, anyway. It will puzzle the children to break into that. Which reminds me, Midgie, they've got at that jam you hid in the attic. At first I thought it was mice, but it's too sticky for mice."

It might have been expected that Justina's husband, Roger Debenham, coming on leave soon after William, would have eaten the olives. The truth was that William had allowed for this. Besides having heard that Roger was a good shot, he had heard that Roger was something of an epicure, and he had said to himself, a trifle wistfully, "To each according to his need." But Roger did not eat the olives because after his first meal, during which Gloria Sheridan sat on his knee, toyed with his hair, and addressed him through purple lips as Daddy, he announced that he was going to take Justina to London, to see some shows and have her face washed.

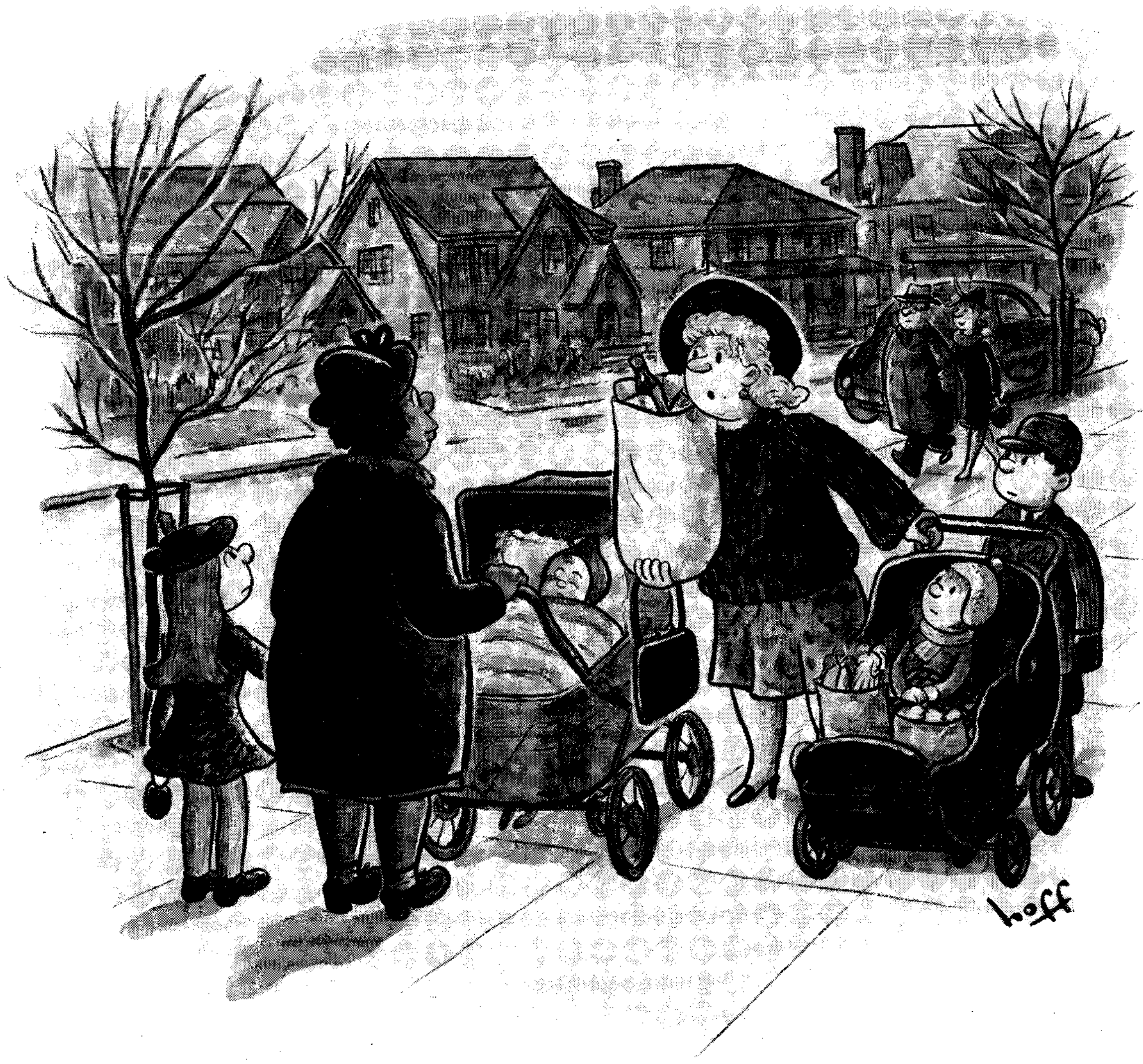
Driver Sheridan, on the other hand, at once entered into the spirit of Rose Cottage when he turned up, several days after Roger had left. He brought with him a goose, twenty-four kippers, several tins of Army beef, two bottles of whiskey, four hundred cigarettes, six yellow dusters, and an invaluable collection of nails, screws, bolts, and washers, the property of His Majesty's Government. What Rose Cottage needed, he said, was a man about the place, and during his stay he undertook a quantity of repairs and improvements—mended the meat safe, washed and clipped the poodles, lifted the main-crop potatoes several weeks too early, repainted the kitchen and part of the front door, made a swing for the children, fixed an aerial for the wireless, and did a lot to the pump. On his last evening, too, he further asserted himself as a man by fighting Mr. Culley and spent the remaining hours alternately beating and embracing Mrs. Sheridan. Bruised and admiring, she passed the morrow wandering amongst his half-completed works, saying dreamily, "There'll be something to show for this, I shouldn't be surprised."

The first visible aftermath of Driver Sheridan, however, was the cessation of cream and butter and Mr. Culley's inability to go on stabling that filthy animal. Never, it seemed, in all his days had he known such a messy horse.

It is difficult to know what to do with a full-sized horse with delicate lungs. Circus life, Mrs. Sheridan explained—those draughts playing on wide-open pores—always weakens the lungs. Finally, Shirley was accommodated at the vicarage. The sound of the organ, said Mrs. Sheridan, would be like old times to her, but Justina moodily remarked that she would now be nearly a mile from her essential means of transport and that the vicar and his wife would henceforth expect a regular supply of prizes for their incessant village whist drives, as, indeed, turned out to be the case.

OTHER tokens of Driver Sheridan's manliness—a festering heap of wood and wire that only needed a few finishing touches to become a rabbit hutch, rusty bolts and cogwheels which should have been put back into the mangle but somehow had got overlooked, and several fresh neuroses in the pump—were still lying around six months later, when William came on leave again. "Come just when you're wanted," said Mrs. Sheridan warmly. "You sailor men are always so handy."

If William had not been so obliteratingly in love with his wife, he would have remembered to arrive as a good provider. As it was, he had just got into the first train with nothing more than love, lemons, some presents for the children, and good intentions. The presents for the children were eaten in a flash, love is always impalpable, and one cannot live on lemons. So he did what he could with the good intentions. There was certainly scope for them.



"Do you have a relative or friend?"

It seemed to William that Rose Cottage was much dirtier and more disarrayed than the passage of six months and the transit of Driver Sheridan could justify. But then, he told himself, he had come off a ship, a childless, melancholy world of its own. Four children would soon make a destroyer look as tousled as Rose Cottage, and he thrust down the inward reply to this: that children on a destroyer would be kept in better order and cleaned at regular intervals. Women, he told himself, are less fussy than men; it is a wise, natural provision to fit them for the inevitable mess and confusion of maternity. Women also are braver, more adaptable, probably hardier, certainly less self-indulgent. Women are more primitive, and so better attuned to the primitive state of the universe, when, as the Scriptures so acutely remark, the earth was without form or void and the waters brooded on the face of the earth—which reminded him; he must try to do something about the bathroom. But the brave, adaptable, hardy, self-disciplined, and primitive Midge had spots on her chin, moaned in her sleep, and smoked more than was good for her. And Justina had a violent cold in her head. It was so bad that she did not go to work and so couldn't do the shopping. Instead Mrs. Sheridan rode into town on Shirley and did the shopping.

Admittedly, Mrs. Sheridan was a somewhat erratic shopper, but she always remembered the children, and it was so nice for her, Midge pointed out, to be reunited with Shirley. Since no one could be expected both to shop and to cook, Justina cooked. Justina had learned how to cook at a domestic-science school for young ladies. She knew how to make omelettes, several kinds of soufflé, coffee, and, theoretically, soup. Unfortunately, omelettes and soufflés cannot be made without breaking eggs, real eggs, so most of the time Justina made coffee. For the rest, there was always cheese, and Midge's jams, and the national loaf, now so vitaminous that it was almost as ready to ferment as the jams. Why on earth, thought William, did I not have at least the foresight to bring them some ship's bread? Busy himself as he might in being a man about the house, his thoughts dwelt increasingly on food. But he did not realize how enchained he was to sensual comfort till a message came from Mrs. Transom, the vicar's wife, who had asked them to supper and who now announced that she could not have them to supper, as the vicar had just gone down with mumps.

"Mumps! Oh, my God!" wailed Midge. "None of the children have had mumps! Oh, Justina, why did we let them go to the children's service?"

Mumps, thought William. I've had mumps. I could perfectly well have gone to that supper.

"I expect he was in his pulpit all the time," Justina said to Midge. "It isn't as if he'd been confirming them. And somebody had to go to church after they'd been so obliging about Mrs. Sheridan's horse."

Damn Mrs. Sheridan, thought William.

"What's mumps?" asked Mrs. Sheridan, and answered herself by adding that mumps were all in the day's work.

She can afford to be philosophical, thought William. She hasn't lost a supper, as she was going to stay at home anyway to look after the children. Which, of course, he quickly reminded himself, was very good of her.

Justina remarked that there was still quite a lot of that beetroot soup left.

Midge said she didn't wonder. William didn't wonder either.

"And there's any amount of oatmeal," Justina said. "Isn't there something called brose that's made of oatmeal—with cabbage in it? Didn't Robert Burns sup brose?"

Mrs. Sheridan said she thought that there was more than that in Robert Burns' brose, and added, "What a pity we gave the remains of the rabbit to the dogs!"

The word "olives" began to shape itself in William's mind, but he said nothing.

"It's the very devil," Midge said, "feeding the dogs. They're much fussier than the children. Or us."

"They don't appreciate the war, poor things," said Mrs. Sheridan.

"Well, what about a jam roly-poly?" Midge asked. "That would be filling. And we *must* browse down that elderberry jam that wouldn't set."

The word "olives" now thundered in William's brain. His tongue was swollen with silence, but some flash of his electrical anguish must have reached Justina, for suddenly her face lit up. "I know! I've got it!" she cried. "We'll open that tin of olives that William sent us."

"Oh, Justina! We can't," Midge said. "It's gone!"

"*Gone?*" Justina exclaimed. "Have those children—"

"No, it's not the children this time. It's me," Midge said. "I gave it to the Transoms for a whist-drive prize."

"Damn!" Justina said. "What on earth came over you? No one in this village would know what to do with an olive."

"But you don't like them, Justina. And I hate them," Midge said. "And Beryl doesn't like them either, for I asked her."

"I can *eat* them," said Mrs. Sheridan. "But that's not to say I actually enjoy it."

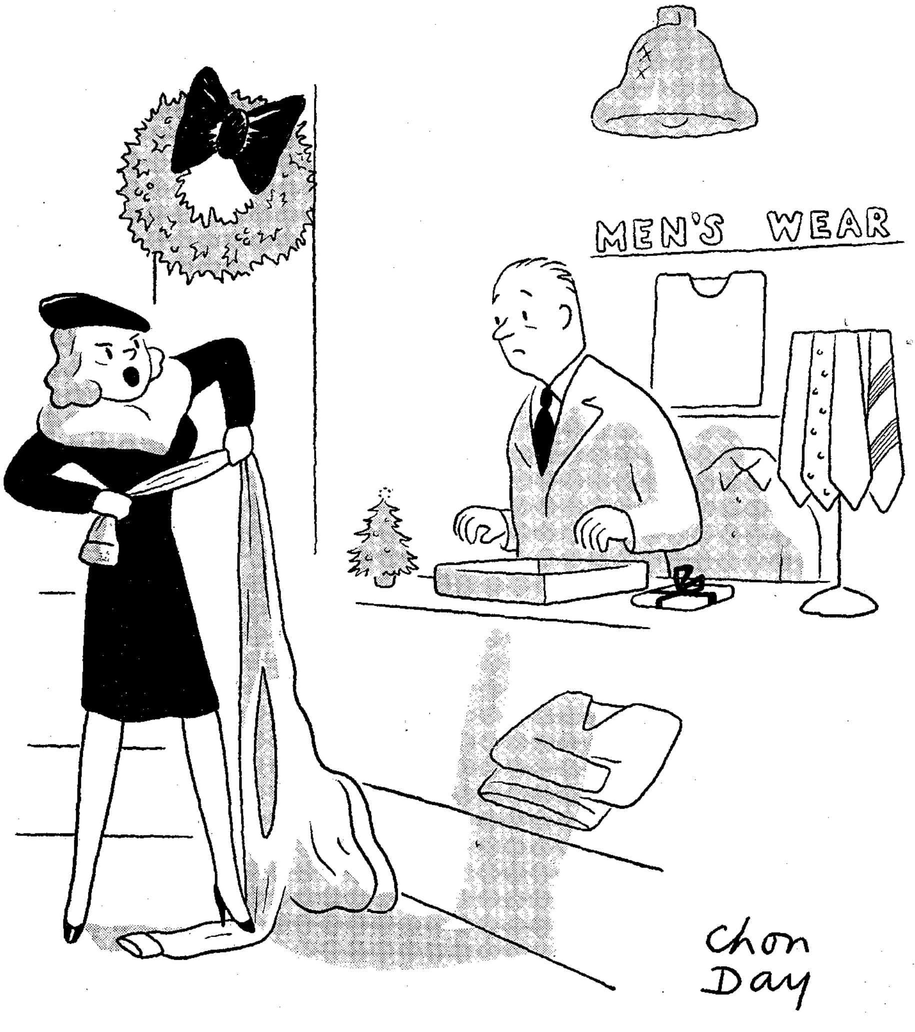
Midge, looking both guilty and exasperated, spoke savagely. "What else could I do, Justina? You know how those blackmailing Transoms hound us for their whist drives. It's all very well for you. You're out all day. You don't know much about real life. But I can assure you, what with thinking about food for the dogs, and shoes for the children, and prizes for the Transoms, real life isn't worth living!"

The ensuing silence was providentially broken by little Roy Sheridan, who strolled into the room carrying a tin chamber pot, in which there were some young mice. He had found the mice in Daddy's rabbit hutch, he explained. There had been lots more, but they had got away. Now could he have some cotton wool to make a nest for them?

PRESENTLY William was able to suggest that, since they could not sup at the vicarage, where at this moment, he said to himself, Mrs. Transom was probably dropping olives like quails and manna into Mr. Transom's swollen gorge, they should walk the four miles into town, have dinner at the Griffin, and try for a bottle of whiskey for Justina's cold; that is, if Mrs. Sheridan would still stand by her generous offer to stay at home and keep an eye on the children. It was a lovely, frosty night; the walk would be fun. "We shall get up our appetites," he concluded.

Mrs. Sheridan was quite ready to stay at home. She could get on with some of that darning, she said. So William set out with his two wives. The dinner and the whiskey cost in all four pounds seven shillings. Both Midge and Justina got slightly drunk and were much improved by it. In fact, it might have been called a successful evening if it had not been riddled by a tendency to remember Mrs. Sheridan and to think how unselfish she was and what a pity she had been left out of the party.

—Sylvia Townsend Warner



"I want him to think I knitted it."

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MILD ECSTASY

(AFTER READING "RELEASE FROM NERVOUS TENSION," BY DR. DAVID H. FINK)

I've read your book, Doc, and, by gad,
I am relaxing now like mad,
I go to sleep without complexes,
I calmly see how simple sex is,
I do not flinch when wine is poured,
I hugely eat of smörgåsbord.
Hanging? Absurd! I've sold my rope,
I give my talents wider scope,
I sculp in stone, write poems and plays,
No allergies infest my days,
I laugh at other people's jokes,
I get along with nasty folks.
Oh boy! What a supreme invention!
Bingo! Release from nervous tension!
I am, in short, so much delighted
Some fool might think I am excited.

—Irwin Edman

PROFILES

ARTIST

II—THE SADDEST MAN IN ALL THE WORLD

NOW that George Grosz has attained middle age, a certain degree of suburban respectability, and the honors that come to one of the world's great artists, he wishes he could dismiss the follies of his youth with the tolerant murmur "Ah youth, youth! It was foolish, forsooth, but gallant." Recently he said solemnly, "I would like very much to do that." Occasionally he thinks that the mellow exclamation may someday be possible for him. At rare intervals, he takes a momentary satisfaction in recalling how, when he was younger, he risked imprisonment by defying the Fascists of his native Germany. Yet even this pleasure is muted, because he defied the Fascists with satirical line drawings which, though the world calls them superb, he himself calls terrible. Grosz is a solid, stocky man with a bleak red face and intense blue eyes. Over the years he has worked for an appearance that is dignified and yet commonplace, and he feels that he has at last acquired it. Perhaps it is this hard-won surface propriety that makes it impossible for the present Grosz to quite forgive his youth. He winces when he remembers that he once wrote poetry which he was in the habit of reciting publicly while he pranced about in an improvised dance. He acquired this habit in 1919 in Berlin, when he was a leading spirit of the Dada movement, which he today describes as "the organized use of insanity to express contempt for a bankrupt world." One day last summer, after considerable urging, Grosz consented to recite some stanzas from his past for a few friends. He was sitting on the porch of his house, at Douglaston, Long Island, where he lives with his wife and two sons. It took him quite a time to gather himself. He was smoking a pipe and for several minutes there was no sound except its periodic hiss. Then he suddenly boomed:

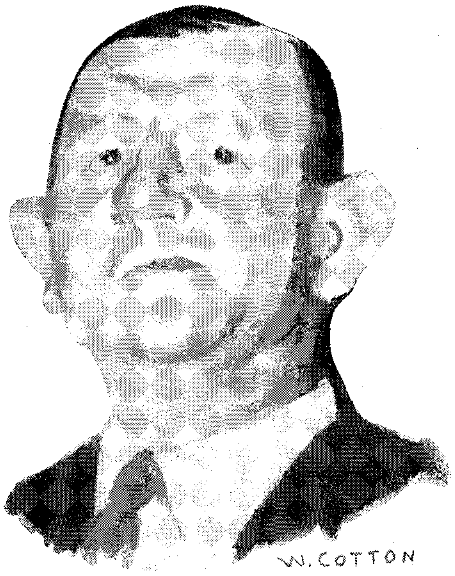
"Look! Here comes Grosz!
The saddest man in all the world.
But he is no craven dog.
He is a tough guy,
And wears his hat at an aggressive slant."

He grinned miserably as he finished and said, "Of course, it's better in German. That's only a rough translation." Apparently intent on torturing himself further, he rose from his chair and looked cautiously around; a dignified matron was walking up the elm-lined street and Grosz waited until she was well past the house. Then, with a peculiar, mocking grimace, he broke into a sort of buck and wing as he began to recite an effort of 1919:

"The gramophone music drills holes in my
brain
And I feel like a cracked record, forever
Repeating again and again the same
senseless line:
'Look here! We are all neurotics!
'Look here! We are all neurasthenics!' "

Such spasms of hectic reminiscence always leave Grosz despondent. He restores his dignity by puttering in his workshop or mowing the lawn. If he has visitors, he launches into a sober discussion of very practical matters. For example, if other artists are present, he may maintain that painting on a wet surface is usually best for water colors or claim that the beaten white of an egg brightens dull hues and adds depth and brilliance. He likes to speak, too, of his trick of rubbing a slice of raw potato over a paper that refuses to take color properly and says that after an application the paint goes on evenly. His friends may ask him to tell about his experiences in the last war and in the German revolution, but he stubbornly continues to talk about painting technique or perhaps about how he makes his own paint brushes from old toothbrushes, shaving brushes, and feathers. "With them," he says, "I can get certain texture effects I am after. The long-haired ones I make are excellent for sweeping grasses. They themselves are like long grass leaves. An inner similarity between the brush and what I draw is important. I use very often the sponge. The sponge is a very fine painting tool. I am fond of it."

Grosz, who came to this country from Germany in 1932 to escape the Nazis, among other reasons, is haunted by a violent past and the premonition of a violent future. He says that the oils he is painting these days, which he calls "hell pictures," impart "knowledge of arson, terror, murder, and death." They often show bomb-gutted buildings or depict Grosz himself as an exile plodding through a swamp, while behind him, in flames, is the European world he was forced to leave. Many critics see in these paintings, which they agree show consummate craftsmanship, the essence of a time in which whole peoples have been uprooted and slain. No matter how low his spirits may be, he gets a certain exhilaration from the actual business of painting. "I am happy when I can paint regularly, unhappy when I cannot," Grosz says. When he strikes an arid period, he becomes frightened and irritable. During such a time he once claimed that his personality was built in layers, like a cake. "There is one person on top," he said, "one in the middle, another in the cellar, and a fourth is chained in a dark closet for which there is no key." He tries to dispel his darker moods by making himself paint two thousand strokes a day whether or not he feels like it. He is as precise and definite as a chemist as he handles turpentine, kerosene, wood alcohol, shellac, and other ingredients of his craft. He may sometimes be baffled as to how to represent graphically the emotion he is trying to portray, but he is seldom at a loss to obtain the exact color he wishes. This quality of precision has endeared him to classes at the Art Students' League of New York, where he has taught off and on since 1932. The students like him because he gives them instructions as specific as a recipe. Recently, in a water-color class, he said, "Into the dark blues and blue-browns, you may put dark browns to bring out edges. If you are drawing a figure, some blue you may use in the flesh-tones for detail. You may also consider putting in the knees and cheeks a few reds. Frequently the legs from the knees down



George Grosz

require a cool tone. The painting of a leg or other part of the body may be approached as follows: over a light drawing, to put in a flat, light flesh tone, use a large brush. Round the thigh with a shadow tone of brown. Then a heavy brown accent where desired—for example, where the leg bends—and finally use a dark blue or blue-gray next to the light side of the form. In drawing a head, lay in a flesh tone. Put blue shadows in the eye sockets for depth and perhaps also beneath or at the side of the nose. Use brown a little to bring out the shadow of the eye; the blue there already will not allow the brown to come too far forward. Touch up the cheeks with a gray-red. Put a blue or a blue-gray wash around the head, and the hair you do in a dark blue-gray or red-gray."

WINTER LULLABY

Now the sky is far and wide
where the trees of summer stood,
and the frost moves through the field
and the hunter through the wood.

Now the plane hangs on the wind
and the ships ride heavy seas,
now the hare hides in the thorn
and the hunter in the trees.

All the roads that scar the land,
all the houses now are seen,
and the hunter leans to find
patterns where the hare has been.

Half the world in shadow lies
on the far side of the sun,
the woman leans above her child
and the hunter on his gun.

From the north the tempest bends,
by the fire it is warm,
the woman sings a lullaby
and the hunter hears the storm.

Sleep, sleep, my little one,
on my breast and have no fear,
all things gather, all things rest
in the hollow of the year;

the plane will come to earth again,
the ships find harbors in the foam,
the hunted hare will dance in the wood
and the hunter will come home.

—Nancy Cardozo

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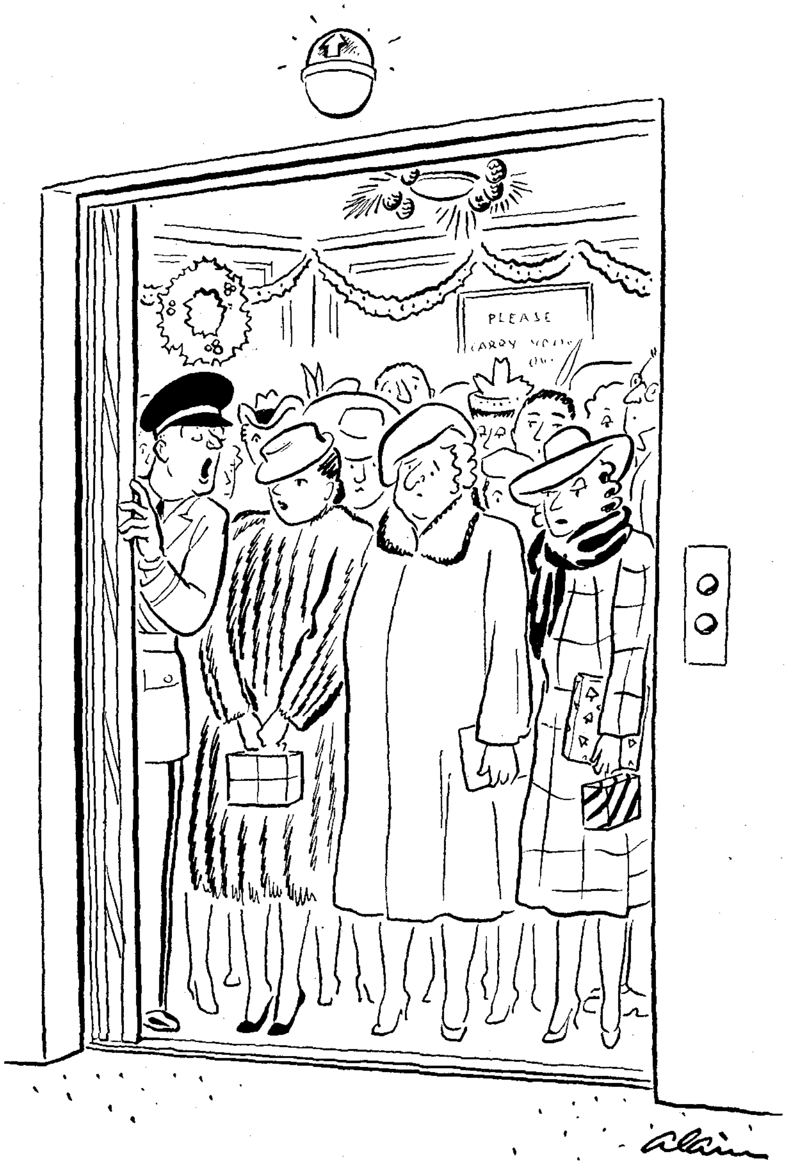
Grosz was born in Berlin in 1893. His father was the proprietor of a small restaurant. When it failed, in 1898, the family, which included two girls, both of whom were older than Grosz, moved to Stölp, in Pomerania, where Grosz's father became the caretaker of a Masonic lodge building. The boy's playmates told him that in an inner room of the lodge there was a skeleton. The room was guarded, they said, by two mechanical monsters which, if an intruder entered, slid out of the walls and crushed him in their steel embrace. "This was not a major influence on me," Grosz says, "but I think of it now and again." He began drawing when he was five years old, imitating his father, who liked to make sketches on cardboard beer coasters and on tablecloths. "My earliest recollections have to do with battle scenes," Grosz says. He copied the battle scenes, of German colonial campaigns in South Africa, out of illustrated news magazines. His father died in 1900. The family returned to Berlin, where Mrs. Grosz tried unsuccessfully to support her children by working as a seamstress. Within a year they were back in Stölp, where Mrs. Grosz became the stewardess of an Army officers' club called the Red Hussars. The family lived in the club. Stölp was an ugly little garrison town, where the big event of the day was the passage of the train bound from Paris to St. Petersburg. Mrs. Grosz, who had seen her share of hard times, became worried when her little son insisted that he meant to be an artist. "Remember that nothing counts but money," she frequently told him. "Remember that the rich can do anything with you." When Grosz was ten, his elder sister gave him a set of oils and he drew from memory three panoramas which he had seen at a country fair. The one he recalls most vividly had two panels, the first called "The Mothers of Europe" and the second "Napoleon in Hell." When Grosz describes it now, he rises, assumes a Napoleonic frown and stance, his right hand in his vest, and says, "The mothers are shouting curses at him, but Napoleon stands like this." He is apt to regard his auditor intently, as if trying to determine whether he understands the significance of all this, and then say earnestly, "I only indicate. But these things made me." Grosz says that his preoccupation with color led him to do some precocious drinking. When he was fourteen, he found a large jar of alcohol in the officers' club, and, having always admired such arrays of colored and bottled splendor as he had happened to glimpse, he decided to concoct a rainbow of bottles himself. He talked one of the servants in the club into giving him some colored flavoring. "I had drinks green and orange and vermilion and purple and blood-colored," he recalls with satisfaction. "I got drunk terrific."

In his autobiography, which will be published soon, Grosz devotes a lengthy chapter to another incident in his life in Stölp. He happened to glance into a window and saw a woman undressing. "I was terrified and enchanted," he writes. "She had gay little dimples and was all curves, pinks and whites, and pale browns. She reminded me of a very light-colored horse I had once seen. Like Goya, I have for a long time been enchanted by the nude and when in a cheerful mood I like to paint it." About this time Grosz became what he calls "enlightened" and refused to go to the Lutheran church, which his mother attended. "Just the same, its puritanical stamp remained on me forever," he says. He enrolled in correspondence courses on jujitsu and "How to Fascinate Women." He annoyed his mother, when practicing his jujitsu lessons, by beating the sides of his hands on the wall. This was to toughen them against the time when he should be assaulted with a cane. The course assured him that he could shatter the cane by merely letting it strike a toughened hand. As a matter of fact, his jujitsu did become useful in dealing with a certain Herr Knapp. "He was my teacher at school," Grosz explains, "and a former Prussian Army

officer. When disciplining us, he would make us stand at attention. Then, very slowly and with much suspense, he would turn a signet ring on his right hand until the seal was at the palm. Suddenly and with all his force he would smash the ring against the face." Not knowing that Grosz had prepared for him by mail, Herr Knapp tried to put his mark on Grosz. His pupil flung up a hand to ward off the blow, caught Herr Knapp by the arm, and tried to throw him over his shoulder in accordance with Lesson 12. He didn't succeed in doing this, but Herr Knapp suffered a strained back and Grosz was expelled. "I early learned," Grosz says, "that the law of life was blow and bite."

In 1909, when Grosz was sixteen, he enrolled in the state art academy at Dresden. His mother used her scanty savings to pay his tuition. For two years he did little but copy plaster casts of Greek sculpture and think of his landlord's daughter. "I would have liked to seduce her, but I was simply too green," he says with regret, and then adds more cheerfully, "Besides, it would have raised a hell of a stink." Grosz became discontented in Dresden. "I wanted to get my snout in the trough. I wanted to make money," he explains. Copying plaster casts did not seem to him the path to prosperity. When, in 1910, Grosz actually made twelve marks by selling a drawing to a magazine called *Ulk*, he decided he had outgrown Dresden's academic atmosphere. Then he was awarded a scholarship at the Berlin Academy of Applied Arts. At first he was very unhappy. He thinks that possibly this period formed the seed for that bitterness which later flowered in his satirical line drawings of the German middle class. When he speaks of those days, he lapses into the second person, as is his habit when he feels reluctant to talk about his sufferings. "You are just a country boy in a big city for the first time," he says. "There is somesing different in you, somesing outside yourself—you hardly know what it is. As a child, you go to pump a pail of water and you hardly know what you are there for. You put the pail down and somesing goes on and on inside of you and takes you far away." When Grosz tells of his early Berlin days, he becomes troubled and is inclined to pace up and down. "I don't know. I don't know," he will say again and again in the middle of his reminiscences of the academy. "You are eating your lunch in the school yard," he goes on, "and someone comes up behind you and pushes you. An olive-colored pickle falls in the mud, red ham beside it. The mud is a deep, oozy black. I still remember such still lifes. You say to that big fellow who pushes you, not aloud, 'You are wicked. You are cruel.' You are more alone than most people. Already you live on a top floor because you are poor and because you need a skylight. You are easier hurt. If we want to understand how a man can hate human beings, we have to study the humiliation he underwent."

Grosz remembers trying to sell some of his drawings to a very rich man. He went out to the man's villa, hoping he would get lunch in addition to making a sale. In the middle of negotiations, the man excused himself for a while and went out of the room. "If you are hungry," Grosz says, "you have very sharp ears. I thought I heard a tray. It didn't come any nearer. I sneaked to the door and looked through a crack and there in the next room he was eating. I was very humiliated." It was about this time that he began playing with the satirical technique which was to make him famous. A score of books have explained in the esoteric vocabulary of the art world, and in eight languages, the genesis of Grosz's satire. Grosz explains it more simply. "Some students are watching," he says. "You might make a slip of the pencil, somesing not just right—extreme, you know—and they say, 'Gee, George, that's fine!' You have the ability, and the times and everything are right for it, and you grow into a rôle."



"Fourth floor—formerly radio, electric washing machines, vacuum cleaners . . ."

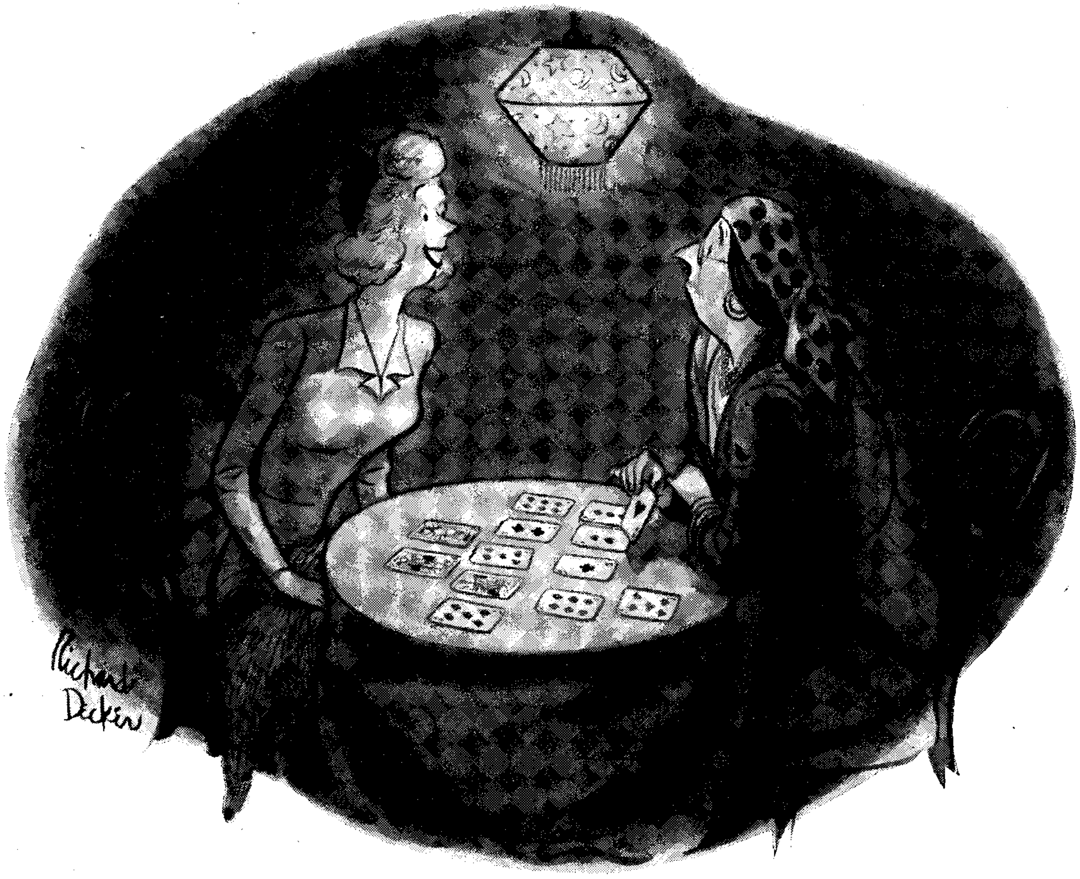
IN 1913 Grosz's financial condition began to improve. His instructors at the Academy of Applied Arts were in a position to hand out commissions for commercial jobs, and Grosz designed wallpaper, cigarette packages, and book jackets. Under the influence of the metropolis, he became something of an æsthete. In addition, he began to sell drawings somewhat regularly to *Ulk*, *Lustige Blätter* and other German humor magazines. He spent a lot of time on his appearance. He liked to affect a startling pallor by putting a thick coat of powder on his face. "I was proud of my personality," he recalls. "It was distinct and different." When war came, in 1914, Grosz's sprouting psyche was among the first casualties. It was engulfed in a baggy uniform of dirty field gray. His uniform was exactly like four million other uniforms, and Grosz soon found there was a perfidious plot to make him exactly like the four million other young men filling the four million other uniforms. The sacrilege instantly made him a militant anti-militarist. He was outraged then and he is outraged now. Sometimes, as he stands before his easel in his studio, a dark, shadowy room on the second floor of his house in Douglaston, he thinks of it and says, "I can feel the hairs rising on the back of my neck."

Grosz claims that, sitting alone in his studio, he can feel every current flowing through the world, and he also thinks that by his thoughts and conversation he can distill the living essence of periods he has gone through, making them live again in the gloom of his workroom. In his effort to recreate the past, he violently flings himself backward in time, gesturing, posturing, pantomiming, and imitating with a force that is intended to roll back the years. When he speaks of the German Army, his whole figure suggests a sneer. He can imitate as large a military unit as a regiment as he stands in the centre of his studio, his shoulders back in a taut bow, his spine a rod of iron, his fingers tight at his trouser seams. He turns right and left as if surveying thousands of fellows similarly standing on parade. Sometimes he is an officer with a monocle and pompous manner, sometimes he is a servile private saluting the officer, and often he is both as he jumps back and forth on the floor giving and receiving salutes. As he projects the past before his audience, he makes *sotto-voce* comments, such as "In Germany, when you salute, you can't go closer than ten feet" and "In Germany, it's part of good breeding to be a little offensive." Speaking of the German Army, he says, "They crush you. They humiliate you. They break you," and suddenly he becomes an officer reviewing a regiment. Then he begins to drill it, marching it up and down the studio, now to the east, now to the west, sometimes at the double quick. Grosz barks commands, which are only meaningless and fatuous noises.

"Then the mud," he says. "I don't know why soldiers are always in the mud. After four or five months in the Army, I got violently sick. A kind of brain fever. Many died. I was operated on. My left ear. Behind it. I thought I would die, as everyone thinks he will die when his spirit is low." Grosz was invalided home to Berlin in 1915. He began associating with Socialists and making ineffectual plans to avoid further military service, for he had been told that he would be called back to the Army. During this period, he liked to pretend that he was someone else and he denied being an artist. He sometimes said he was a businessman from Holland. Late in 1915, he was at a party attended chiefly by left-wing artists, none of whom happened to know him. They were denouncing the war. Suddenly Grosz, in his rôle of the businessman from Holland, said he hoped the war would go on forever because it was good for his profits. He said he had made millions by hiring war wounded to paint the utterly senseless slogan "The God Who Made Ireland Could Not Endure Slavery" on shell fragments harvested from the battlefields. He sold these war souvenirs, he said, in America. The artists were properly stunned.

Grosz does not recreate this part of his past with as much wry enjoyment as he does the early part of his military career. In fact, he would just as soon not recreate it, since it doesn't fit in with his present rôle, which is that of the staid suburbanite. He has never recovered from an old-fashioned shock over the fact that he was once a radical, and he would like to forget that he was. Other things also trouble him. He was recalled to the Army in 1917, whereupon he assaulted an officer. This, too, shocks his present sense of propriety, for all of his hate of the military. As he speaks of the attack, he becomes extremely roundabout and tantalizingly allegorical, and he shows a maddening unconcern for chronological sequence. He speaks of "a man," who later turns out to be himself, and in an effort to avoid coming to the point he makes interminable circumlocutions. "A man gets into a state of mind that isn't pleasant," he says. "He hates to go back to the war. He isn't entirely enthusiastic. In fact, just the contrary. He believes the war already lost. He is maybe a little cracked, too. The war makes such cases. He is sent to a prison camp in East Prussia as a guard. He is sent from a camp to a military hospital. He has a little experience—how shall I say?—he breaks the discipline. He has a little war with the higher-ups. He loses all connection and is sent to a special military asylum."

When Grosz tells this story to his American friends, his pipe is continually going out and there are long pauses in which the flame of his match gleams in the gloom of his studio, followed by a nervous, evenly spaced hissing as Grosz resumes smoking. "This man maybe assaulted an officer," he says at length. "In Germany, such things can't be. It's like when, jumping off a building, you go up instead of down. You can't even drop a rifle when drilling. It's not done. It can't be done. So it isn't done. If you did, the heavens would fall. I—this man—was almost executed. It was near. They called me—they called him—cracked. They put



"About this tall, dark, handsome man I'm going to marry—does it give any hint how I'm going to get rid of my present husband?"

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me away in an asylum. I saw some very strange and exciting types. They gave me a wooden spoon so I would not hurt myself. Everything was wood. They said I was a left-wing Socialist. It was touch and go whether I would be executed. I never knew if I was protected by a higher-up. There were some very tragic types I would see when they let me out for exercise. One was a big spitter. There were epileptics. They always got fits, and then of course they would bite the chair. The guards used to have horse blankets. They'd throw it over a man with a certain trick to make him helpless. In the asylum, or hospital, there was a great factory for artificial arms and legs. From my cell window I could see the competitions of legless soldiers. It was very German. Great generals would come and give prizes for the best cripples. The ones who could best eat with their steel claws or best jump with their leather legs. It was here really that came the source of my satanic humor."

As Grosz continues, still trying to arrive at the actual attack on his superior officer, he again lapses into the third person. "A man is lying in a hospital. It has been converted from an old theatre. On the peeling walls there are nymphs and laughing masks of faces. This man is a soldier and says he is sick and cannot go on duty. His superior says he is faking. The man next to him is eating dehydrated soup. You have a needle in your arm to make you sleep. The man on the other side of you is a dark-haired man. He is conscious of what it is all about. He is a miner and he is against the war. The man eating the dehydrated soup is being fed. He has two stumps for arms, little knobs that have already healed. Of course he has two medals on his drab nightdress. The other soldiers amuse themselves by teasing him. One of them throws him a cigarette and the armless man stoops and licks it up with his tongue from his bed. He seems almost satisfied. He endorses his fate. But some there are who don't endorse their fate. Some say, 'Maybe we can do something about it.' To them I belonged. Some officers enter the hospital. We have to lie at attention—our arms straight down, the palms turned just so. The officers stand beside my bed. They tell me to get up. I say I am sick. One officer says he will count five." Grosz pauses and finally says, "And then, of course, it happened. He used bad language and then I slapped him. I suffered then from sudden bursts of fury. I had a knife. He got scratched seven or eight times. The wounded men jumped from bed to subdue me. I remember the armless man with the medals. He kept jumping on me and shouting, 'You have to jump on his feet! That breaks the resistance!' "

WHEN Grosz returned to civilian life, the war was over. He carried around, inside of him, a hate which, he says, was a solid and permanent thing, and sometimes he almost felt as if he could hear it sing. He felt that civilization was a fraud, a shoddy trick. As Grosz describes the complete moral breakdown in Germany that followed the war, his manner is so absorbed and he looks inward with such concentration that one is almost convinced that he *is* able to recreate the past. "When the money went," he says, "I knew that all had collapsed. I remember once I helped carry a billion marks in a laundry basket. A gust of wind blew it away. We didn't even try to get it. You'd go into the corner grocery and the woman would whisper, 'Mr. Grosz, I have saved a quarter of a pound of butter,' and you'd whisper, 'I have some soap,' and she'd whisper, 'Come back later, when there are not so many people.' The money was no good. It was barter. If you are a moralist, these things get you. A soldier comes home and they even refuse to sit by him because of his lice. All of a sudden many people die. It's in the air. They don't know why they die, but they die. That makes somebody shiver. On the corner men stand crying, 'Repent! Repent, ye sinners!' Children begin to whip themselves. Hitler begins to hold meetings. Then, for the first time, you see men dressed like women and you say, 'That's a new idea, isn't it?' Everything goes to pieces. Friends begin saying, 'We have to do somesing. Let's organize. Alone we can do nussing.' Then they whisper, 'Somesing's happening in the East, in Russia.' Some of your friends whisper, 'Lenin's a fine guy.' The Social Democrats say he is a dictator. Then other people begin whispering against the Jews. There are shots all around you. You can't make out what it is. People disappear. A friend is taken to prison, but you can't find where. They say he was reciting to soldiers and suddenly sang a revolutionary song. You say, 'Did the soldiers like it?,' and they say,

Helen E. Hokinson

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Additional Amusement Advertising on page 44

'Yes.' You hear people whispering, 'Shall we kill him?,' and someone says, 'No. No murder.' You can't stay home in your room, and all of a sudden you step out into it."

Grosz, however, first stepped out into that movement of artists known as Dadaism. It appealed to him, for in his mind it seemed to reveal the bankruptcy of civilization by antics so definitively idiotic that people would finally understand that everything was as senseless as Dadaism itself. Grosz was soon a leader in the movement and was given the title of Field Marshal Grosz. He had foot-square calling cards made, with his title on it, under which there was a large eye. He had his clothes cut on military lines and he wore a cardboard Iron Cross on his chest. It was large enough to reach his waist. Day in and day out, even when he was alone, he acted his rôle of a Prussian general and now and then he would slap aristocrats across the face with a glove. At night he would superintend the pasting of huge signs all over Berlin which proclaimed, "Dada Punishes." Other signs declared, "Dada Is Always Victorious" and "Everybody His Own Football" and "Take Dada Seriously."

"Everything we did," Grosz says, "had that exciting idiocy. Everything we did was a little senseless. That offended people more than anything. We would insult people as rough as could be. To raise money, we had meetings. A friend of mine would recite somesing very ridiculous. I would go out into the audience and say to one man, 'You idiot. Pay attention.' Sometimes I'd slap them with my glove and sometimes I'd say, 'You reek with corruption, and now five hundred marks, please.' Later the police had to protect us. I was sometimes very witty. 'Shut up!' I'd say. 'You kept your mouths shut for four years. Now keep them shut a little while longer.' Sometimes we had hand-to-hand fighting.

"I was rather famous for a huge death's-head," Grosz says. It was made of papier-mâché and he wore it over his face. "I was rather a dandy," he continues. "I cultivated a certain bad taste. I wore the death's-head on the street and my cane had a skull on it. When I invited someone to my studio, I'd have a skeleton in the foyer instead of a man with armor. On the divan I'd have a cold cadaver—black tights, with a derby on it, and filled with wet salt. My liquor bottles were skulls. My glasses were skulls. I was shocking. It would be dark and my friends would howl and moan in the back when I would have respect-

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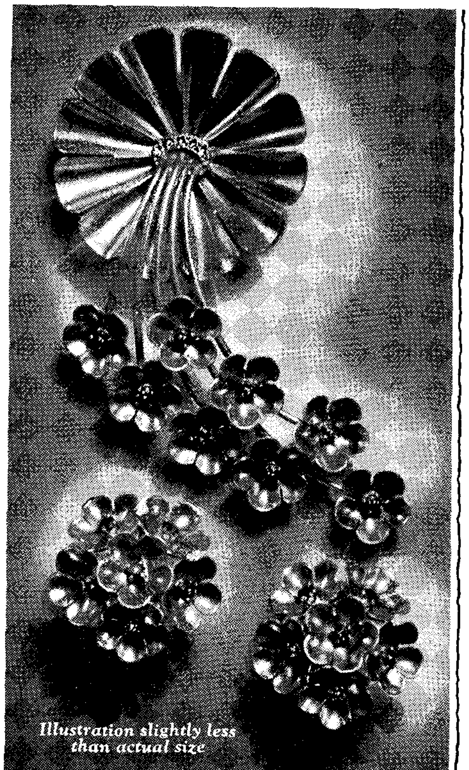
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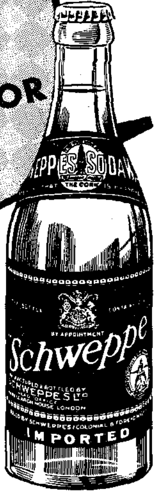

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able visitors. I was quite a card and reckless, too."

Grosz continued to turn out drawings that were published in the magazines, but he was better known all over Berlin for his Dadaist stunts. He made a representation of von Hindenburg out of a store dummy, a stove pipe, a chamber pot, and a set of false teeth. It looked very much like the old field marshal, and Prussian officers, who were later to become even more vehement, threatened to horsewhip Grosz. In telling of this, Grosz says, "I used to walk into fine hotel bars and, speaking of the patrons, say, 'Will you get these swine out of here?' Other times I'd bring the talk around to Grosz with some general. He would say, 'I am going to shoot that swine,' and then I'd suddenly push him. 'Sir,' I would say, 'I am the pushing Grosz.' Or I would bite him—not too hard—and say, 'Sir, I am the nipping Grosz.' I had a friend who was a doctor. He'd go around with his stethoscope around his neck. We'd go into a bar and bring the conversation around to the heart. My friend would pretend he was going to examine some stranger's heart and then twine his stethoscope around the patient's neck and choke him. We had many fights."

As he speaks of his youth, Grosz smiles from time to time, but grudgingly, as if he disapproved of taking it lightly. He feels that he was victimized by an era and should not be held responsible for his early antics or views. "If I could have a wish," he says, "I would like to live in the nineties. A golden glow is over everything then. If I met a genie, I would say, 'Let me live in the nineties and be a pet of society.' "

—RICHARD O. BOYER

(*This is the second of three articles on Mr. Grosz.*)

•

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•

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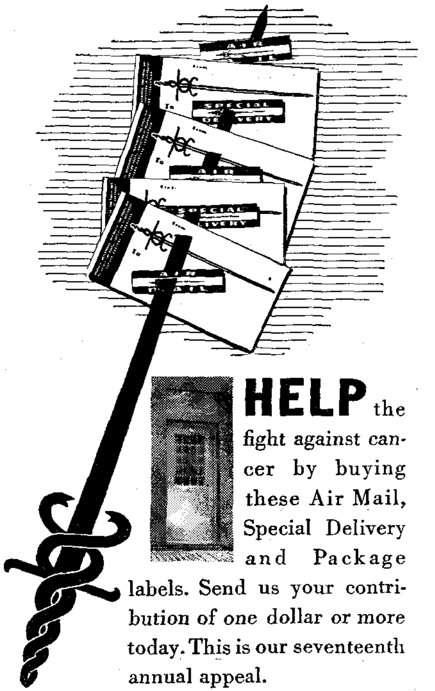
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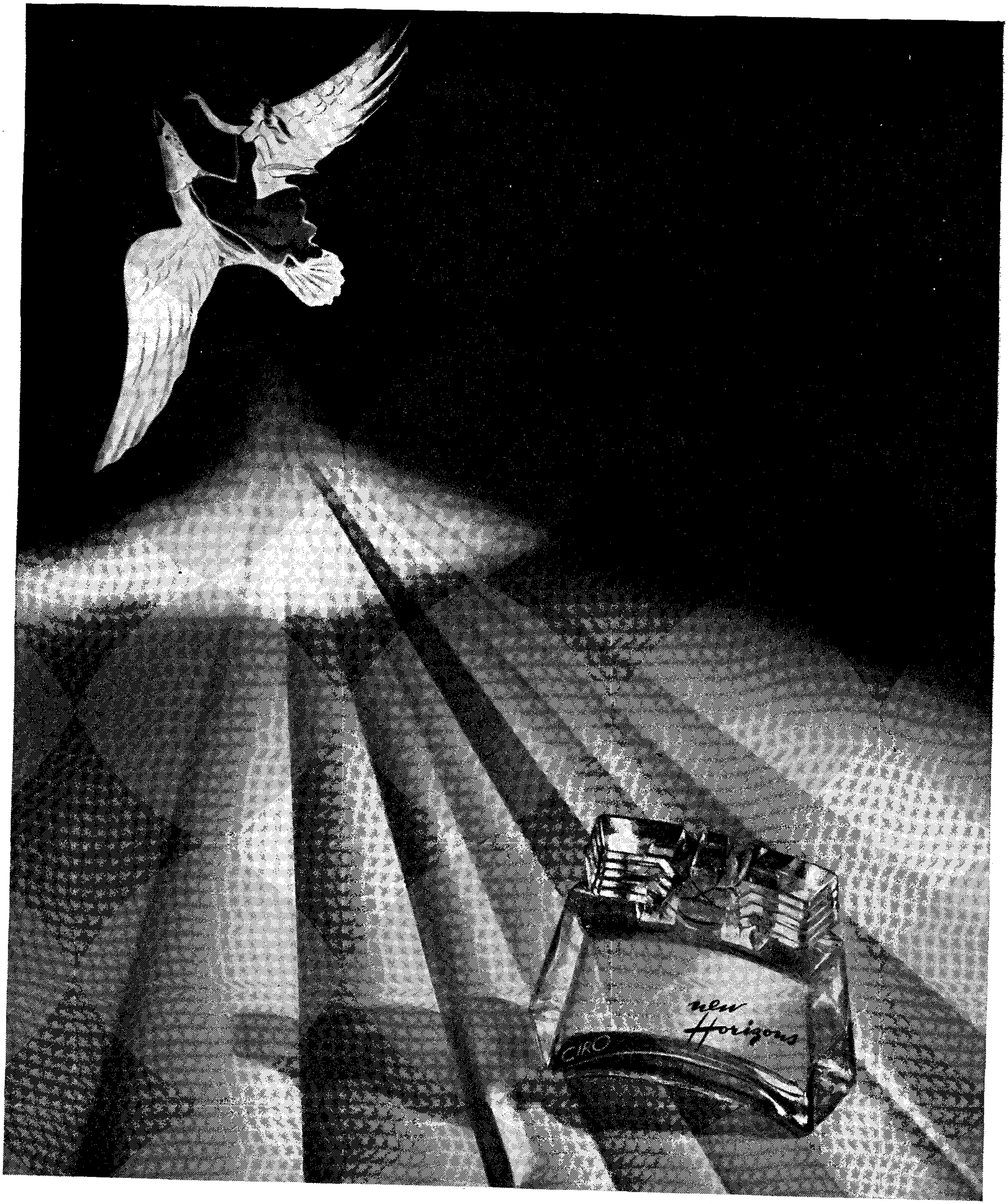
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THE MAIDEN VOYAGE OF LST 169 ~ II

AFTER a five-day run down the Ohio and Mississippi from Evansville, Indiana, last spring, the LST 169, the Landing Ship, Tanks, on which I am a Coast Guard gunnery officer, was berthed at the Algiers Naval Station, across the river from New Orleans. Neither the six other officers and I nor our crew of sixty-six men felt lonesome. Many other LST's were there—sturdy naval vessels of over five thousand tons, their superstructures perched far aft. Our captain told us we were to remain at Algiers for two weeks, by the end of which all our supplies would have been put aboard and the last nut on our brand-new vessel would be tightened. Since we had orders to take on stores and provisions for many months, we knew that our destination, wherever it might be, was a long way from New Orleans.

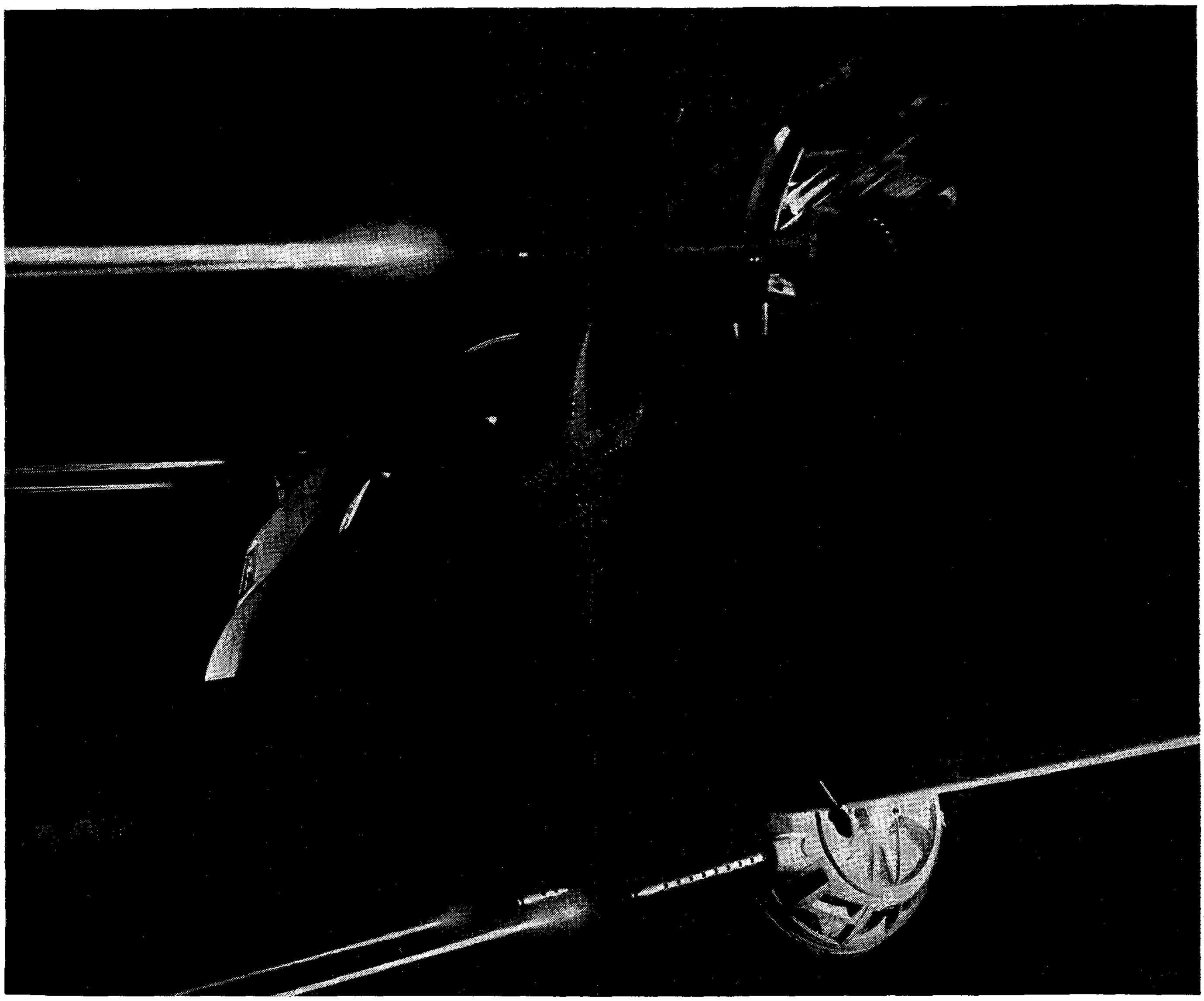
The naval station was full of activity, with warships of all sizes and types constantly moving in and out. Transports, too, lay in the river, and disappeared quietly between dusk and dawn. There were also a few English men-of-war about. The foreign flag we paid the most attention to was the Argentine, flown by some of the freighters that went up and down the river. We pictured, back of the portholes, spies making notes as they passed our naval installation. The weather was oppressively hot and humid. Clouds covered the sky every day and rain frequently drenched us, but it never cooled us off. Ensign Billings (my roommate) and I were thankful for the electric fan and ventilator in our cabin and for the showers down the corridor of the officers' quarters.

The job of outfitting a newly commissioned ship proved to be irksome beyond anything we had anticipated. Ensign Caplan, our supply officer, who had to procure, inspect, and check most of the stuff, was now a harassed young man, very different from the lighthearted chap who had boarded the ship at Evansville. Besides standing my watch for four hours out of every sixteen, I was, as gunnery officer, kept constantly on the jump going from one storage place to another around the base, looking for spare parts for our guns. Caplan and I both got on intimate terms with the huge naval supply depot across the river in New Orleans. It used to be the world's largest cotton warehouse. It has twenty million square feet of floor space, and some storage sections are as high as a three-story building. Now it holds immense piles of goods that would make a housewife's eyes pop, millions of items that civilians often find it difficult to obtain these days—boxes of pillow cases, sheets, towels, light bulbs, electric fans, and a hundred other household staples. There were also quantities of radio gear and gunnery equipment. The depot is so big that it has its own police station and a cafeteria for employees, some of whom get around its vast spaces on bicycles. When we went in to submit our requisitions, we were taken care of by rather consistently pretty Southern girls, present in hundreds, who, among other duties, filled orders for the numberless items stored there. As we sweated and hustled around, we gradually assembled our stores and provisions. I was glad to see that they included six hundred gallons of fruit juices and soft drinks.

SHORTLY after our arrival, Caplan, Billings, and I made, inevitably, for Antoine's. There we ordered the restaurant's famous oysters Rockefeller. When our waiter saw us looking them over with a certain curiosity, he said, "Eat them, they won't mind it." "I suppose not," said Caplan. "Anything to get out of this heat." Away from his blankets, mercurochrome, and tinned tomatoes, Caplan was at heart a disciple of Jack Benny. On the whole, we found New Orleans too full of servicemen to be really comfortable, even for such elementary pastimes as going to the movies or sitting in a bar, and I spent the rest of my liberties at the base, like most of the other officers.

When we had been berthed a week, some Navy observation officers came aboard, took up quarters, poked around, and left after several days. As nearly as I could make out, they were just supposed to observe, and that's exactly what they did. One of the visiting officers and I discovered that we had dated the same Wellesley girl a couple of years before. It was a quaint bond to unearth in the steaming turbulence of the Algiers Naval Station. That was not the only incident that might come under the heading of social notes. There was the visit of two ladies, guests of one of my fellow-officers, who had met them in New Orleans and had invited them to evening mess. It was the first visit of ladies to our vessel, and it was considered an occasion. Cook turned out, among other things, shrimps Louisiana. More than anything else, I think, we wanted our guests to know the importance of our ship. We assumed that they had probably dined aboard destroyers, cruisers, and aircraft carriers, and we wanted them to carry away a most respectful impression of LST 169. As we escorted them on a tour of the craft after mess, we pointed out her admirable points. With her superstructure in the back, she was odd-looking, we admitted, but didn't they think she was rugged and seaworthy? I remember a little speech I made as we walked forward. "Her bow opens and a ramp is let down from inside," I said, "but for all practical purposes the ship's as tight as a drum and can stand any kind of weather." I said this very earnestly, then stopped, feeling foolish. The other officers and the ladies nodded and smiled. None of them seemed to think that I'd been foolish at all.

SOMETIME after the observation officers left, LST 169 was camouflaged. The gossip around the base was that we were going into the Pacific. Among the several Californians in our crew, there was high hope that this report was true. The next day, to our amazement, a Landing Craft, Tanks, or an LCT—as distinguished from a Landing Ship, Tanks, or LST—was hoisted by a huge crane onto our main deck. The LCT, a smaller type of vessel, designed for use by the Amphibious Forces, was a hundred and ninety-two feet long, weighed three hundred and fifty tons, and had room for fifteen tanks. It carried two anti-aircraft guns and was armored heavily enough to stop machine-gun bullets. A Navy crew of one ensign and twelve men, who operated it, came aboard our ship. There were emergency living quarters and a galley on the LCT and, of course, it would have been possible for the thirteen newcomers to have remained in the comparatively crowded quarters aboard their own ship, but they soon deserted these for the more roomy ones on ours. One of our officers named



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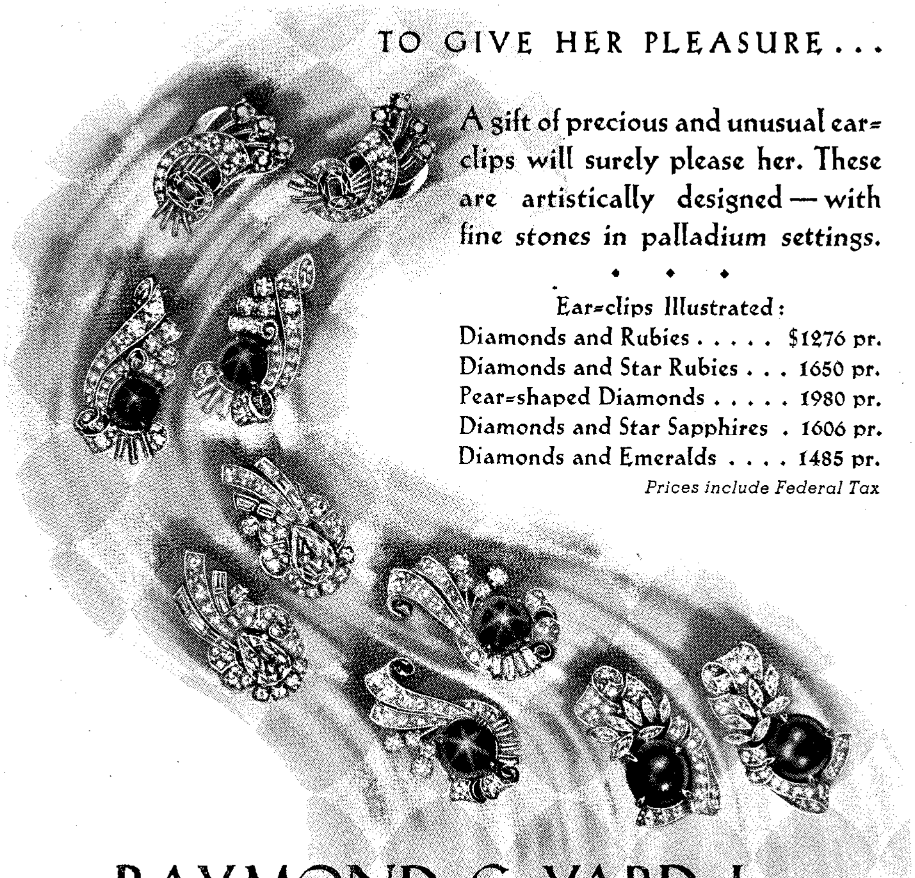

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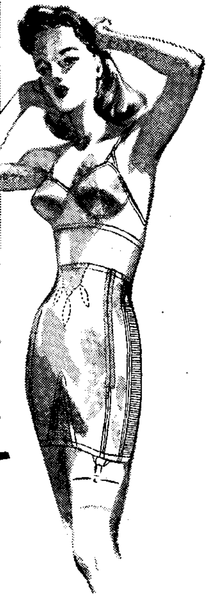

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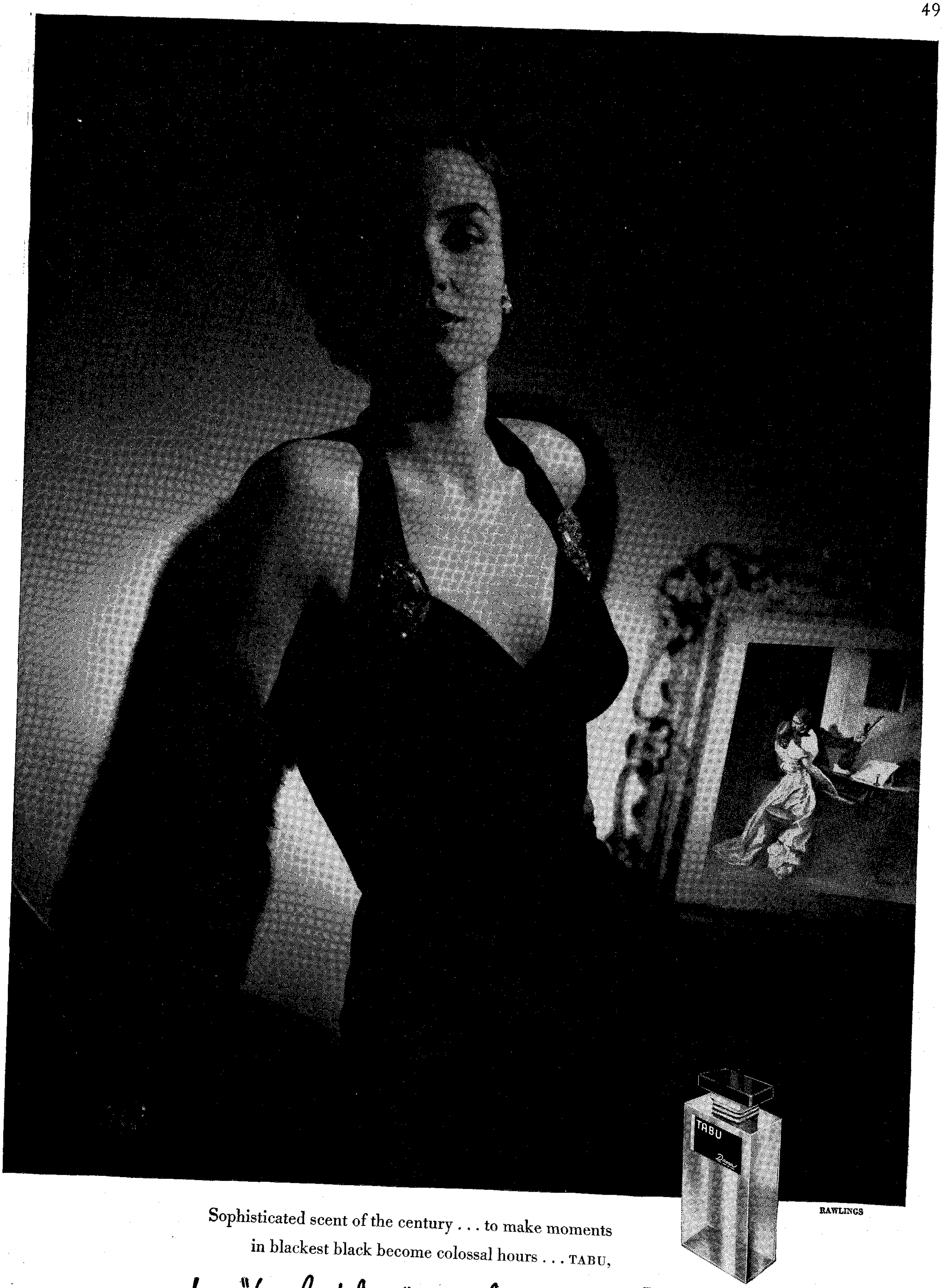
the skipper of the LCT—a small, bouncy individual—Peanuts. We hated the look of the LCT squatting unesthetically on our main deck, but the arrival of Peanuts gave us another watch officer, so now our tricks became only four hours in every twenty. As the hot days slipped by, all of us, including the LCT bunch, settled snugly into the life of LST 169.

The second Sunday at Algiers rolled around. Our two weeks were nearly up. That night the skipper arranged to have a temporary telephone circuit installed in the wardroom and all of us were given permission to call our families. It was one of those painful but pleasant occasions that stick in your memory. The calls went on till two-thirty in the morning. The next day Caplan, a lieutenant (j.g.) named Eccles (our executive officer), and I set out for New Orleans on an errand we had been saving for the end of our stay. We were going to spend the recreation fund the Navy had allotted the ship. Battleships and aircraft carriers receive $1,000 apiece, but LST's get only $300. There was just one thing we had decided on in advance—some fishing poles, so that we could have fresh fish to eat at sea. When we got to the department store we had selected, we bought our poles, then argued with one another for an hour about the merits of various board games. We ended by buying over a dozen of the less destructible type. Our big purchase of the day was an automatic record-player, which came with loudspeaker attachments that, we decided, could be rigged up in the men's quarters and in the wardroom. When it came to getting records for the machine, however, we could find only very old ones. The newest was Rudy Vallée singing "I'm Just a Vagabond Lover."

That day was the last of LST 169's river-bound existence. In the afternoon



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—Richard J. Theobald

•

Next for you to consider is what it all comes to. The girl wants a hot dog stand. The boy wants the girl without benefit of hot dog stand. Perhaps he's a prissy bank clerk, but good at heart. He wants to make a home for her. She wants to make a home for her sister. She can't take her sister into her home. There you have the conflicting desires on the part of all hands. Naturally it comes to a crux. The girl has a chance to possess herself of a hot dog stand. This will cause her to lose the man. Now the desires of each have come at last to a deadly impasse. Perhaps a good place to begin your novel is right here.—*From "Why Write a Novel?" by Jack Woodford, as condensed in the Writer's Digest.*

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•

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[*Adv. in the Seattle Times*]

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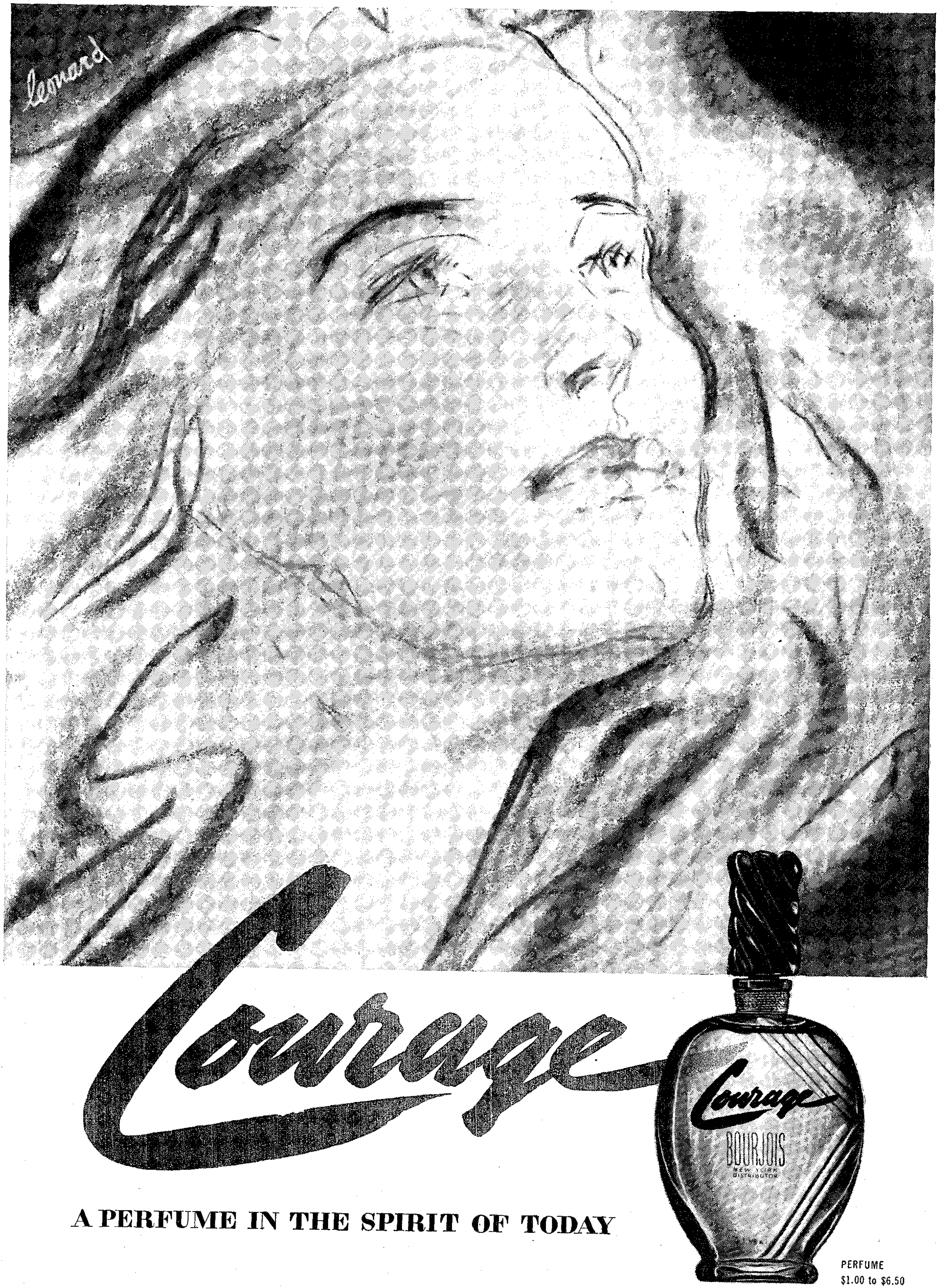
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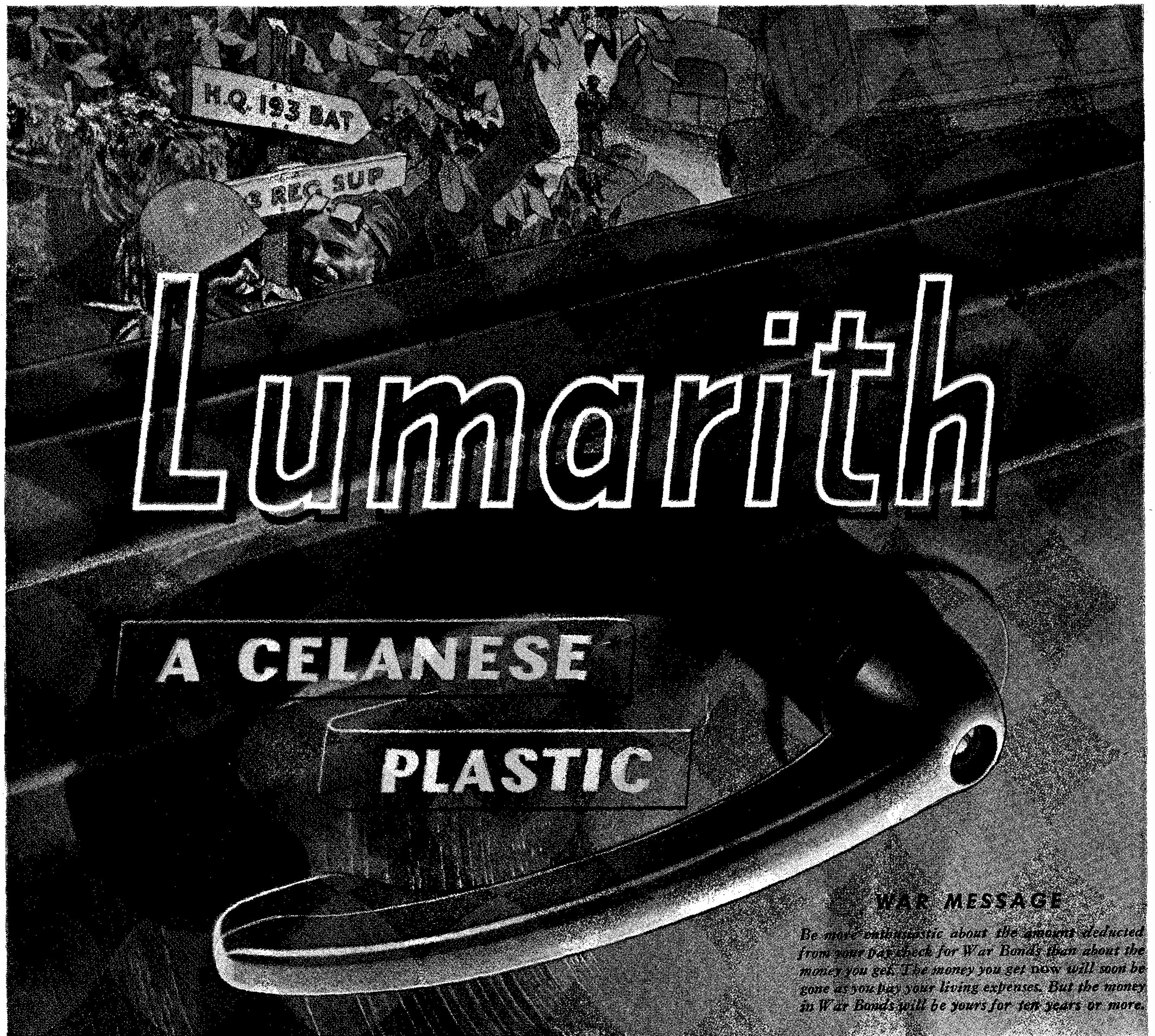

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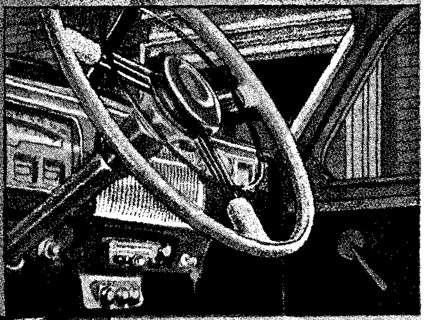

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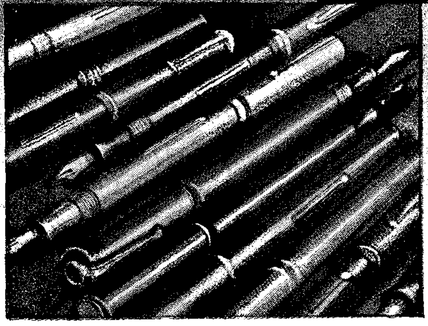

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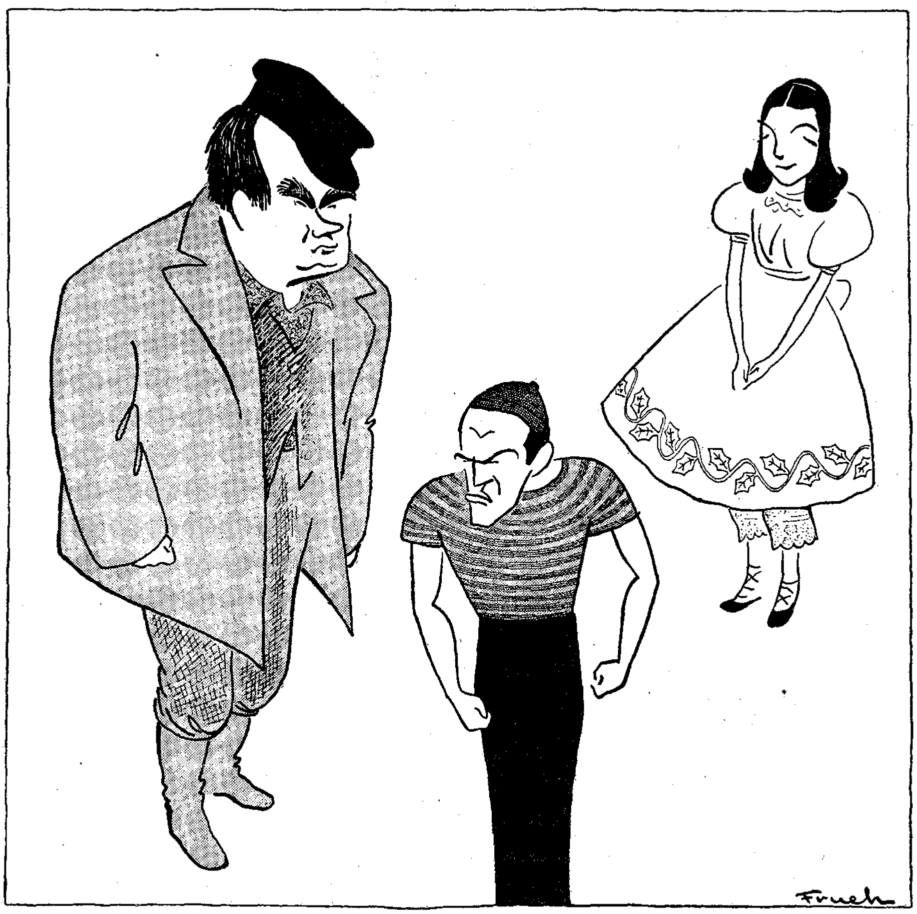
THE THEATRE

TWO BRIGHT BOYS

Moss Hart's "Winged Victory" is fundamentally recruiting-poster art, and as such it is stunning. There are the usual clean, primary colors, the highly conventionalized but heroic design, the bold and professional execution, and the inescapable moral—it is dangerous but necessary and romantic to kill the enemy—written in block capitals at the bottom. Taken on this level—taking Mr. Hart, that is, as the theatrical counterpart of Flagg and Christy—"Winged Victory" looks very much like a masterpiece, or at least looks like the damnedest service show ever put on. Taken even remotely as something else, as an attempt to report the emotions and behavior of young men at war, I'm afraid it has something of the high-minded but vacant quality of a moving picture. If Mr. Hart's play had been written frankly only as a morale builder and a tribute to a group of very brave men, it would be silly to review it as if it were intended to be a permanent contribution to the theatre. However, unlike those responsible for "This Is the Army," the author has chosen to employ the play form and an editorial attitude, and I don't see how he can escape altogether some critical investigation of what he has to say and his manner of saying it. Dissecting a patriotic and non-commercial enterprise at this particular moment is thankless work, but I can't help feeling that the customers have a right to know just precisely what is on exhibition at the Forty-fourth Street Theatre.



"THE INNOCENT VOYAGE"

The untidy old party on the left is Oscar Homolka, a pirate captain whose business has gone to hell; the man in the middle is Herbert Berghof, an associate villain; and the pensive child is Abby Bonime, whom they kidnap against their better judgment. At the Belasco.

In the first place, it seems to me that Mr. Hart's thinking suffers seriously from what might be called the Light Brigade Fallacy. There are tentative references in his play to freedom and tolerance and other abstractions, but the strong, general implication is that not one of the very attractive boys on the stage has the slightest idea of what the war is actually about. They want to fly because they have the "bug," they join the Army in order to be allowed to fly, they are ready to get killed, not as a matter of moral principle, but because it is all, obscurely, part of the game. Such total political innocence is touching, I guess, but it is a little disturbing, too. When Mr. Hart divorces heroism from any trace of adult perception, when he puts it on a theirs-but-to-do-or-die basis, he not only diminishes the heroism but even, it may be, gives it a remotely Fascist quality. The adolescent, or posterish, effect of the play might have been avoided to some extent if Mr. Hart had chosen to include at least one character of a skeptical or even faintly disreputable nature, but he hasn't. There are two hundred and twenty-eight people in the cast, and there isn't an ignoble thought in the lot of them.

My second major objection to "Winged Victory" as a serious dramatic offering is that Mr. Hart's plotting often seems to have come directly out of a Hollywood story conference. It is the tough, nerveless cadet, the boy who never gave the outcome of his tests a second thought, who is the first to fail; it is the cadet whose wife has just discovered she is going to have a baby who gets killed on a training flight; and it is just when the hero of the play is most obsessed with the thought of death that he learns of the birth of his son. I could multiply these examples of machine-made art almost indefinitely, but I doubt that it's necessary. You can take my word for it that surprise is not part of Mr. Hart's strategy.

To conclude this dirge, I would like to say that the quality of the prose at the Forty-fourth Street Theatre is simple, precisely as advertised in the press, but I'm afraid it is the dubious simplicity you sometimes get when a complicated man tries to represent common speech, rather than the actual, eloquent sound of the young men talking. It occurred to me, in reading the reviews of "Winged Victory," that some of my colleagues might perhaps have been overpowered and slightly deafened by the scenery. Certainly they overlooked what seems to me one of the most peculiar lines I can re-

LISTEN: DECEMBER 4, 1943

Most everybody thinks of the radio audience as 31 million American families in 3,072 counties. Right, but not the grand total.

Let us not overlook the live, three-dimensional audience sitting in the 75 CBS theatres and studios in a single year—the men and women and boys and girls who like to watch programs being broadcast.

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3,380,000 is a lot of live guests to know you've welcomed in person in a year.

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SULKING TENT. *For non-convertible Old Guardsmen.*

The Colonel has blue prints and mock-ups of a lot of others in the lab. *He also has the magnificent Jeri Sullavan on his program.* Now will you listen, or shall we report you to the F.B.I.? *Tuesdays.* On CBS.

★

Young Dr. Malone is a CBS daytime serial. On a recent Thursday broadcast, a Mrs. Penny, (one of the characters in the play) said she had just returned from the Chinese blood bank at 154 Nassau Street, New York City, where she had donated a pint of blood for plasma. Said Mrs. Penny (still in the story): "They're closing the blood bank the middle of next month—going to move it to China..."

At this point in the broadcast the director, Theodora Yates, stopped the story dead and put Miss Adet Lin on the air; Adet is the eldest daughter of Lin Yutang, the Chinese philosopher. Miss Lin said: "You are listening to a story, but it is not just a story of the imagination. The actress who just spoke to you the words of Mrs. Penny *really* gave her blood. She feels that the cause of China is her cause and yours—our cause...The Chinese blood bank at 154 Nassau Street in New York will close November 6, to leave for China to continue its work...Will you give blood?"

In 9 previous months the Chinese blood bank had received 970 pints of blood. In the 7 working days following the broadcast, 217 blood donors reported there. The blood bank closed its doors on November 6 with a total of 1,157 pints of blood... It makes you realize again the simple power of radio to get results—and about what swell people *people* are.

★

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member. One of the cadets has just come back from his first night flight. "Well, goddamit," he says in response to some heckling, "it *is* romantic! And you don't hate yourself in the morning, either!" The idea of sex as inseparable from disgust, especially in a healthy young man who happens to be married, made me wonder just a little about the nature of Mr. Hart's researches into Army life.

There are, of course, a great many fine things to balance all this. The revolving sets are clean and massive, sometimes beautiful; the acting has a youthful charm and sincerity, almost a dedicated quality, that you don't often see on Broadway; there is an extremely effective employment of background and incidental music, though the "Air Corps Song" may turn up just once or twice too often; the technical details, such as the devices used in testing the cadets' reflexes, are fascinating and introduced to just the right degree; the purely ritualistic portions of the dialogue—the recited oath of allegiance, the prayers, and the more or less set official speeches to the candidates—have a grave, if calculated, effect; the play itself has a sort of military construction—the action, you might say, takes its point, consolidates it, and then moves on—that is a delight to watch. All these are certainly things to admire without reservation. I only wish that Mr. Hart hadn't felt obliged to dilute them with such a very elementary play. Perhaps, however, I'd better end by saying that the current odds are about five to one that "Winged Victory" wins both the Drama Critics' Award and the Pulitzer Prize, two trophies at the moment practically synonymous.

WILLIAM SAROYAN's intensely public love affair with William Saroyan reached something of a climax last week with the presentation of "Get Away Old Man" at the Cort. This is a play about a writer, a tireless mystic with a considerable gift for language, who goes to Hollywood and, by the example of his life, rebukes the tawdry cynicism of the inmates. Like most of Mr. Saroyan's works, this new one is a blend of highly original humor and a sort of boozy pseudo-thought which quite possibly means something or other.

The humor is often remarkable. Mr. Saroyan has the sunny, surprising candor of a child, though he must be quite a big boy now; a gift for exposing accepted hypocrisies (he is no student of the past, and it is a matter of indifference to him that they have been exposed so many times before); and real wit in contriving peculiar situations and unex-

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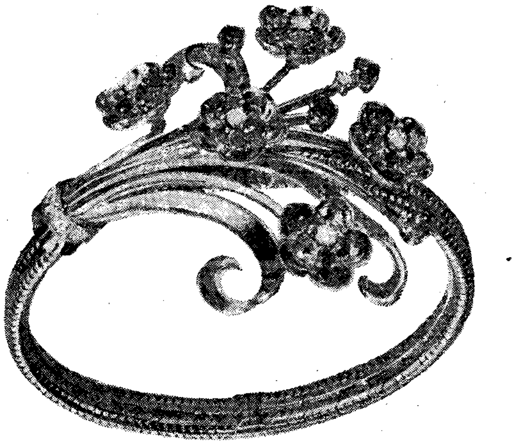

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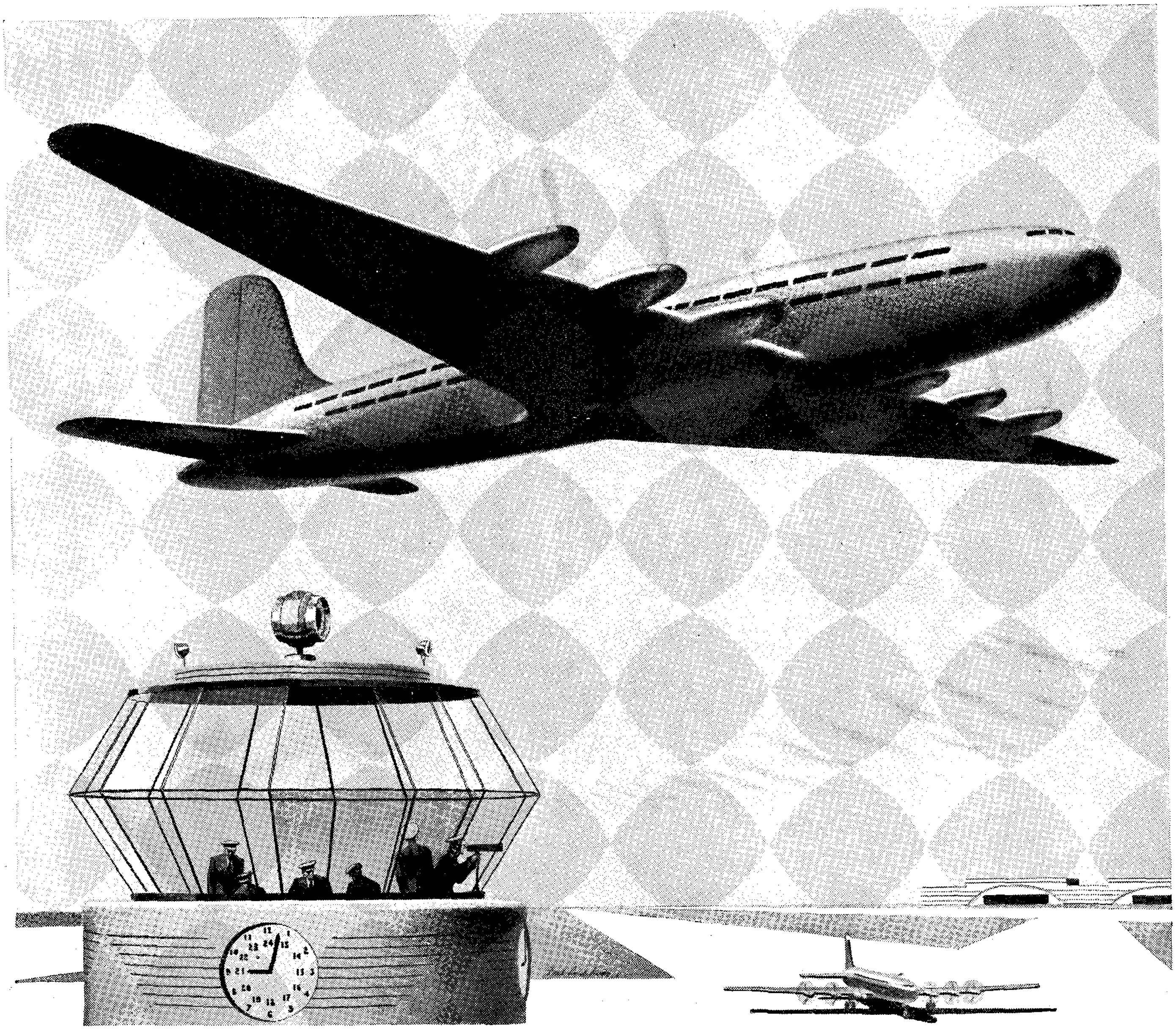
pected things for people to say in them. Some of his observations—"Writers ought to come from good homes," for instance—are very funny to me in their suggestion of an entirely fresh mind approaching a foolish old legend and disposing of it briskly; others, like "You only looked up and found the stars; you didn't put them there," are graceful and succinct and seem to imply that even Saroyan may occasionally have observed himself from an exterior point of view. His invention of incidental character—a drunken horse-player from nowhere, a man sent over from the studio's music department to lull the writer with Mozart and Brahms, an interne who really isn't much interested in playing Dr. Kildare for five hundred dollars a week—is still fascinating and profuse. Only twice, on his comedy level, does Mr. Saroyan fall a little short of charm. A remark to the effect that nobody writes plays about the kind of writers who have written plays about Saroyan struck me as juvenile and stupid, and "son of a bitch," employed eleven times by my count, surely suffers humorously from the law of diminishing returns. However, a service may have been performed if other authors are discouraged from thinking that this overworked phrase is always good for a laugh.

I won't tell you much about Mr. Saroyan's more cosmic reflections, because they don't seem to me especially interesting or eloquent. In addition to the writer, representing Saroyan and God, there is a producer who is half the conventional burlesque of this character and half a rather murky study of the sinister nature of the child-mind, and a girl of alternately spiritual and whimsical behavior, who might be described as playing the Nun in "Peter Rabbit." Mr. Saroyan has his usual trouble with the welling-over of the particular into the general, so most of the people in his play have a rather cloudy, composite nature and, though they are all great talkers, their conversation is less mystical than merely disjointed. Altogether, I'm afraid that while the Bush is burning as merrily as it ever did, this time the Voice inside has nothing in particular to say.

The cast, assembled and directed by George Abbott, includes Edward Begley and Richard Widmark (both from the radio), Glenn Anders, and Beatrice Pearson. If none of them, with the possible exception of Mr. Anders, seems exactly sure what mood the author had in mind, they are hardly to blame. I doubt very much if he always knew himself.

—Wolcott Gibbs



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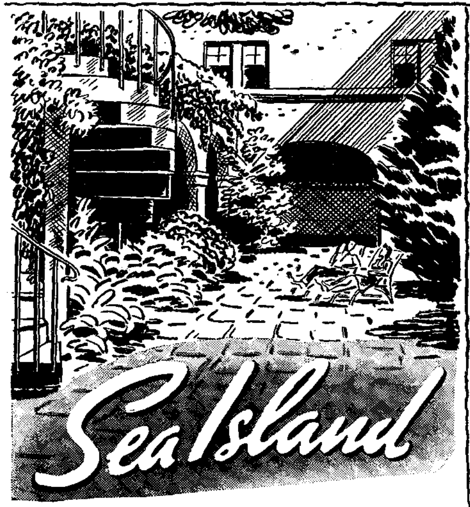

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•

Secretary Knox says that our combat fleet has doubled in size in the past eleven months. We must all keep in mind, however, that this magnificent navy may be sunk at any moment by the murderous fire of Japanese typewriters.

•

The Nazis' withdrawal from Gomel represents a change of plan. The original idea was that they would stay there at least a thousand years.

•

It may be assumed that General Patton's duties henceforth will be of a purely military nature. His faulty bedside manner makes him unfit for hospital duty.

•

In Russia the retreating Germans are constantly harassed by snow and bitter winds. Despite their discomfort, there is no reason to believe that they long for the warmer climate of Berlin.

•

Mussolini is variously reported to be in the pink of health, a very sick man, a prisoner, and a suicide. Isn't he the one who used to say that high-ranking Fascists shouldn't let themselves be gossiped about?

•

The men in the camps and on the fighting fronts were first in the hearts of their countrymen on Thanksgiving Day. We sent them our blessings, our gratitude, and practically all our turkey.

•

Carol of Rumania, now living in Mexico, is making a bid for American support and sympathy. It seems likely that we will do what we can to help him keep his present title of ex-King.

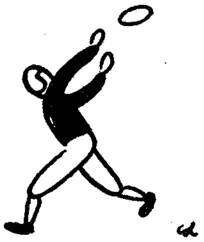
•

The football season of 1943 ended in a blaze of glory. China defeated Japan in the Rice Bowl.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

FOOTBALL

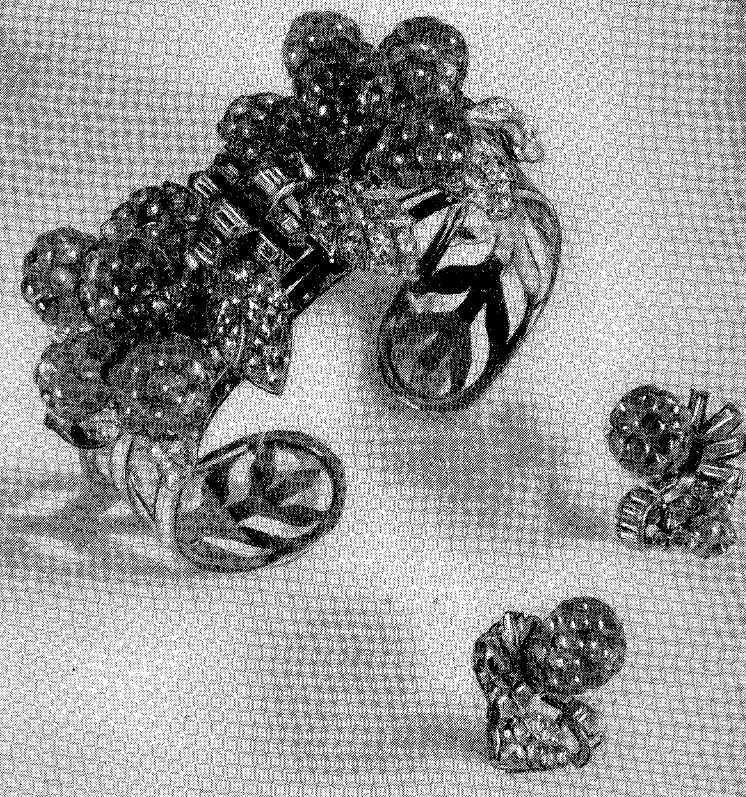
Mind Over Matter



THE college football season came to a close last week—just in time, seemingly, to prevent a rash of nervous breakdowns among some of the most skillful performers of the game. A faint notion of what was impending was evident on Thanksgiving Day. That afternoon, in Philadelphia, Penn, making four spectacularly inconvenient fumbles for no apparent reason, allowed a surprisingly keyed-up Cornell team to run up a lead which it held until well along in the fourth quarter. Meanwhile, up in Lancaster, Franklin & Marshall, a rough-and-ready little outfit rather playfully known as the Diplomats, blew up noisily in its match with Bucknell. F. & M. had already beaten Bucknell once, and every other team on its schedule, this fall, and was cheerfully looking forward to polishing off Bucknell again and then being invited to spend a nice, warm New Year's at one of the Bowl games down South. Just for that, Bucknell scored two touchdowns in the first minute of play, and the Diplomats will be spending New Year's at home, like the rest of us.

Things got worse on Saturday. At West Point, Army and Navy, about as good teams as ever represented the two service academies, spent the first half of their game in demonstrating a series of trick plays which almost invariably ended up in a loss of ground or of the ball itself. Navy finally pulled itself together and won by resorting mostly to the time-honored expedient of just bucking through the centre of the line. Out West, Notre Dame wound up its ten-game season, during which it had been variously acclaimed as the greatest team of the year and as the greatest team of all time, by coming completely apart in the final minute of its game with the Great Lakes Naval Training Station team, which had not thitherto been acclaimed as the greatest team of anything. Notre Dame had the game sewed up, 14–12, and all Great Lakes had was the ball and thirty seconds in which to do something with it. Since the Notre Dame goal line was fifty yards away, what you or I or anyone else except, apparently, Notre Dame would have looked for was a long pass play. Well, it *was* a long pass play, and while the Notre Dame boys were vaguely running

Cartier



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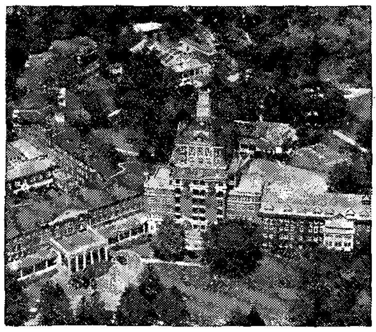

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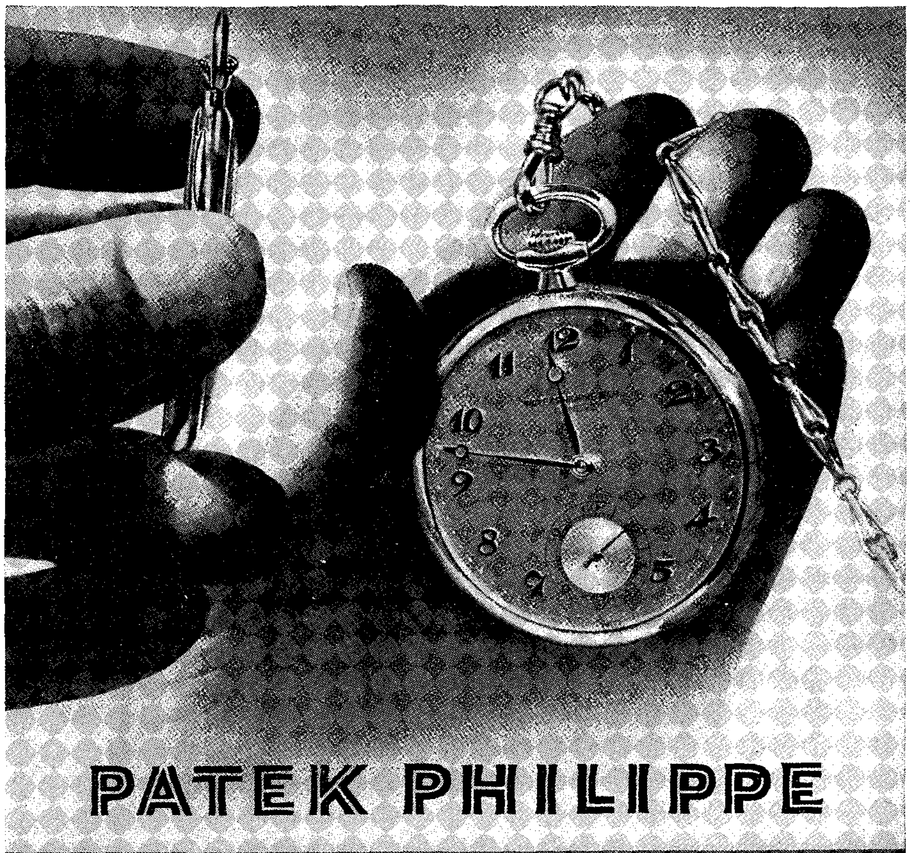

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THE WORLD'S FOREMOST WATCH

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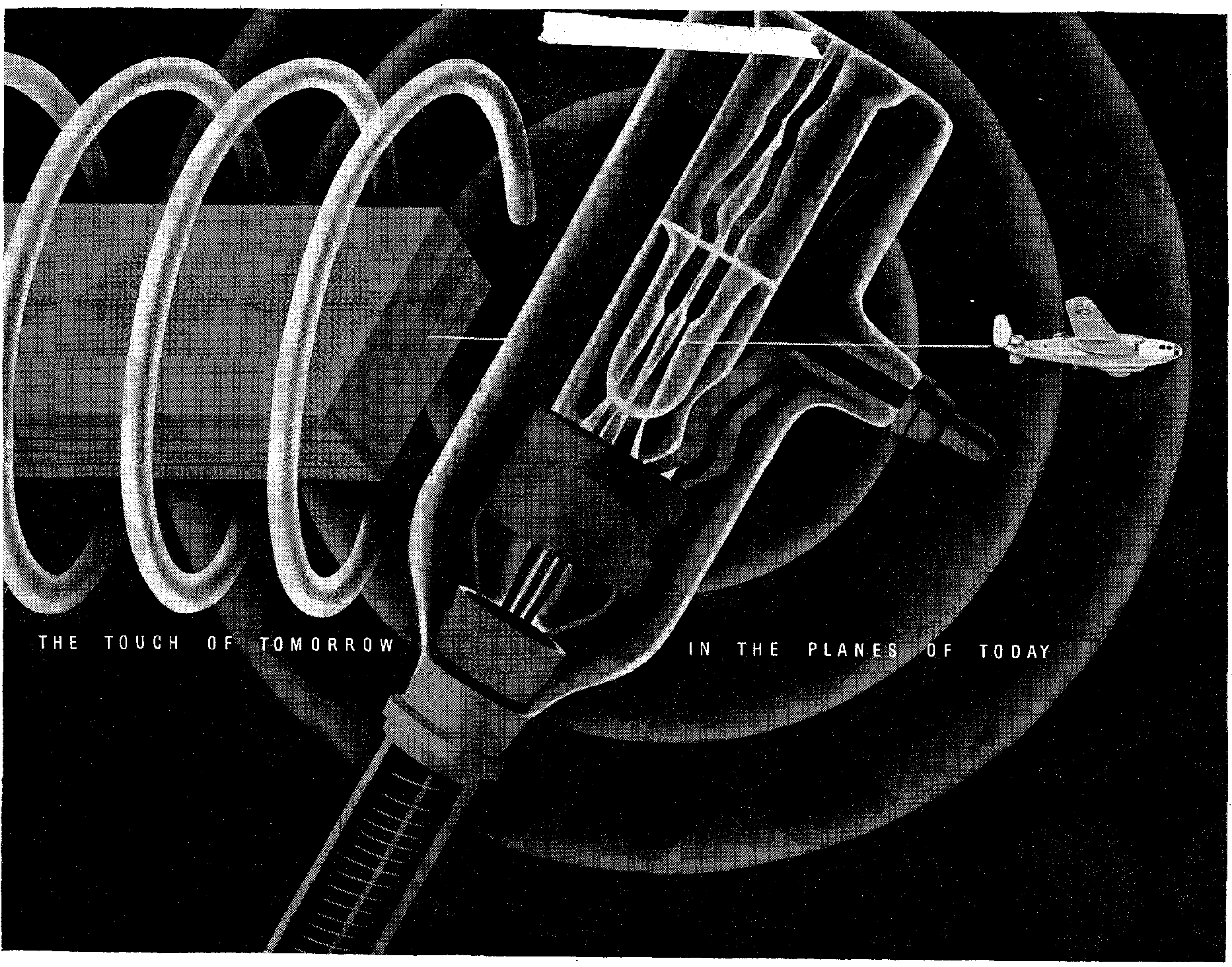
around in circles, Anderson, of Great Lakes, was running in a straight line for the goal. As he neared it, he faced about, gathered in Lach's long pass, and then went his lonely way for what must certainly be recorded—at least by Notre Dame—as the most unexpected touchdown of the year.

IT was good football last week, just the same, at least for the spectators, who saw their favorite players performing not only their regular plays but a [illegible] others they had been saving for the season's final games. It was a good week for most of the players, too, not only the favorites but some of the less prominent young men who had been awaiting a chance to shine. Great Lakes' Anderson had been a minor figure compared to Sitko and Juzwik, two Notre Dame alumni who were operating this season for Great Lakes, until he carried the ball for the touchdown that finally beat Notre Dame. Dekdebrun of Cornell, who got into his team's starting lineup only because Maceyko was transferred from Cornell to Sampson Naval Training Station, blossomed out as a runner and passer so accomplished that he nearly upset Penn all by himself on Thanksgiving Day. He scored one touchdown on a fine run, and later on his neat passes put the ball only three yards from the Penn goal as the first half ended. Small, the sixteen-year-old fullback on a Penn team which had a good collection of older fullbacks this year, got his chance against Cornell and put on a perfect demonstration of line-bucking. Finally, there were Hume, Navy's fullback, and Channell, Navy's left end. These gentlemen, already celebrated for their offensive play, showed exactly how to stop, or at least slow down, Army's intricate and ingenious attack. Backing up the Navy line or spreading out to defend against passes, they were more effective even than Notre Dame at breaking up Army plays. Only Kenna, whose bad knee was so troublesome that he could play but a few minutes for Army, got much of anywhere against them. Kenna, of course, runs and passes so effortlessly that he makes football look like child's play. —J. W. L.

•

Word comes that Capt. Tex McCrary, (former Mirror editorial writer) made plenty bombing trips over France and Germany, with some narrow squeaks. hIIorkerrithwl etaoin shrdlu cmfwyp shrdlu etaoin shrdlu—*The Mirror.*

Squeaks, but familiar ones.



New Magic from the Mysterious Electron

Through X-ray, the unfathomable electron has saved millions of lives. Through radio, it has extended man's hearing to every corner of the world. Through television, it permits him to see beyond all previous limits of sight.

And now Fairchild's Duramold engineers have harnessed the electron to a new and urgent task—the manufacture of aircraft components.

The usual plywood techniques for joining thin layers of wood could not be applied in making highly stressed, thick sections. New methods were needed—*in a hurry.*

Duramold engineers found the solution in electronic energy, employing radio high frequency with apparatus similar to that used by radio stations in sending out short wave broadcasts.

Heat generation by radio frequency, coupled with special adhesives, now turns out better, stronger aircraft parts. And the production cycle has been clipped from hours to minutes. The use of electronics is becoming a new and important technique in Duramold's process for assembling molded wood structures.

Thanks to the ingenuity of Fairchild engineers, with their flair for getting the "touch of tomorrow in the planes of today," a new technique has been successfully applied toward the common goal of turning out stronger planes—and doing it faster.

BUY U. S. WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

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30 ROCKEFELLER PLAZA, NEW YORK

Ranger Aircraft Engines Division, Farmingdale, L. I. • Fairchild Aircraft Division, Hagerstown, Md. . . . Burlington, N. C. • Duramold Division, New York, N. Y.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

ABOVE THE CEILING WITH MRS. THOMPSON

THE New York City Department of Markets holds a good many things against the black market, and one of them is its catchy name. I recently went to see Max Mencher, secretary of the department, to ask him a few questions about the black market, and I had hardly sat down in his office before he was trying out the name on me. "The black market," he said, slowly and in a somewhat hushed voice. "Sensational, isn't it? It's so sensational that plenty of honest folk who trade in the black market every day can't believe they're doing it." He went on to say that most people were inclined to think of the black market as something far more lurid than it actually is. "They think," he said, "of a seven-story warehouse full of nylon stockings, baby carriages, electric refrigerators, and other scarce commodities. Then, too, I hear talk about how the black market is just so much bad meat that unsanitary rustlers out West stole from ranches. Why, only last week a woman phoned me and wanted to know where she could find a good, reliable black market. Told me money was no object, but she didn't want bad meat."

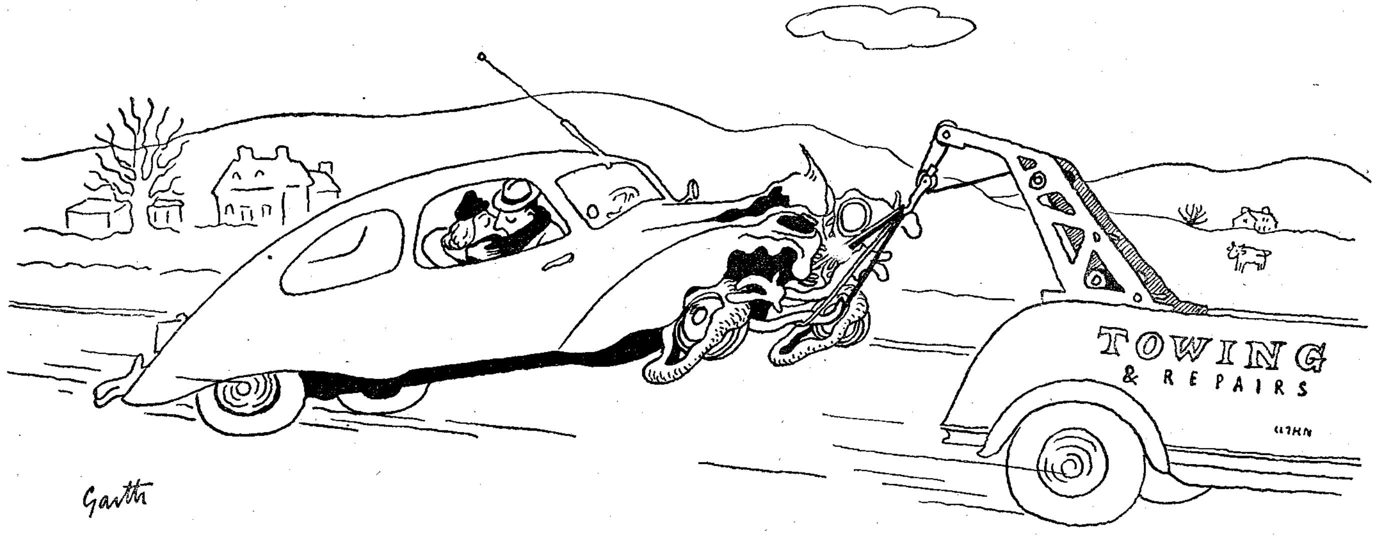
Mencher conceded that what people *call* the black market has its bold aspects, including a little hijacking, but he maintained that it is essentially a plodding sort of racket. "The whole thing just rests on violating ceiling prices day in, day out," he said. "The government sends out millions of posters with price ceilings printed nice and clear on them and then some profiteer goes ahead and charges over the ceiling." Mencher shook his head briskly. "The mysterious black market!" he said drily. "How about a different name? How about calling it the ceiling-price-violation market? That's a dull, accurate name and I like it."

Mencher said that he thought I could get a clear idea of just how ceiling prices were being violated if I accompanied one of the department's lady inspectors on her rounds of the retail stores. These inspectors, he explained, check up on neighborhood dealers by posing as shoppers. If they are overcharged, they hand a summons to whoever makes the sale, whether a clerk or a storekeeper. The more serious offenders have to appear before a Magistrate's Court judge, where they face the possibility of a maximum sentence of five days in jail and a twenty-five-dollar fine. For lesser infractions, the inspectors issue a "departmental," a summons which requires the offender to appear before a jury of businessmen who are volunteering to help out the Department of Markets; if the defense there proves inadequate, the jury may decide that the offender ought to be given a court summons. Mencher said that he was expecting a phone call any moment from one of the inspectors, Mrs. Felicia Thompson, and he would arrange for me to tag along with her.

WHILE we waited, Mencher told me a few more things about the ceiling-price-violation market. Whatever he knew, of course, had to do with malpractices in the food business, which comes under his department's jurisdiction, but he believed that what was true of food applied to furniture, electrical appliances, and the rest. With many people itching to get rid of loose cash, Mencher said, a desperate, entirely unnecessary auction of scarce commodities was going on everywhere. The OPA had painstakingly worked out its thousands of price ceilings, both wholesale and retail, so that all businessmen would get a normal profit. Since farmers, however, were not subject to the OPA's orders, the government had had to bank on the unanimous refusal of the farmers' big customers to pay the high prices the farmers would inevitably be tempted to ask. Some of the big buyers had bolted and paid the farmer what he wanted. Once that had happened, rival businessmen, afraid of losing their customers, had bolted, too, and the black market was off to a good start. Because the OPA was undermanned, the Department of Markets had volunteered to help it fight high food prices in the city.

Mencher said that he was puzzled whenever he tried to single out the arch villain in the situation. "The black market's a chain," he said. "Sometimes only one link is guilty, other times they're all guilty." First, he said, there was the farmer; then came the country shipper, the man in the producing area who bought the farmer's produce and sent it off to the city; then the primary receiver, the man who purchased the food from the country shipper when it arrived at the terminal; then the wholesaler, who bought from the primary receiver; then either the big retailer or the jobber, who sold to the store; and then the storekeeper himself. Finally, there was the consumer, equally guilty, in an unprofitable way, because he paid the total overcharge and made sense out of all the preceding steps.

Mencher said he guessed that they all had their tricks. He told me about some of the ruses employed by the



CHRISTMAS TRIBUTES TO *men of action*

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buy more War Bonds
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16

1. *Gift Set:* Pinch-bottle of After-Shave Lotion, Men's Soap, and After-Shave Powder **$2.25**

2. *Gift Set:* Shaving Stick, After-Shave Powder, and pinch-bottle of After-Shave Lotion **$2.65**

3. *Gift Set:* Pinch-bottle of After-Shave Lotion, and Shaving Stick **$1.65**

4. *"Tanbark" Cologne,* de luxe decanter . . . . **$2.50** and **$4.00**

5. *After-Shave Powder,* in wood container **$1.00**

6. *Men's Soap,* 3 cakes . . . . **75¢**

7. *Eau de Cologne,* pinch-bottle . **80¢**

8. *Gift Set:* Shaving Bowl, and pinch-bottle of After-Shave Lotion . . . **$2.00**

9. *Gift Set:* Shaving Stick, and After-Shave Powder in matching container **$1.85**

10. *Shaving Soap,* in wood bowl **$1.00**

11. *Shaving Stick,* in wood container. . . . . **65¢**

12. *"Overnight" Kit:* Pinch-bottle each of After-Shave Lotion, "Tanbark" Cologne; and After-Shave Powder **$1.50**

13. *After-Shave Lotion,* pinch-bottle . . . . **80¢**

14. *Shaving Cream,* lather and brushless. Each . . . . **50¢**

15. *"The Three Musketeers"* (Hunt Presentation): Pinch-bottle each of After-Shave Lotion, After-Shave Powder, "Tanbark" Cologne **$1.95**

16. *Eau de Cologne,* de luxe decanter . . . . **$2.50** and **$4.00**

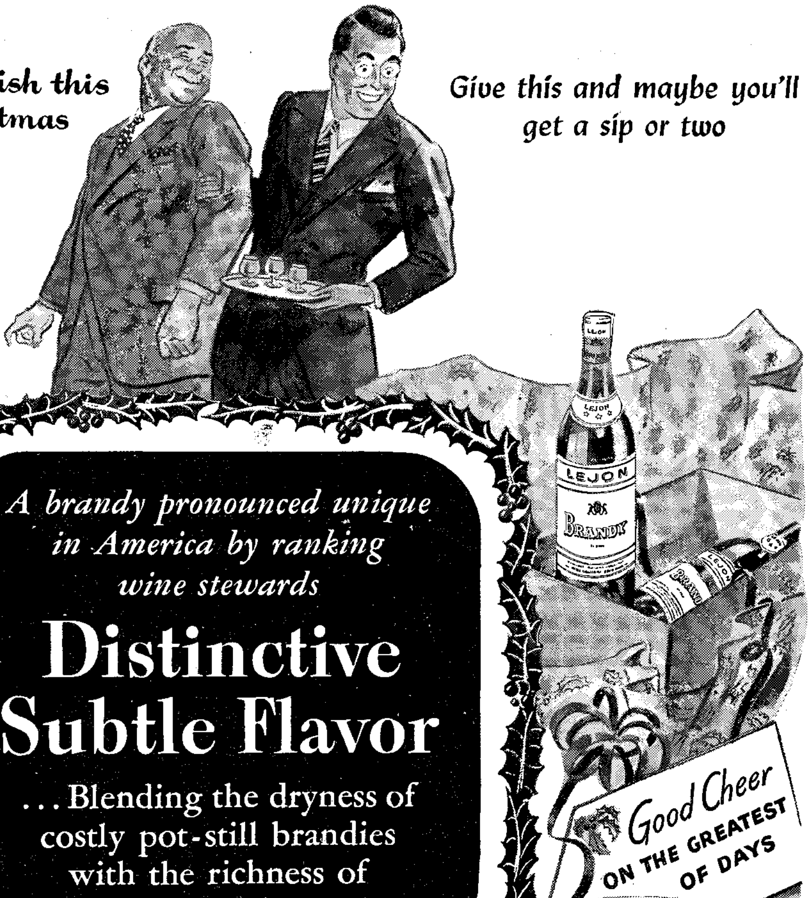
All Shaving Soap, After-Shave Powder and Shaving Sticks in wood containers.

ALL PRICES, PLUS TAX

Gifts

FOR MEN IN EVERY SERVICE

Lenthéric



Be selfish this Christmas

Give this and maybe you'll get a sip or two

A brandy pronounced unique in America by ranking wine stewards

Distinctive Subtle Flavor

...Blending the dryness of costly pot-still brandies with the richness of conventional types

We use two distinctive brandies made by the slow, costly pot-still method which tempers the richness of California's lush grapes. These we carefully blend with the lighter brandy which is produced by conventional methods.

This blending retains the subtle dryness of pot-still brandy with a modicum of the flavor of traditional California brandy.

Hence, Lejon closely rivals in character and excellence the long-famous French Cognac imports. As a result, Lejon Brandy is increasingly chosen for distinguished gatherings where such choice is recognized testimony to quality.

Distributed by National Distillers Products Corporation, New York City.

LEJON

LEJON
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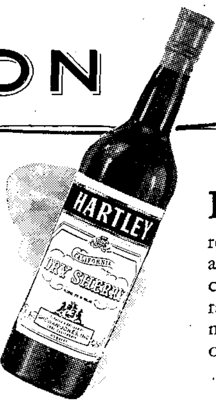
BRANDY
84 PROOF

84 proof

Years of controlling flavor cultures now brings

A dry Sherry with rare "nutty" flavor

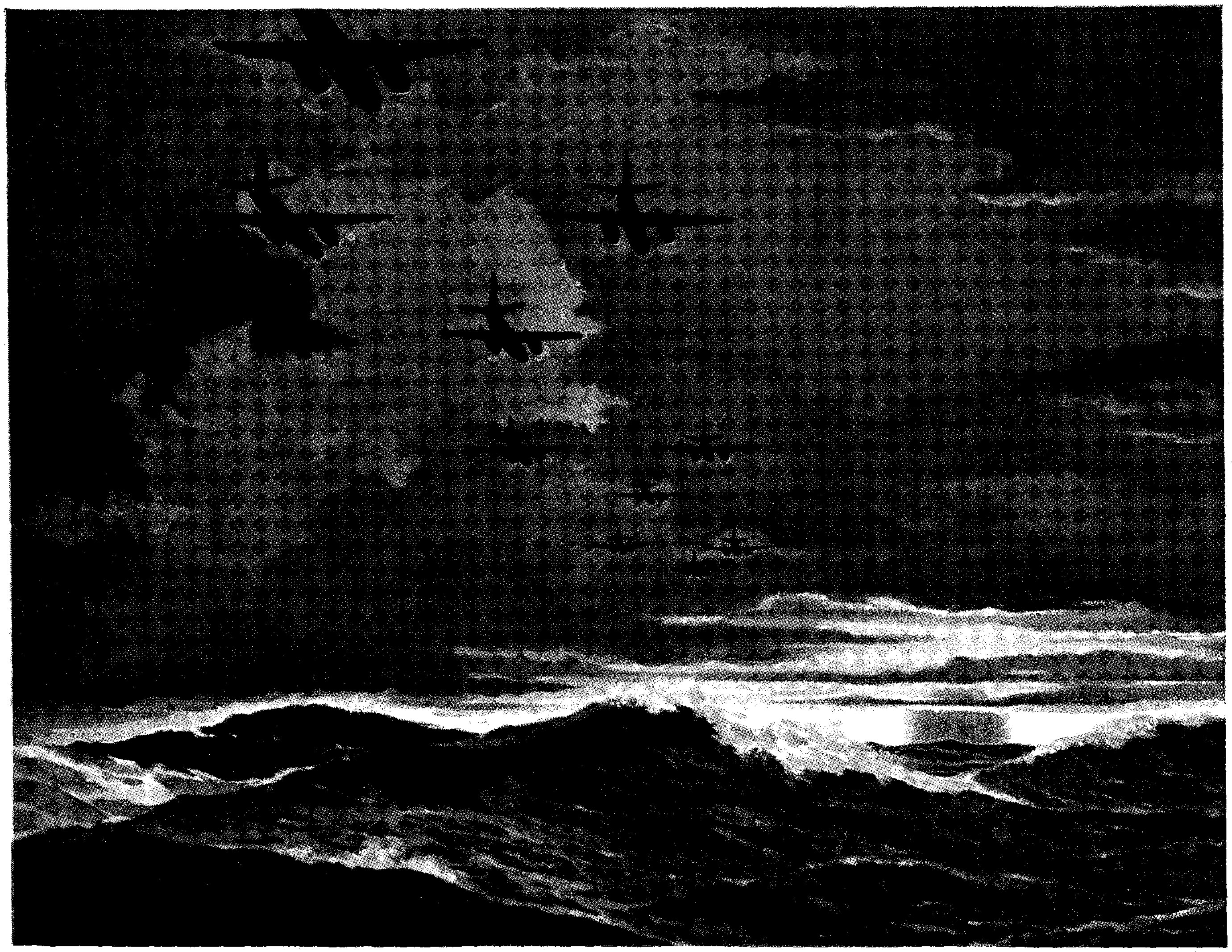


LONG study of the subtle shadings which make for really fine flavor has produced a unique American dry sherry called Hartley—by Lejon. Its rare "nutty" flavor is pronounced superior to some of the most costly imports.

wholesalers. Their books and receipts may show, for example, that they have sold nothing above the ceiling price, but that doesn't prevent them from charging the jobber or retail dealer a two-dollar "tip," or "service fee," for, say, each crate of fruit. Then there is the "tie-in," a device by which, as most people probably know by now, the wholesaler sells a ceiling-priced item only if a certain quantity of stuff without ceiling prices is bought along with it. Naturally, the wholesaler charges plenty for the uncontrolled commodity but sells the other one at its ceiling price. "Take turnips," Mencher said. "They have no ceiling price and they're a favorite tie-in item. Well, we've had a tremendous crop this year and the market's glutted with them. Still, turnips aren't cheap today. The retail dealer is passing on the extra cost he had to pay for them. The same thing happened with tomatoes, even though there was such a bumper crop they had to assign soldiers to pick them." The tie-in can also operate in the case of two or more controlled items. There are various ways the wholesaler can shape the supposedly inflexible laws of supply and demand to his own advantage. Mencher said that potatoes and onions—known in the trade as "hardware" because of their durability—are a common tie-in combination. Last February, when potatoes were scarce and onions plentiful, any retailer who wanted potatoes had to buy more onions than he needed. This summer, however, potatoes were abundant and onions scarce, so the situation was reversed. "Something happens to a businessman when he gets himself into the black market," Mencher remarked. "He figures that as long as he's in it he might as well go the whole hog."

Right now, Mencher said, his department is conducting a drive against offending retailers. The drive, while intrinsically useful, is aimed primarily at trapping the unlawful wholesalers, each one of whom is the key to dozens of retail shops. It's hard to get at the wholesalers directly because, having a limited clientele, they know all their customers and usually can spot anyone working for the department's Wholesale Squad. When a retailer is caught, he may or may not testify against his wholesaler. Some wholesalers, Mencher said, maintain an informal black list and many dealers are afraid to give evidence against them for fear that they will be cut off from their source of supply.

The most flagrant overcharging, Mencher told me, occurs in neighborhoods where a great deal of the ordering



IT'S CALLED THE MARTIN *Marauder* — A MAN MADE TORNADO!

The great B-26 fighting bomber built by the Glenn L. Martin Company for the U. S. Army Air Force and The British Air Forces.

TWO years ago, on the day after Pearl Harbor, a group of Army B-26's headed west . . . their destination, Australia. When the Jap offensive reached New Guinea, these B-26's went into action. In two months they wrought terrible havoc to Jap ships, bases and installations, with an extra dividend of 97 Zeros downed at a cost of 6 Marauders. Result — the Jap juggernaut shuddered to a stop.

The secret of the Marauders' success? Look at one and you'll see a plane born to fight. It's a plane with a chip on its wing!

15 Tons of Flying Fury

That, Martin men say, was the Marauder's one fault. It *looked* too good to be true. At its unveiling in 1940 skeptics shook ominous heads. Too fast, they said, too "hot," too radical. In those days Germany's slow, ungainly Junkers epitomized "bomber."

Martin officials, however, had faith in their new bomber. On their own initiative they tooled up for big production. Indeed, the first Marauder off the line was no prototype, but a regular production model. And she did things no other bomber could do. Her speed equalled that of fighters . . . her bomb load exceeded that of some heavy bombers . . . and she bore such Martin "firsts" as the all-plastic nose, power gun turrets, self-sealing fuel tanks, heavy armor. True, she was no ship for old ladies to handle . . . but in the hands of the Army Air Force she was 15 tons of flying fury.

From Midway to the Mediterranean

Okay, said critics, but what will she do in actual combat? They found out when the reports from Australia started coming in.

Meanwhile, farther north, the Japs struck at Midway and the Aleutians. Among other unpleasant items, they met Marauders carrying torpedoes . . . the Army's first torpedo bombers. At Midway hits were scored on Jap carriers and cruisers; in the Aleutians, one cruiser was sunk, a carrier damaged. Later, when the steady hammering of Kiska began, two Jap destroyers and numerous supply ships were sunk. The Marauders were hitting their stride . . . and their targets.

That summer General "Jimmy" Doolittle, fresh from Tokyo, dropped in at the Martin plant. A new mission was brewing, he confided, and this time the outfit which bombed Tokyo was going to fly Marauders. Modifications had to be made to suit the climate . . . North Africa, as it turned out later. What Doolittle's air force did in Tunisia, and Sicily, is history. At this writing Marauders are applying the hot foot to the big Italian boot.

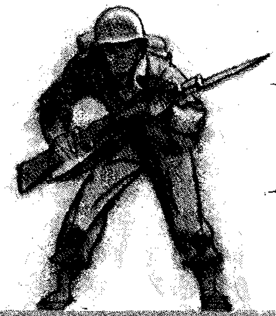
"No plane like the B-26"

From cloud tops to treetops . . . as medium bombers, torpedo bombers, or long-range fighters . . . from Alaska to New Guinea to the Mediterranean . . . Marauders are taking on all comers. General Arnold, chief of the Army Air Force, has called them "great bombers" . . . OWI dubs them "the most efficient planes in the world in their class" . . . but perhaps the most significant tribute comes from the Air Force men who fly them. As one Marauder ace, veteran of the Southwest Pacific, said quite simply: "There is no plane like the B-26. It can't be beaten in design, sensitivity and control."

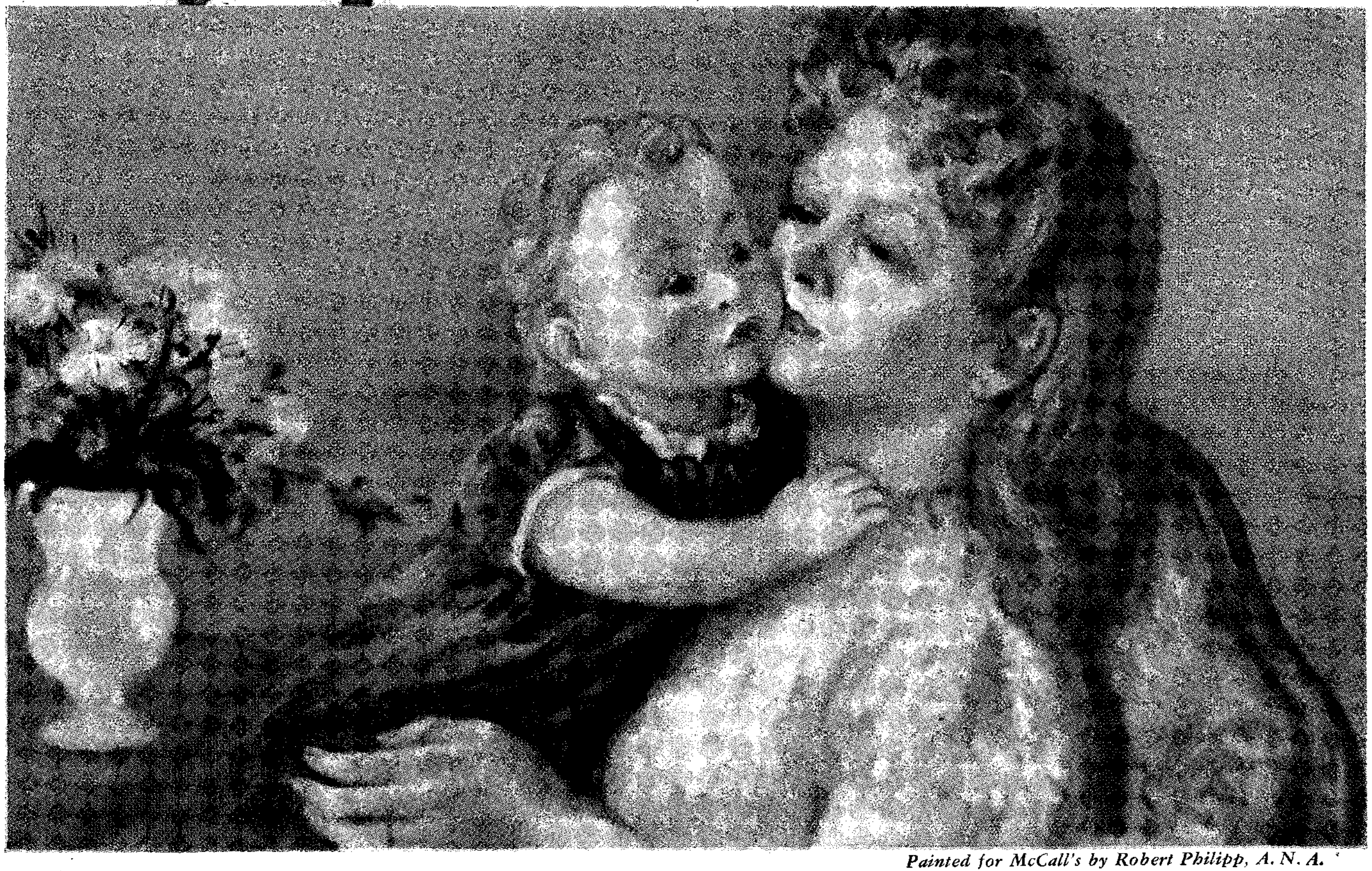
Considering the source, no higher praise could be given the Martin Marauder.

The Glenn L. Martin Co., Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.
The Glenn L. Martin-Nebraska Company—Omaha

AMERICA'S STRENGTH IN WAR AND PEACE—THE PARTNERSHIP OF MAN AND WOMAN



HE -defending the home



Painted for McCall's by Robert Philipp, A. N. A.

SHE -maintaining the home

Because of their different roles in life, the thinking, behaviour, capacities and contributions of men and women must always be different. It is the welding of these separate interests into the great partnership that has made us strong and resourceful...that will make America endure!

Of all the people on earth the American man and woman are more markedly individual . . . in their interests and responsibilities. This is one of the reasons America is a great nation. It is one of the reasons that McCall's, a great magazine, is published and *read by one American woman out of every five.*

Because the American woman's interests and responsibilities are different from the man's, her reading interests are, obviously, different. In war as in peace, McCall's, *three magazines in one,* is attuned to the triple interests of the American woman—
Her Heart, Her Home, Herself.

STYLE & BEAUTY
HOMEMAKING
ROMANCE & NEWS
McCALL'S

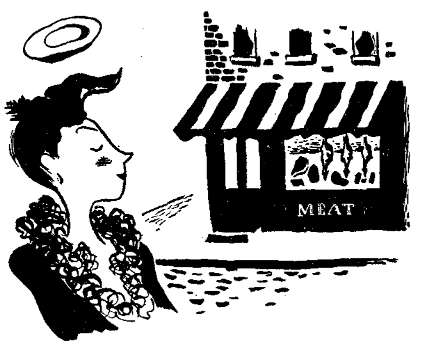
Serving the special needs, interests and responsibilities of women of groceries is done over the telephone. "All that most of those women know about their orders," he said, "is that they come up the dumbwaiter. They're handed a bill with the word 'lamb' or 'beef' scribbled on it, together with the price. No mention of weight, nothing about grade. You wouldn't expect a black-market merchant to put those things down. If he did, the bill could be used as prima-facie evidence against him if we laid our hands on it." A certain amount of overcharging also goes on in one-time low-income neighborhoods that are now full of war workers who are earning much more than they did in peacetime. In one Italian section along Second Avenue, inspectors have found *capicolli*, a spiced shoulder of pork favored by Italians, selling at ninety-five cents a butt, thirty-three cents above its ceiling.

Mencher probably could have gone on like this indefinitely, but Inspector Thompson's phone call interrupted him. He made an appointment for me to meet Mrs. Thompson at the corner of Lexington and Fifty-ninth and said that I'd better get started on my way uptown. "You can't miss her," he said as he showed me to the elevator. "She'll be carrying a brown paper sack. It's her shopping bag."

MRS. THOMPSON turned out to be a buxom, alert lady in her middle thirties. She was wearing a drab wool dress, which, I later learned, was supposed to give her an inconspicuous, housewifely appearance. On her head was a rust-colored tam o' shanter, and she was carrying the shopping bag. Hanging from her other arm was a knitting bag, which contained her purse, her identification papers, her summons pads, and a few odds and ends. She asked me where I'd like to shop with her, and I suggested we walk north and look in at some of the Lexington Avenue food stores. "Well, in that case, I'd better get rid of this," she said, folding her shopping bag and tucking it inside the knitting one. "This is a fancy district. Mostly delivery trade." She slipped on a pair of brown suède gloves and gave her tam o' shanter a slight tilt, and we proceeded, in splendor, up Lexington Avenue.

The first place we entered, in the Sixties, was a good-sized market, which happened to have no customers in it. A middle-aged, white-aproned man behind the counter, obviously taking me for Mr. Thompson, turned his attention to Mrs. Thompson. She ordered a dozen eggs, a can of Spry, a loaf of Thomas's Protein Bread, and some lima beans. Then, turning to me, she said, "Darling, do you think we need butter, too?" I said yes, miserably, and she ordered a half pound of butter. The man went about collecting the items from his shelves and refrigerator while Mrs. Thompson kept up that maddening, humming patter peculiar to women when they go shopping. "Nice Spry," she seemed to be saying. "Chicken's eggs. White eggs. Lima beans. Cook with butter. Stew. Christmas." After the man had assembled the groceries, he reached under the counter for a paper bag and began writing down the prices on it. Mrs. Thompson, who had taken a ration-book container out of her knitting bag and was casually waving it, watched the man closely. As soon as he had finished his addition on the bag and put the bread and lima beans inside, Mrs. Thompson pulled out her inspector's badge and said, "Forget about the wrapping. I'm a Department of Markets inspector." The man, dumfounded, regained his composure after a moment and then grimly folded his arms on his chest. Mrs. Thompson emptied the paper bag of its bread and beans, then went behind the store counter, where she checked the figures on it against the ones on an OPA ceiling price chart thumbtacked to the wall. She turned to the man and, pointing to a figure on the bag, said, "You charged me thirty-one cents for the Spry. Ceiling price is twenty-seven cents. I'll have to give you a departmental summons." She took out a pad and began filling out a form. "My dear lady," the grocer said with elaborate calm, "I would estimate that on this very day, as we stand here, there are between a hundred and fifty thousand and two hundred thousand dealers in the city who would charge you the same price." When Mrs. Thompson, not bothering to look up from her pad, asked him to tell her his name and age, he dropped his detached air. "I am the manager of this store," he said in a hurt tone. "My boss pays me a dollar an hour. You've taken up fifteen minutes of my time. Couldn't I call a cop and make you buy what you ordered? I happen to know that I can sue you just as well as you can sue me." Then, looking as if he had shot his bolt, he gave Mrs. Thompson the details she wanted and we left.

THE next market Mrs. Thompson and I visited was large, noisy, and crowded. For some reason or other we seemed to attract the attention of an elderly clerk, who slipped from behind



"**NIX** on darkening the doors of black markets!"

Sings Sally, the sharp meat-shopper,

Who suddenly discovered there were quite a few dozen "surprise meat-treats" in the handy jar of AMBER BRAND DEVILED SMITHFIELD HAM.

The spiced, smoked goodness of Smithfield's famous ham offers a crowning dinner dish in combinations with tomatoes, eggs, etc. (And you'll save coupons!)

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The Rum Must be **MYERS'S**

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100% Fine Mellow Jamaica
97 Proof

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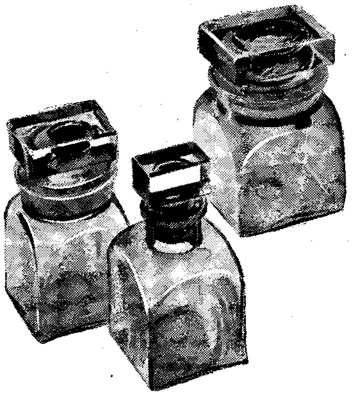


Order of the Bath ...these bath bottles to hold cologne and salts in matched elegance. Handsomely massive, in heavy crystal...with beautiful block tops that won't roll. Set of 3, $7.50.

W&J SLOANE
FIFTH AVENUE AT 47TH · NEW YORK

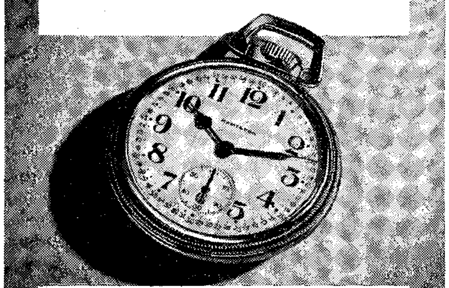
the dairy counter and began circulating through the shop, whispering to the other clerks. "We're spotted," Mrs. Thompson said to me out of the side of her mouth. We walked up to a clerk busily adding up the bill for a very well-dressed lady who, I guessed, was out of a maid. "That'll be sixty-four cents for the two pounds of hamburger," he was telling her as we approached the counter. He had already written down the "six" of the sixty-four on the bill when he looked up and noticed Mrs. Thompson. A brief ocular exchange took place between the two of them; then he put down the "four" in front of the "six." The customer, an honest lady, reminded him that the price was sixty-four cents, not forty-six. "Not at all, Mrs. Farnol, not at all," he said expansively. "Special bargain for today." Mrs. Thompson looked at him scornfully. He smiled back at her and went on with his eccentric arithmetic. A young delivery boy of high-school age, who was standing alongside the clerk, started to laugh. The man told the boy to shut up and hustle some groceries over to a Mrs. Bass.

Mrs. Farnol went out and the clerk asked, rather too cordially, what Mrs. Thompson wanted to buy. She ordered a pound of beef liver. The clerk wrapped it up, then turned to look at the OPA chart posted behind him. "That'll be thirty-six cents," he told her confidently. The price was four cents under the ceiling. I thought Mrs. Thompson was going to give up, but instead she asked for half a ham. The clerk reached into the meat case and pulled out half a ham. "Why, there's practically mildew on it," Mrs. Thompson said. "My family's used to the best. Cut me up a fresh whole ham, please." The clerk's eyes narrowed, then he went to a big refrigerator in the rear of the store and returned with a whole ham. He cut it in two and told Mrs. Thompson, again after referring to the OPA chart, that it weighed six and a quarter pounds and would cost her $2.05. It was fourteen cents less than he could have charged her legally. Mrs. Thompson told him not to bother wrapping it, because she was an inspector. The clerk smiled knowingly. "Why'd you make me cut up a whole ham?" he asked in a wheedling voice.

"Oh, you can sell half a ham any time," Mrs. Thompson told him. "You haven't got price tags in your meat case for your lamb and pork chops. Why?"

"Manpower shortage," he replied, still smiling.

"You put tags in the case!" she



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THEY GET THERE BY Hamilton TIME

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Your best bet for an original gift.
$2
Send check or money-order. No C. O. D.'s. Add 10c for postage & insurance.
The silliest, most irresistible lapel foolery yet. Press his tail and his eyes light up and wink—yes, they do! He's all HAND MADE of leather with fancy trappings of gold and silver and yarn, with a pin for parking him on your purse or lapel. Comes in red, green, black, white or luggage tan—with the battery.
GIFT CLUES—Dept. N, 337 E. 42nd St.
New York 17, N. Y.

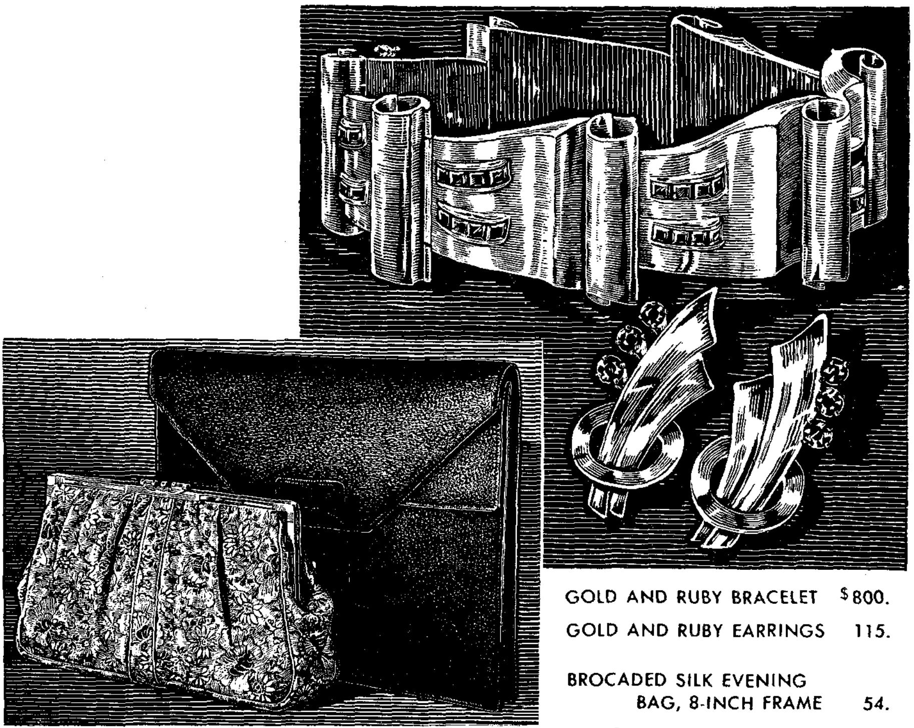
said. "I'm giving you an official warning right now that you're going to be reshopped soon and it won't be by me."

When we got outside, Mrs. Thompson said that she had cost the dealer quite a bit on his sale to Mrs. Farnol.

I asked Mrs. Thompson if she'd mind shopping for some oranges at the next store we visited. My wife, I said, had recently spent most of one evening telling me how much they cost. "I know just the place for that," Mrs. Thompson said obligingly. "A carriage-trade store on Madison Avenue. I've been meaning to look in there." She said she'd heard about this store from a tipster who lived in the neighborhood. "All this tipster asks in return," Mrs. Thompson said, "is for me to give *her* tips on how to get her fourteen-year-old boy to eat more." She said that the department received a fair number of tips from housewives. "And why not?" she asked. "A housewife can tell a black-market place just as well as I can. All she has to do is check the prices she's being charged against the OPA prices." Mrs. Thompson said that the most reasonable prices in the city were to be found in Brighton Beach, Coney Island, and Flatbush, where the women had formed organizations to try to stop black-market trading. "The trouble with a lot of women," Mrs. Thompson said, as we crossed Park Avenue, "is that they think in terms of ration points rather than prices."

In the Madison Avenue shop, three clerks were wrapping up orders. The stock on the shelves was precisely arranged and there wasn't too much of it. A small sign in blue paint back of the counter announced that some fresh Persian caviar had just been received. There wasn't a price tag on anything. One of the clerks, a nice-looking, elderly man in a gray linen jacket, stopped wrapping and, coming over to us, said that it was a lovely day. We agreed, and then Mrs. Thompson, in a bored voice, said, "Oh, I think I'd like something sent." Yes, the clerk said, what did Madam wish? Mrs. Thompson ordered a dozen large oranges. She was told that they were ninety cents, which was, I later learned, thirty-four cents more than they should have been. A head of lettuce cost twenty cents, eight cents over the ceiling. The legal price for a pound of white table grapes was eighteen cents, but the clerk wrote down twenty-two on the bill. "How much does it come to?" Mrs. Thompson asked the clerk.

"Let's see," he said. "That's ninety



GOLD AND RUBY BRACELET $800.
GOLD AND RUBY EARRINGS 115.
BROCADED SILK EVENING BAG, 8-INCH FRAME 54.
MOROCCO LEATHER BAG 18.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS AND PRICES ARE TYPICAL OF OUR LARGE AND VARIED STOCK, BUT SPECIFIC ARTICLES MAY NOT BE AVAILABLE AT ALL TIMES.

TIFFANY & CO.
FIFTH AVENUE & 57TH STREET NEW YORK

It's the flavour
TEACHER'S HIGHLAND CREAM
86 PROOF

Guid taste weel tell...

A sense of good taste is shown when you serve Teacher's, as an honor to the guest and a pleasure to the palate. Yes...

Made since 1830 by Wm. Teacher & Sons, Ltd., Glasgow
TEACHER'S
Perfection of Blended Scotch Whisky

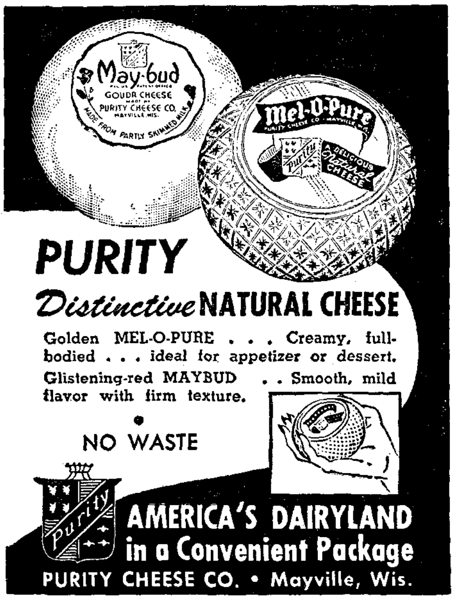
SOLE U. S. AGENTS: Schieffelin & Co., NEW YORK CITY • IMPORTERS SINCE 1794

Over 3½ Centuries of Knowing How!
Since 1575
BOLS

Liqueur Monastique . . . . . 86 Proof
Creme de Menthe . . . . . . 60 Proof
Distilled Geneva
(distilled from grain) . . . . . 81 Proof
Apricot Liqueur . . . . . . 63.4 Proof
Silver Top London Dry Gin
(distilled from grain) . . . . . 94 Proof

Product of Argentina

Sole Importers: G. H. Mumm Champagne (S.A.C.S.) & Assoc., Inc., New York City; W. J. Mulligan & Co., San Francisco, Calif.



PURITY

Distinctive NATURAL CHEESE

Golden MEL-O-PURE . . . Creamy, full-bodied . . . ideal for appetizer or dessert.
Glistening-red MAYBUD . . Smooth, mild flavor with firm texture.

NO WASTE

AMERICA'S DAIRYLAND in a Convenient Package

PURITY CHEESE CO. • Mayville, Wis.

and twenty and twenty-two—that'll be a dollar forty-two."

"It would be a dollar thirty-two where I went to school," Mrs. Thompson said, dropping her lady's voice.

She picked up the bill, her evidence, and stuffed it into her knitting bag. "But that's all right," she continued. "I'm an inspector and we can talk about a few other things now." The clerk was very polite in helping Mrs. Thompson fill out her Magistrate's Court summons. Then she handed it to him. "Thank you," he said, and I couldn't help feeling sorry for him.

At this point another clerk, a younger, black-haired one, came up to Mrs. Thompson. He said that he had been employed by the store longer than the older man and knew more about its prices. "Why aren't those oranges worth ninety cents?" he wanted to know.

"Why can't I see any ceiling-price tags here?" Mrs. Thompson asked, in return.

"Manpower shortage," he said sombrely.

The clerk asked her again about the oranges. Mrs. Thompson went behind the counter, where an OPA poster had been put up, and ran her finger down one of the columns until she found what she was looking for. "Price of oranges, size 200 to the box," she read flatly, "is forty-nine cents." "Those oranges are 176's," the clerk said. He held one of them up in an attempt to convince her that only a hundred and seventy-six of them could fit into a box and that they were therefore bigger than the 200 size. The box of oranges was tilted against the wall. Mrs. Thompson, a woman of some dramatic talent, said nothing but took a mirror out of her knitting bag and, stooping, held it near the front part of the box, where the law requires that the size of the fruit be clearly stamped. "Look," she said, after she'd got her mirror at the correct angle. The clerk and I peered at her small mirror, where we saw, inverted, the figure "200." The clerk then claimed that his lettuce heads were size 48 to the box and worth the twenty cents Mrs. Thompson had been charged. Mrs. Thompson said she knew they were 60's. "I could use my mirror again and prove it," she said, "but I'll make you a sporting proposition. Maybe your lettuce is as big as cabbage and I'm blind. Well, the law says that if you don't want to sell lettuce by the head, you can sell it by weight. Twelve cents a pound. If that head of lettuce weighs twenty cents' worth—twenty-six ounces—I'll tear up the summons. Weigh it." The clerk hesitated. Finally, the first clerk picked up the head and placed it on the store's scale. The indicator went past the pound mark and came to a halt at eighteen ounces. "Anyway, your scale's accurate," Mrs. Thompson said.

WHEN we were out on the street again, Mrs. Thompson, after consulting her watch, said that she had only enough time to investigate two or three more shops. "How about trying the wrong side of the tracks?" she suggested. "Let's get away from this district." We took the eastbound Seventy-second Street bus. En route, I arranged with Mrs. Thompson to meet her the following Monday at the Criminal Courts Building, downtown, where her cases would be tried. We got off at First Avenue and started walking along it. There were tenements on both sides. We hadn't gone very far when Mrs. Thompson, excusing herself, ducked into a hallway. When she emerged, she had her paper shopping bag out again, her gloves and tam o' shanter were off, and her hair looked a little straggly.

There was nothing wrong at the first store we tried. The second one we entered was a small combination vegetable and meat market. It was run by one man, the owner, who, I could tell by his name on the window, was a Czech. He was a middle-aged man in a long, immaculately white apron. He had clear blue eyes and a hospitable smile. There were price-ceiling tags on everything he sold. Mrs. Thompson began by ordering a pound of frankfurters and a dozen large oranges. She then toyed with the idea of buying a pound of onions. She picked an onion out of its basket and said that it was measly-looking. The Czech, seemingly hurt, said that he would cut open the onion and prove that she was wrong. "It's all right, it's all right," Mrs. Thompson said very quickly. "I'll buy a pound. Please don't cut it." The storekeeper insisted, however, and while Mrs. Thompson unhappily looked on, he cut the onion in two and held it up for us to see. "See how the juice runs?" he said proudly. Mrs. Thompson took the pound. She also ordered a pound of beef kidneys. Then the arithmetic on the brown paper bag began. The Czech wrote slowly with the inch-long stub of a pencil. First came the frankfurters. The ceiling price was forty-three cents. He charged her forty-one cents. He could have asked sixty-five cents for the oranges, but his price was four cents less. He put down seven cents for the onions, which was just right. Then came the

The Strange Case of The Purple Spectacles

ONCE upon a time there was a man who wore purple spectacles. They gave everything a nice, purplish glow, including the product he manufactured.

His product—to him—looked so regal, so dignified that it influenced his choice of advertising media.

He even went so far as to pass up an advertising medium like Puck-The Comic Weekly because he didn't think it was as dignified as some of the so-called "quality" magazines.

Well, one day this man left his spectacles in the washroom of a Pullman. He saw the sun in all its healthy brightness. He saw millions of people—the people he wanted to buy his product—actually devouring publications like Puck-The Comic Weekly. And finally, he saw his product. Not cold and dignified, but a good, honest, vital product that people wanted.

In the warm light of his revelation, he saw "Donald Duck" and "The Katzenjammer Kids" tickling the fancy of the nation's youngsters. He saw Mom and Dad enjoying "Tillie The Toiler," "Blondie and Dagwood" and "Jiggs and Maggie." He thrilled with Junior over the adventures of "Flash Gordon" and "Prince Valiant." Then he could visualize all of them reading right down the page through the message of some wise advertiser.

Market places are where the people gather. When choosing an advertising medium, whether for immediate selling or institutional advertising, consider the following:

1.. More people (men and women as well as children) read "the comics" than any other one form of entertainment feature.

2.. Visibility and readership are unusually high because Puck-The Comic Weekly accepts only a limited number of advertisements per issue. Space in Puck is a valuable franchise

3.. Puck produces results. The manufacturer of a nationally famous shampoo tested Puck with one insertion in 1940. He came back with 4 insertions in 1941 and 1942. Based upon the outstanding results this advertiser used 11 insertions in 1943.

Puck-The Comic Weekly is distributed to more than 6,000,000 families through 15 great Sunday newspapers from coast to coast and is read by over 20,000,000 people—men, women and children.

"The comics" are tops with growing children as well as adults, so sales minded executives with an eye to the future should ask to see and carefully consider Puck's analysis of "Your Customers of Tomorrow," a sound presentation chock-full of sales information. Puck-The Comic Weekly, 959 Eighth Avenue, New York—Hearst Building, Chicago.

Lanz Originals

Faithfully Yours

Boxy coat of grey curly South American baby lamb with silvery buttons. Sizes 10-18. . . . . $160.00

Matching fur pillbox. . . . $7.95

Rayon crepe dress with colorful embroidery on bodice. Black, kelly, light blue. Sizes 9-17. . . $19.95

Lanz

668 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK 19, N.Y.

CATSKILL MOUNTAIN
SMOKED TURKEY

A Rare Flavor for the Holidays—Give a Catskill Mountain Smoked Turkey!

Let your gift to your friends and family this year have a flavor all its own; a different gift to thrill the appetites. Serve Smoked Turkey, *hot or cold, in your own home* for buffet suppers, dinners, cocktail parties, hors d'oeuvres and canapes.

Catskill Mountain Smoked Turkeys are premium birds, cured in fine herbs and spices, and then smoked over fragrant applewood embers. Golden brown Smoked Turkeys, ready to serve, weigh from 8 to 16 lbs., and cost $1.50 a pound, express prepaid. No deliveries made outside of the U.S.A. If you will send us the names and addresses of friends, an attractively packed Catskill Mountain Smoked Turkey will be delivered on the day you name. A really different gift card and an interesting, descriptive booklet, showing various methods of serving, enclosed in each package. The Forst family has prepared and smoked meats for epicures for more than eighty years; this is your guarantee of complete satisfaction. Write or telegraph your orders today to—

FORST, RONDOUT STATION 8, KINGSTON, N.Y.

kidneys. "And for the kidneys," the storekeeper said, pushing his pencil stub down hard on the paper bag, "twenty-four cents." The ceiling price was twenty-one cents. Mrs. Thompson looked at me, distressed.

Mrs. Thompson told the Czech who she was and he smiled, as though some friendly joke had been played on him. When Mrs. Thompson told him about the kidneys, he stopped smiling and, turning to a spike near him, pulled off some wholesalers' bills which had been filed on it. Finally he came to his kidney bill. "Here," he said, "this is what I pay for the kidneys."

Mrs. Thompson examined the bill. "It says fourteen cents," she told him. "The wholesaler charged you correctly—the ceiling price."

The storekeeper took the bill from her and looked at it. "That's not so," he said slowly. "I pay him seventeen cents. I know it. He just write down fourteen cents."

"I believe you," Mrs. Thompson said. "Will you testify against him?"

"Why not?" the storekeeper said. His face was stern. Mrs. Thompson gave him a departmental summons.

The next market was the last one Mrs. Thompson investigated. We found it after walking two blocks south. It was a long, narrow, and dirty fruit and vegetable store. In front of it was a huge display of string beans, cabbages, apples, and tomatoes, topped off by a great pumpkin, a reminder of the approaching Thanksgiving. Mrs. Thompson and I went inside and a short, stocky man asked her what she'd like. The man, who turned out to be the owner of the store, was probably in his sixties, but he had a vigorous manner. Mrs. Thompson ordered a pound of bananas. He weighed a bunch on the scale and they came to fourteen ounces. "Two ounces," he said deprecatingly. "Maybe some other time I'll make it up." He charged her for a full pound—sixteen cents, a three-cent overcharge. Mrs. Thompson said she'd like a dozen oranges, and he dropped a dozen extremely small ones into a bag. These, he told her, he would make cheap, for her—seventy-five cents; that was twenty-six cents over the ceiling. Mrs. Thompson handed him a Magistrate's Court summons. "You could be on Madison Avenue, the prices you charge," Mrs. Thompson told him.

"Never mind where I could be," he answered. "I do good enough here."

"You charged me black-market prices," she said.

"Black market, black market!" he

TODAY'S THINKING

Now when you buy a fur coat you *invest* in it. You plan for fashion significance across the years, for long-term beauty and warmth. Follow the New York tradition by coming to Baldwin for your lovely fur coat.

BALDWIN FURS SINCE 1870
E. E. Baldwin
34 EAST 10 ST., NEW YORK 3, N. Y.

CHRISTMAS
With All The Trimmings

A chest filled to the brim with tempting delicacies. Five drawers of delightful goodies—candies, nuts and stuffed fruits in colorful Holiday trim. $6.00.

Express & Post Office will only guarantee Christmas delivery when packages are shipped before December 10th.

Alice H. Marks
6 East 52nd St., New York 22, N. Y. PLaza 3-7282
Parcel Post Not Included

THE Pent House
Overlooking Central Park
Luncheon-Dinner-Supper-Music
No Cover or Minimum
Entertainment after 11 P.M.
PL. 3-6910
30 CENTRAL PARK SOUTH
~Adjoining the Plaza~

said. "It's all a racket. Who's going to buy my stuff—the OPA? I have to pay over the ceiling price myself."

Mrs. Thompson asked him if he cared to tell her who his wholesaler was.

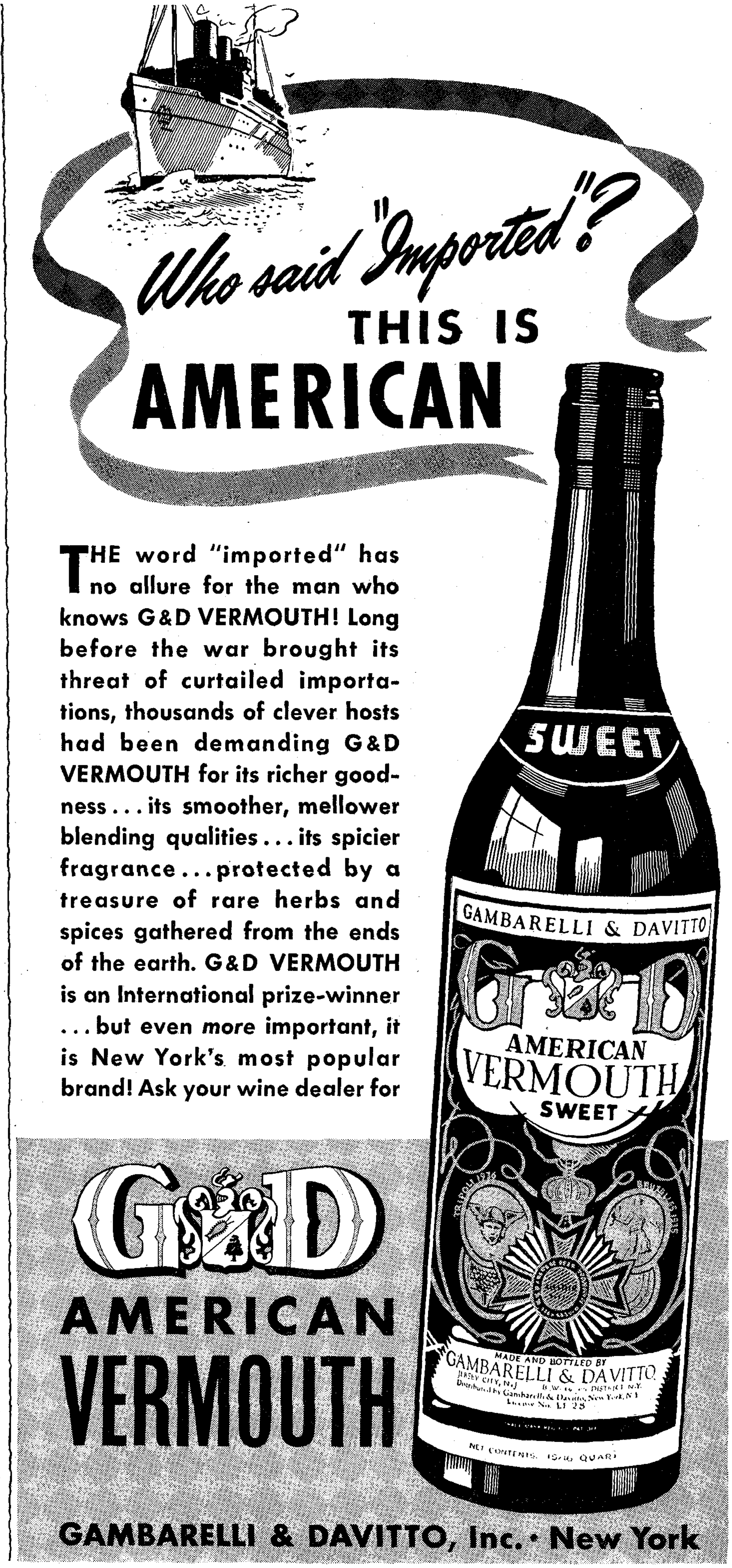
"No," he said. "Why should I? It don't pay me."

When we got outside, Mrs. Thompson seemed almost cheerful. "That man has a record," she said, slipping on her tam o' shanter. "He's a second offender."

ON Monday, I found Mrs. Thompson sitting in the front row of one of the Magistrate's Courts in the Criminal Courts Building, chatting with five or six other women inspectors. They all wore their badges. Mrs. Thompson, detaching herself from her colleagues, told me that practically the entire morning's calendar was black-market cases. The defendants, she said, had been hauled in by inspectors for overcharges not only on food but on mattresses, electrical fixtures, furniture, and hosiery. "Look at them all out there, sitting with their lawyers!" she said contemptuously. "Dozens of them." The courtroom was nearly full. I noticed what seemed to be a whole family sitting in one of the front rows: father, mother, and three small children, the oldest of whom, a boy, couldn't have been more than twelve. The father, obviously a butcher, was holding a bag from which a chicken's legs protruded. "The chicken's going to be his exhibit," Mrs. Thompson said. "His case probably has to do with the grade he's been selling."

The judge, Magistrate Peter A. Abeles, entered the courtroom and the cases got under way. The hearings went rapidly. The procedure was simple. The defendant and either a Department of Markets or an OPA inspector stood before the Judge and gave their testimony. Most of the time the inspector's complaint would go uncontested, the defendant would plead guilty, and the fine would be twenty-five dollars. One of Mrs. Thompson's two cases, the one involving the genteel clerk from the Madison Avenue store, went the same way. The magistrate asked him if his employer had provided him with the money with which to pay a fine. The clerk said yes, and he was fined twenty-five dollars.

Half an hour later the scrappy First Avenue storekeeper's case came up. He looked very small standing before the Judge's bench. "So you're an owner and a second offender," Judge Abeles said, after Mrs. Thompson had testified. "What must we do to get our



THE word "imported" has no allure for the man who knows G&D VERMOUTH! Long before the war brought its threat of curtailed importations, thousands of clever hosts had been demanding G&D VERMOUTH for its richer goodness... its smoother, mellower blending qualities... its spicier fragrance... protected by a treasure of rare herbs and spices gathered from the ends of the earth. G&D VERMOUTH is an International prize-winner ...but even *more* important, it is New York's most popular brand! Ask your wine dealer for

G&D
AMERICAN
VERMOUTH

GAMBARELLI & DAVITTO, Inc. • New York

an old friend is back!
M. Shepard
G Washington's
INSTANT COFFEE
ABSOLUTELY PURE COFFEE MADE SOLUBLE

G Washington's

INSTANT COFFEE

Miss Saylor's

Coffee-ets and Chocolates

Our delicious Coffee-ets...little nips of pure cream and coffee candies are going out in great quantities to satisfy the candy hunger of our men in service and to give them added energy. But we're not forgetting you. Each time we have a breathing spell, between government requirements, we all pitch in and make our delicious Coffee-ets and Chocolates for home folks just as fast as we can, so from time to time you'll be seeing them at your favorite dealers. If he should be out, remember that it's only temporary. He will have them again.

MISS SAYLOR'S CHOCOLATES, INC.

ALAMEDA, CALIFORNIA

RADIANTLY BEAUTIFUL GUILD PLAYING CARDS
POPULARLY PRICED AT BETTER STORES
GUILD WESTERN PLAYING CARDS

Western Playing Card Co., Racine, Wis., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Enjoy the Holiday Season at America's Most Complete Resort

BROADMOOR Hotel

COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO.

businessmen to keep out of the black market, to be patriotic?"

The storekeeper mumbled something about having to charge more to meet his expenses.

"The men who set the ceiling prices are also businessmen," the Judge said irately. "That price contemplates and absorbs losses."

The storekeeper said he would be glad to pay a fine.

"I don't want your money!" the Judge shouted. "You've already paid a fine. I want you and the other fellows like you to stop this black-market business." The courtroom was still. "I'm going to fine you twenty-five dollars all right, but I'm also going to send you to jail for five days." The storekeeper looked shocked. He said he didn't know what would happen to his store if he went to jail.

"Do you have any children?" the Judge asked.

"Two boys," the storekeeper said. "Both in the Army. There's no one to help in the store."

"I have two boys in the Army myself," the Judge said. His tone was less severe. He looked down at the short, stocky defendant. "This is the last time I'm going to take into consideration anyone's having boys in the armed forces," he finally announced. "I'm going to have the inspector make out two summonses against you. That way you'll have to pay fifty dollars, but you won't go to jail."

The storekeeper thanked him, paid his fine, and nearly ran out of the courtroom.

Mrs. Thompson and I left too, and walked down one of the building's marble corridors. "You see," she said, "that's the way the black-market boys get punished. The punishments have been getting stiffer, too. Inside of an hour that First Avenue storekeeper will be telling all his neighborhood competitors what happened to him and they'll wonder what to do and will probably give their wholesalers hell. And the wholesalers will pass along the hell to whoever overcharged them. Eventually everyone along the line will know we're out gunning for them." She smiled. "It's what we call a slow squeeze," she said. "And I hope that before we're through it'll be a good, fast squeeze." —DANIEL LANG

●

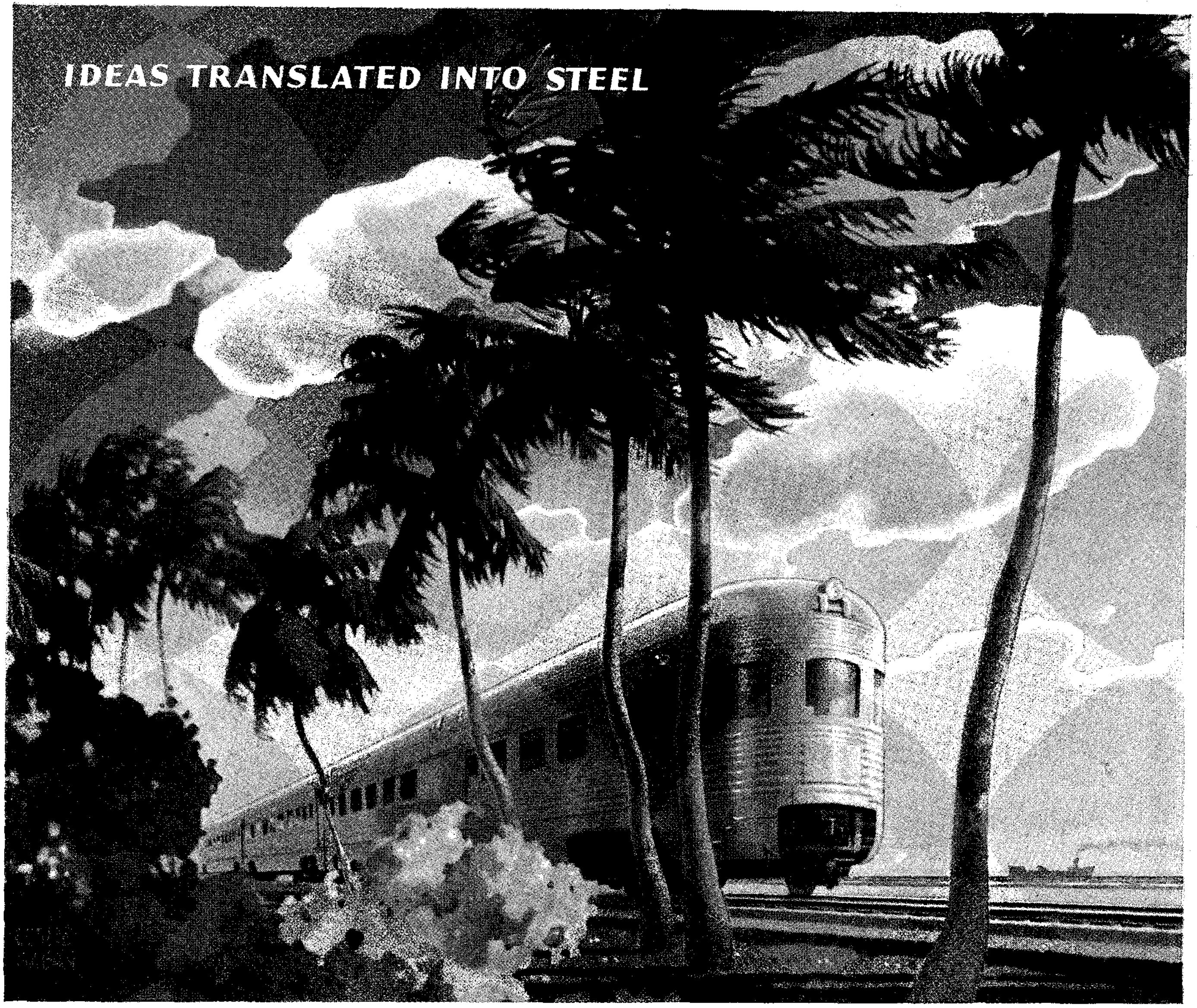
HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

(*Notice posted on the Harvard V-12 Naval Officers' Training Unit bulletin board*)

All hands with large faces report to be fitted for gas masks.

VAT 69
BY APPOINTMENT
TO H. M.
KING GEORGE VI
"Quality Tells"
The choice of the American Gentleman — because in AGE and TASTE it is Scotch Whisky AT ITS BEST!
8 Years Old

PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORP., NEW YORK, N. Y. • BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86 PROOF



This is not a dream of the future. It is a modern stainless steel train—lightweight—streamlined. Such trains are running twenty-four hours a day—carrying passengers the length and breadth of the land—contributing importantly to the vast task of war-time transportation which the railroads are doing so well.

It is a pity that more of them were not built before the war, for they are made of ideas as well as steel. Ideas that help railroads carry more people more comfortably; that bring greater safety and more dependable performance; that make coach travel easy and luxurious by day and by night. Ideas that make possible faster schedules, and yield substantial operating economies.

Everyone of these modern stainless steel trains was made by Budd. Budd engineers designed them and employed stainless steel because its strength permits the lightweight construction which saves power and fuel. They were built in the Budd shops, by Budd workmen with lifetime skills in translating ideas into steel.

None is being built today, for the steel is needed in the war. Budd plants are totally engaged on orders for the Army and Navy. But the burdens of war have proved the staunchness of these gleaming trains. New experience is being acquired and new ideas are born. In days to come, Budd will extend its leadership and carry further the vision of transportation in a modern world.

EDWARD G. BUDD MANUFACTURING COMPANY • PHILADELPHIA • DETROIT Budd

Originators of ALLSTEEL* *auto bodies, stainless steel lightweight trains and highway truck trailers. Designers and makers of airplane and marine structures. Inventors of the* SHOTWELD* *system of fabricating hi-tensile steel.*

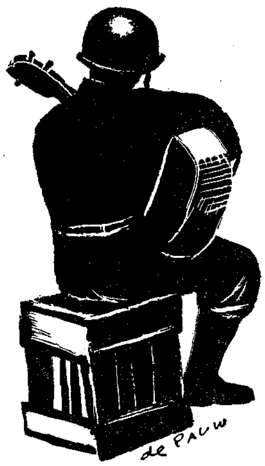
*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

EROSION

When Mrs. Findlay, with her closely written yellow papers folded in her largest handbag, stepped off the bus into the sharp, wintry air, she was glad to find it so cold; cold partly mitigated the sickly feeling she always had when it was her turn to read a paper to the Wednesday Morning Club. Carrying her handbag as if it contained crown jewels, she walked up the street to Mrs. White's house.

Everyone was there—no, where were Frannie Basteway and Helen Highman? Soon established with her papers in a straight chair by the fireplace, Mrs. Findlay was content not to have to begin right away. Even if, as so often happened with quite dull club papers, the mere act of reading her composition aloud should give it a kind of interest, a reality, a solid worth that its nervous author knew to be quite false, Mrs. Findlay had just as soon put off her reading until everyone was quite ready. Never in a thousand years, if left to herself, would she have chosen to write a paper on soil erosion, but several of the members had felt, all of a sudden, that they ought to know about it. She remembered Helen Highman had been particularly eager. "Where *are* Frannie and Helen?" Mrs. Findlay asked.

"Here I am. Helen's still at Red Cross," Frannie said, walking around the Chinese screen at the door. "I left her answering the telephone for surgical dressings. She won't be here for hours, and Nora might as well begin."



So Mrs. Findlay began. " 'Soil Erosion,' " she read clearly and carefully. " 'Probably it is safe to say that now, more than ever before in the history of our country, if indeed of any country, when events beyond our control make it necessary to obtain the utmost from the land, has such widespread waste and useless destruction resulted from the . . .' " There was a flurry in the hall and Helen hurried in, her large blue eyes moving rapidly and questioningly from face to face. Someone offered her a chair, but she shook her head.

"Where's Frannie?" she asked. "*There* you are. Tell me, did I have my muff with me at Red Cross?"

"This morning? Yes, you did."

"I knew it. I *knew* it. I must telephone. . . . You hadn't begun reading, had you?"

"It doesn't matter," Mrs. Findlay murmured, and indeed it apparently didn't, for every eye in the club was fixed on its bereaved member.

"Well, don't wait for me," Helen said. "Go right ahead. I won't be a minute," and leaving these faintly conflicting remarks behind her, she disappeared into the hall.

" 'Soil Erosion,' " Mrs. Findlay began again. " 'Probably it is safe to say,' " but Helen's hat, which was a water lily and a bit of veiling, and then one blue eye reappeared around the screen at the door. "Headquarter's number?" she asked.

Ten voices answered her, and hat and eye withdrew.

"I'd wait if I were you," Frannie said. Mrs. Findlay thought she would. She had worked hard on her paper, and while she could never have claimed to be very much interested in its subject, still, she *had* gathered together a good many facts and figures and the club might as well have them presented as coherently as possible. "I'll wait," she said.

There was the quick sound of dialling in the hall, and then low, urgent words, then a rather long silence, during which one club member whispered "What kind of a muff?" and Frannie answered "Her sable, I suppose," in a normal voice, and added, "It's the only one she's got."

Then, in the hall, Helen's voice cried "Oh, but *could* you look again!" and everyone waited, tense. Helen reappeared.

"Not there." She advanced a little way from the screen and stood poised, the pond lily and veiling tipped thoughtfully sideways.

"It's not there. I might have left it at the bank; I ran in there for a minute on my way here. . . . *Do* go on reading, Nora," she begged Mrs. Findlay. "Don't pay any attention to me. . . . Now, shall I call the bank or shan't I? Or would that be too silly? I was only there a minute."

"Oh, but do!" urged several voices immediately.

"Well . . ." The pond lily disappeared.

"Better go on if your paper's long at all," Frannie said.

"It is rather, I'm afraid. 'Soil Erosion,' " Mrs. Findlay began again, gently, though she knew she really hadn't yet got that attention from the club she would have liked. " 'Probably it is safe to say that now, more than ever before in the history of our country, if indeed of any country, when events beyond our control make it necessary to obtain the utmost from the land, has such widespread waste and useless destruction resulted from the carelessness of a part of but a few of our fellow-citizens. I refer, of course to the havoc wrought in farming regions such as Alabama and Georgia from soil erosion. In Georgia alone . . .' "

She read on, but as in a void. As she came to the moment to turn her first page she glanced up. No eye met hers. Every face was a profile turned toward the Chinese screen and the door to the hall. " 'In Georgia alone,' " she repeated, " '. . . alone . . .' " She paused. Out in the hall there was silence. And then every ear caught the tiny click of the front door closing. There was a triumphant scurry and squeak, and for the last time that morning Helen appeared in the room. Her eyes were shining and she was waving something large and soft and richly dark. "*In the gutter!*" she whispered piercingly, and slipped into a chair. Hugging her muff, she turned kind, shining eyes upon Mrs. Findlay.

" 'More than ever before,' " said Mrs. Findlay sadly, " 'in the history of our country . . .' Oh no, no. Excuse me. I mean 'In Georgia alone, seventy thousand acres . . .' "

—Louise Field Cooper

•

DARKNESS FALLS OVER MINNESOTA

[*Section 2720-250 (b) of Mason's Minnesota Statutes of 1927, 1938 Supplement*]

Whenever the driver of a vehicle approaches an oncoming vehicle within 500 feet, such driver shall use a distribution of light, or composite beam, so aimed that the glaring rays are not projected into the eyes of the oncoming driver, and in no case shall the high intensity portion of the beam be aimed higher than the level which is five inches below the level of the center of the lamp from which it comes at a distance of 25 feet ahead, and in no case higher than a level of 42 inches above the level upon which the vehicle stands at a distance of 75 feet or more ahead, except that a beam which is aimed higher than these levels to the right of the prolongation of the extreme left side of the vehicle may be used for meeting other vehicles on relatively straight highways provided that no part of that portion of the beam which rises higher than these levels is projected to the left of the center of the highway except momentarily.

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

CHRISTMAS GIFTS

SOME people we know have a talent for carving their Christmas lists for grown-ups down to the names of a very few close friends and relatives (we always start getting sentimental and expansive as the Day approaches ourselves), but no one we *speak* to ever eliminates children from his list. To even hardened penny-pinchers, the thought of the most faraway godson or grandniece going wide-eyed at the spectacle of the packages under the Christmas tree is just about the core of the Christmas spirit. So we're devoting a large hunk of the lists in this issue to toys, below, and children's books, in our "Books" department. Another section is devoted to the perfumes and bath luxuries that women have always loved but now hesitate to buy for themselves. And we add our exhortations to those thundering out of the Post Office: Get all your gifts mailed by December 10th! Now, to backtrack, this is what we've already listed, and if you saved the back copies you are probably glad of it by now:

September 25th.... Gifts for men and women in the armed forces, here and abroad.
November 13th.... Christmas cards, stationery and playing cards, handkerchiefs, food for the services.
November 20th.... Accessories in the big shops, lingerie shops, gifts for men, art for Christmas.
November 27th.... Gifts for the house, jewelry, games for adults.

This week you can read all about:

Toys, below
Perfumes and other vanities, page 89

And you can start learning about books for children on page 104.

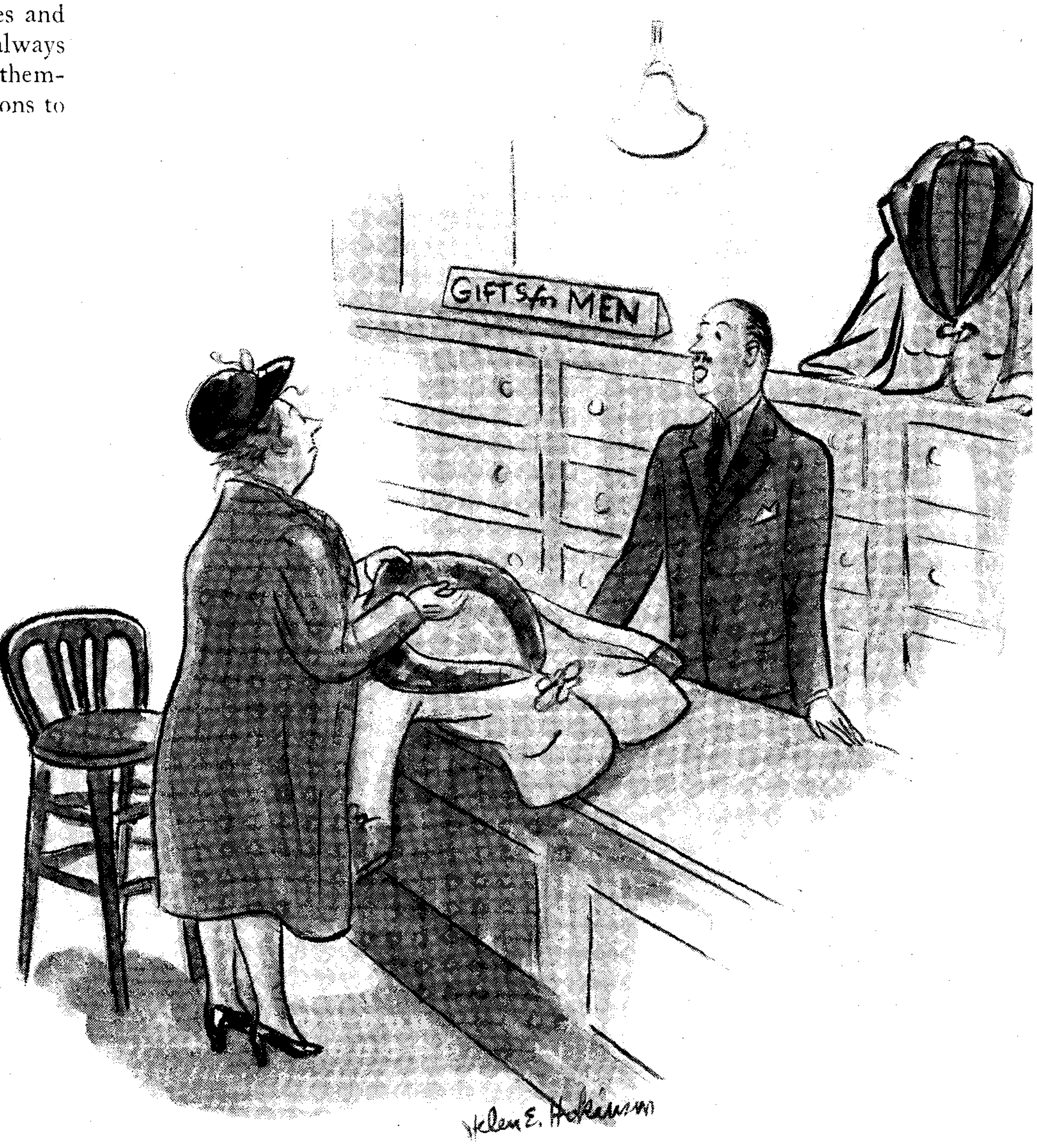
Toys

YES, yes, it's all true what they say about toys—there are fewer of them around, priorities have made differences in construction, and certain favorite playthings, whose production is restricted by government order, will be found in only a few shops. For all that, it's silly to waste even a moment grousing about the situation, for you may be sure the kids won't, and that's the important thing anyway. Any moderately reasonable child will be just as delighted by a wooden toy as by a metal one, and we trust that all the children on your list are reasonable.

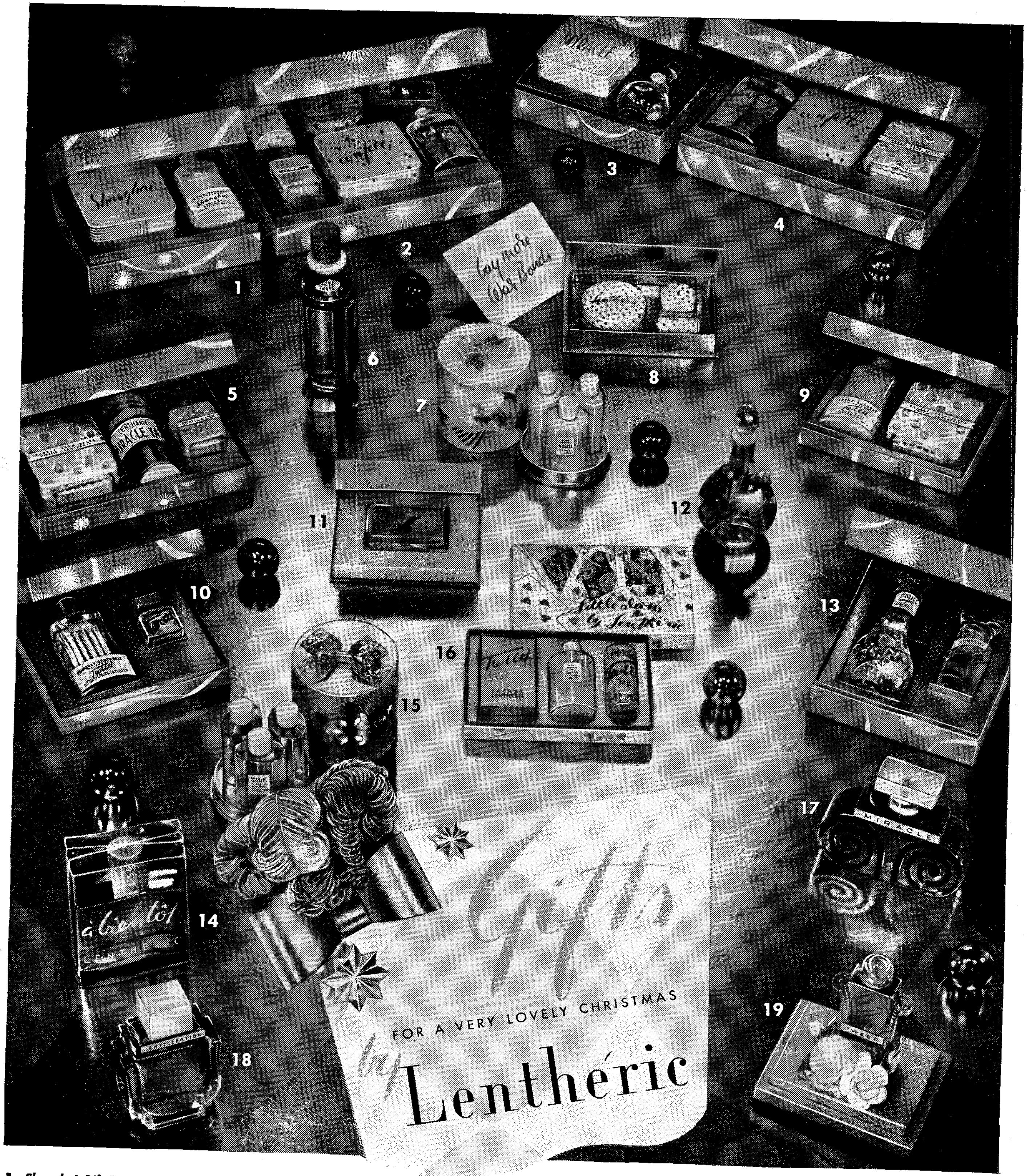
Inevitably, combat toys, usually made of wood, are as inescapable as Mickey Mouse and certain other headliners used to be. And don't fool yourself—in this day of ladies in uniform, little girls are often as avid as their brothers about playing Invasion and can't be ignored when military toys are being passed out. As for uniforms, miniature versions of all the usual ones are almost too plentiful. Children seem to love them, and they're all right for the playground and the privacy of the home; beyond that, we have our doubts.

When you take the youngsters on that annual tour of the big stores, Santa Claus will be there, as always, although some of the elaborate Christmas entertainment which the shops have been throwing in for good measure in recent years has, understandably, been cut out, and we say it won't be missed. Just the same, you'll find Flash Gordon's Headquarters at Macy; the famous clown, Jack LeClair, whose nose lights up, performing at McCreery; and a life-size merry-go-round, with gracefully prancing horses and all, at Gimbel.

Here, selected from what's available (which, all told, is nothing to sneeze at),



"Does he spend many evenings at home, if you don't mind my asking?"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19
Shanghai
Confetti
Miracle
Buy more War Bonds
Tweed
Little Slam by Lenthéric
MIRACLE
à bientôt
LENTHÉRIC
Gifts
FOR A VERY LOVELY CHRISTMAS
by Lenthéric

1. ***Shanghai Gift Duet:*** Bath Powder and Crème Bouquet; also in Tweed, Miracle, A Bientôt, and Confetti........................... **$2.45**

2. ***Confetti Gift Presentation:*** Perfume, Bath Powder, Face Powder, Bouquet Lenthéric, Soap, Sachet...... **$10.45** In Tweed........ **$9.95**

3. ***Miracle Gift Duet:*** Bouquet Lenthéric decanter, Bath Powder; also in Shanghai, Tweed, A Bientôt and Confetti....................... **$3.75**

4. ***Confetti Gift Trio:*** Bouquet Lenthéric, Bubble Bath Salts, Bath Powder; also in Miracle and Tweed............................ **$5.20**

5. ***Miracle Gift Presentation:*** Bubble Bath Salts, Sachet, Talc; also in Tweed and Confetti.. **$3.25**

6. ***Bouquet Lenthéric Tweed,*** decanter.................. **$2.25** and **$3.50**

7. ***"Three Crème Bouquets":*** Flacon each, Miracle, Tweed and Confetti................. **$2.05**

8. ***"Wonderful":*** Soft-Focus Make-Up Set with Tweed Face Powder-Pact, Plastic Lipstick and Dry Rouge....................... **$3.00**

9. ***Tweed Gift Duet:*** Crème Bouquet and Bubble Bath Salts; also in Miracle and Confetti.. **$2.45**

10. ***Tweed Gift Presentation:*** Perfume and Bouquet Lenthéric; also in Miracle............. **$5.95** In Confetti.......................... **$6.45**

11. ***Plastic Double Loose Powder Vanity,*** fitted with Lipstick........ **$5.50** Single........ **$5.00**

ALL PRICES, PLUS TAX

12. ***Bouquet Lenthéric A Bientôt,*** decanter.................. **$2.25** and **$3.50**

13. ***Confetti Gift Presentation:*** Perfume and Bouquet Lenthéric decanter............. **$11.75** In Tweed.......................... **$10.75**

14. ***A Bientôt Perfume*** .... **$5.00** to **$55.00**

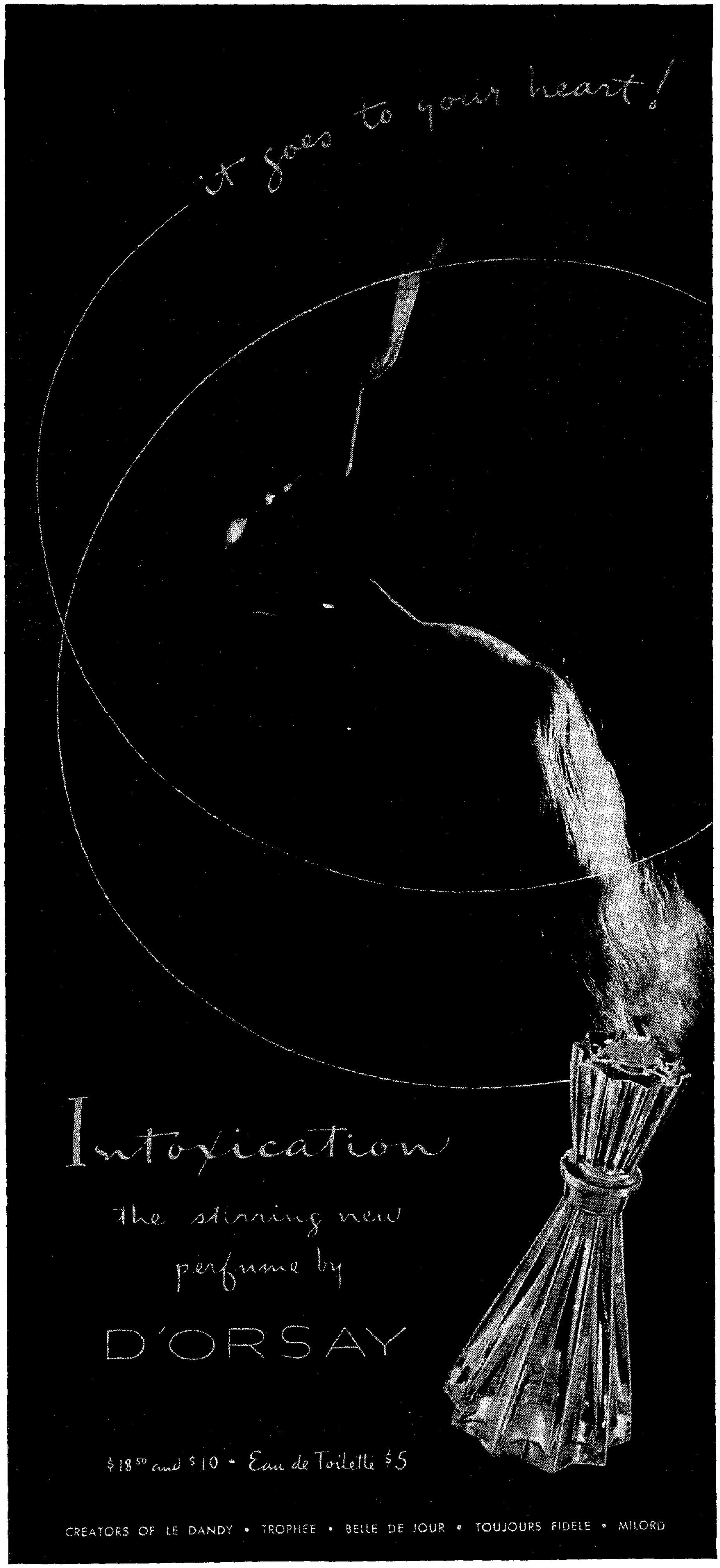
15. ***"Three Merry Messengers":*** Flacon each, Confetti, Tweed and Miracle Bouquet Lenthéric. **$2.05**

16. ***"Little Slam"*** (Tweed Gift Set): Sachets, Talc, Crème Bouquet..................... **$1.50**

17. ***Miracle Perfume*** .... **$4.50** to **$46.00**

18. ***Anticipation Perfume*** **$15.00, $35.00, $60.00**

19. ***De Luxe Perfume Presentation:*** Flacon of Tweed, Miracle, Confetti, A Bientôt, Shanghai and Pink Party..................... **$10.00**



it goes to your heart!
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D'ORSAY
$18.50 and $10 - Eau de Toilette $5
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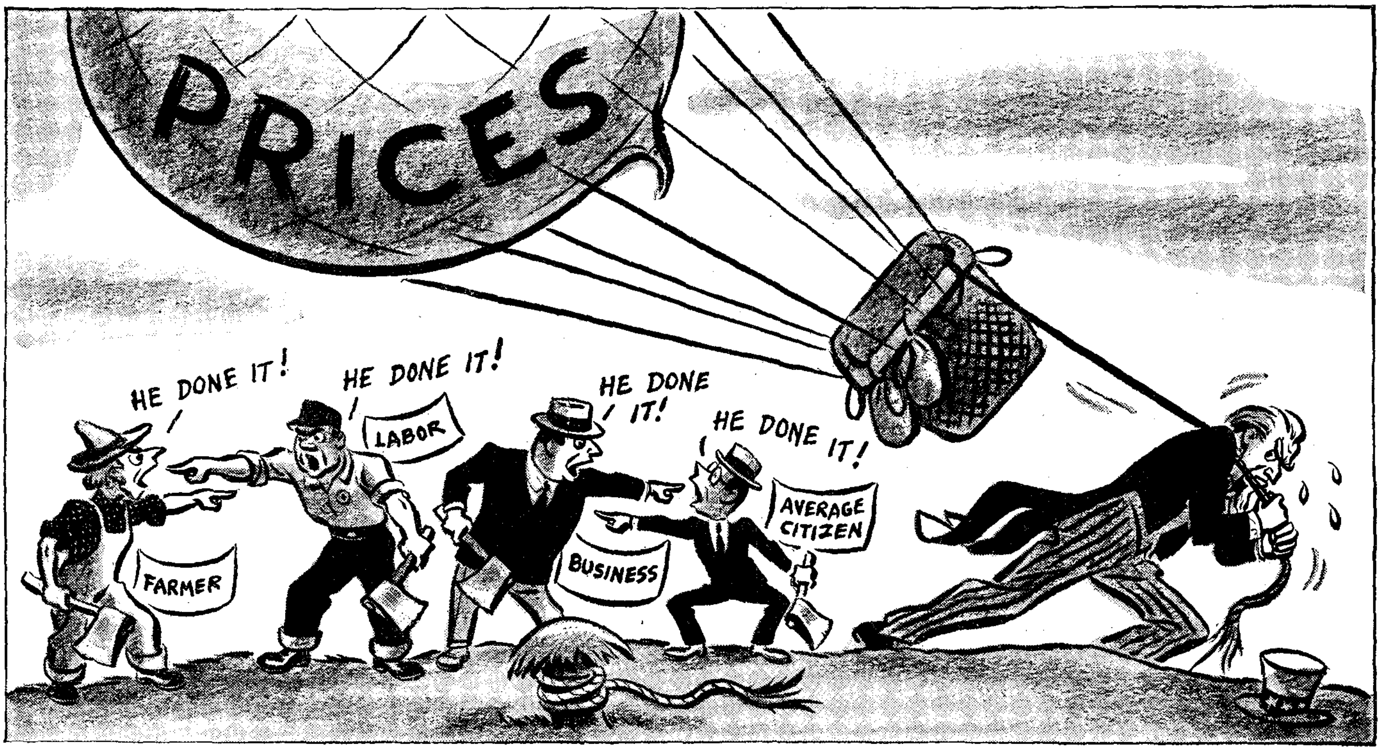
is what we would like for Christmas if we were somewhere between one and fourteen:

Abercrombie & Fitch: The Observoscope, not a toy but a real and very fine instrument with which an aspiring navigator may learn to chart the heavens; $20. A good practice target, with three metal birds swinging from a metal frame, for a boy with an air rifle; $10. A construction kit for a P-51 North American Mustang fighter plane (twenty-seven-inch wing span, which is plenty of plane for the average apartment)—everything from balsa-wood strips to plane wheels and cement, plus, of course, instructions; $3.50. Another kit has the makings for a thirteen-inch PT boat, a miniature of the one in which Lieutenant Commander Bulkeley did so much damage to the Japs around the Philippines; $5. The Whittler's Knife set ($3.50) has twelve assorted blades to fit three blade-holders; with these a young model-maker who can be trusted with knives could carve almost anything out of wood. The Ro-Blo is a harmless machine to help a tot who is full of the devil work off that excess energy: the kid sits on the seat, works a lever, and thus inflates a balloon, which pops into the air and then flops around the room as the air escapes; $5.

Altman: For incipient sailors, there's Ships in Motion—a small flotilla maneuvered by a magnet moved about under a tank of water; $3.50 for tank, ships, and magnet. Erector sets, 1943 vintage, of wood but as versatile and absorbing as the metal ones *we* had; from $1.25. The Para-Commandos set: four small soldier figures, a ration box, and an ammunition box, all equipped with parachutes; a simple device launches the whole outfit over the enemy lines; $2.75. The Playette Moving-Picture Theatre has a cardboard stage with slides showing scenes in color from eight familiar stories ("Three Little Pigs," "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," and so on); the impresario tells the stories while working the slides; $2.50. Exercise and safe fun for even a four-month-old are provided by the Cradle Gym, an arrangement of brightly painted lightweight bars to be attached to the crib, for young climbers to try their muscles on; $1.95.

Arnold & Johnson, 962 Lexington Avenue (58th): Play aprons, with pockets holding painting, housekeeping, or bubble-blowing equipment; from $2.50. A carpenter's apron, of sturdy denim, has nails, hammer, screwdriver, ruler, pencil, and sandpaper; $3.95. Good, older-



Never mind "who done it"—pitch in and help get it down!

THIS IS YOUR UNCLE SAM talking—but I'm going to talk to you like a DUTCH uncle, to keep all of us from going broke.

Ever since the Axis hauled off and hit us when we weren't looking, prices have been nudging upwards. Not rising awfully fast, but RISING.

Most folks, having an average share of common sense, know rising prices are BAD for them and BAD for the country. So there's been a lot of finger pointing and hollering for the OTHER FELLOW to do something—QUICK.

The government's been yelled at, too. "DOGGONNIT," folks have said, "WHY doesn't the government keep prices down?"

Well, the government's done a lot. That's what price ceilings and wage controls are for—to keep prices down. Rationing helps, too.

But let me tell you this—we're *never* going to keep prices down just by leaning on the government and yelling for the OTHER FELLOW to mend his ways.

We've ALL got to help—EVERY LAST ONE OF US.

Sit down for a minute and think things over. Why are most people making more money today? It's because of the SAME cussed war that's killing and maiming some of the finest young folks this country ever produced.

So if anyone uses his extra money to buy things he's in no particular need of . . . if he bids against his neighbor for stuff that's hard to get and pushes prices up . . . well, sir, he's a WAR PROFITEER. That's an ugly name—but there's just no other name for it.

Now, if I know Americans, we're not going to do that kind of thing, once we've got our FACTS straight.

All right, then. Here are the seven rules we've got to follow as GOSPEL from now until this war is over. Not some of them — ALL of them. Not some of us — ALL OF US, farmers, businessmen, laborers, white-collar workers!

Buy only what you need. A patch on your pants is a badge of honor these days.

Keep your OWN prices DOWN. Don't ask higher prices—for your own labor, your own services, or goods you sell. Resist all pressure to force YOUR prices up!

Never pay a penny more than the ceiling price for ANYTHING. Don't buy rationed goods without giving up the right amount of coupons.

Pay your taxes willingly, no matter how stiff they get. This war's got to be paid for and *taxes are the cheapest way to do it.*

Pay off your old debts. Don't make any new ones.

Start a savings account and make regular deposits. Buy and keep up life insurance.

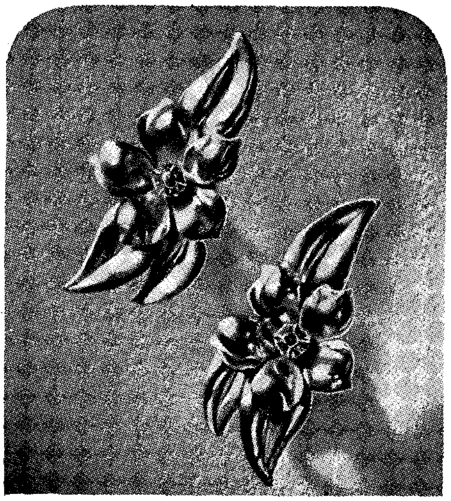
Buy War Bonds and hold on to them. Buy them with dimes and dollars it HURTS like blazes to do without.

Start making these sacrifices now—keep them up for the duration—and this country of ours will be sitting pretty after the war . . . *and so will you.*

Uncle Sam

KEEP PRICES DOWN!

Use it up • Wear it out
Make it do • Or do without



She'll say "Ear-resistible!"

Exquisitely hand-wrought earrings
of 14K gold, studded with
blazing sapphires or topazes . . .
a perfect gift! Write for
these little jewels today . . .
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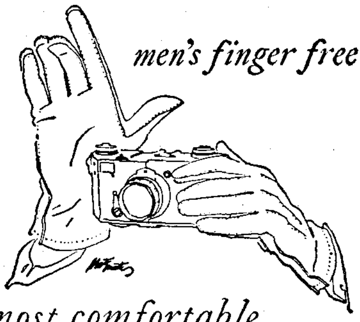


*most comfortable
gloves in the world...*

* *designed by merry hull*

DANIEL HAYS

GLOVES SINCE 1854

* U. S. PATS. 2,125,673—2,194,934—2,226,604

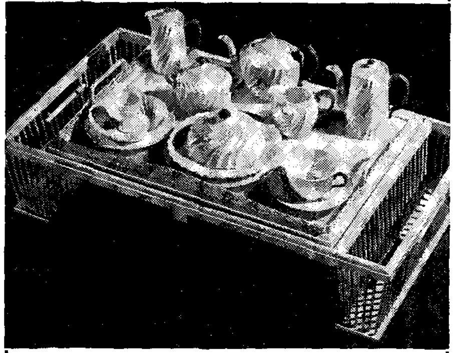
boys' stuff (but first know your boy!): butterfly- and insect-collecting outfits, with instructions and paraphernalia for collecting and preserving, plus a few real (and preserved) butterflies to start with; $6.95 and $11.95. For babies, a series of felt or cotton animals (squirrel, lamb, cat, Scottie pup, and many others) at fifty cents each. Everything possible in beautifully made doll clothes, such as a red velveteen jumper dress with white blouse ($2.95), which might even be worn by a very tiny child. Doll-house furnishings which are almost in the cabinetwork class: white-and-red kitchen sets of sink, refrigerator, work table, and the rest ($5.95); a bedroom set with twin four-posters, bureaus, and two overstuffed chairs ($8.95); other sets for other rooms.

BERGDORF GOODMAN: The gift shop has a toy division, where you'll find things like: a painted hurdy-gurdy on a stick (organ-man-with-monkey style), and it plays a real tune; $7.50. The Arizona Cactus Garden, with plants, a metal box to grow them in, and instructions, but no soil; $2.25. A sassy Sealyham of real fur; $11. A Mexican bandit doll with a fierce mustachio, who is a relief from the customary cuties; $1.75.

BLOOMINGDALE: A wonderful wooden wagon, built by a real wagon-maker; $7.98, and sturdy enough to take what such playthings must. Army private's uniform for ages four to fourteen, of khaki cloth with pistol and holster, and a chestful of make-believe campaign ribbons (this last seems a trifle too exuberant); $2.98. Drums with real calfskin heads; $9.85 buys one fourteen inches in diameter (and it's your lookout if you give it to one of your own children). Old-time shoo-fly rockers, in which toddle-age kids ride in a seat flanked by hobby-horses; $5.95. A doll's-size millinery set, with hat makings and a mannequin head just like the ones real milliners use; $1.98. Good marionettes, at from $2; a folding wooden theatre in which to put them through their paces is $5.75. Doll's makeup box, to scent and paint up a favorite doll (provided its owner has anything left over after doing the inevitable job on herself); $1.98.

BONWIT TELLER: You might look in the infants' clothes department for: a magnificent hobby-horse, mounted on a wheeled stick and saucy as anything; $3.50. Those entertaining Tony Sarg

Largest Stock of Fine China And Crystal in New York



CHARMING BREAKFAST SET
Very Practical Tray

Beauty of form distinguishes this exquisite individual Breakfast Set of English China by Aynsley. Swirl design in white with solid color knobs and handles. Complete 17 piece set as pictured, $28.00.

Handsome and very practical Breakfast or Bed Tray with side pockets for newspapers or magazines. Handle tray is removable. Size 16 x 29 x 7 ins. high. Choice of pink, blue, ivory or white. Each $9.50.

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Please send me free Gift Catalogue.

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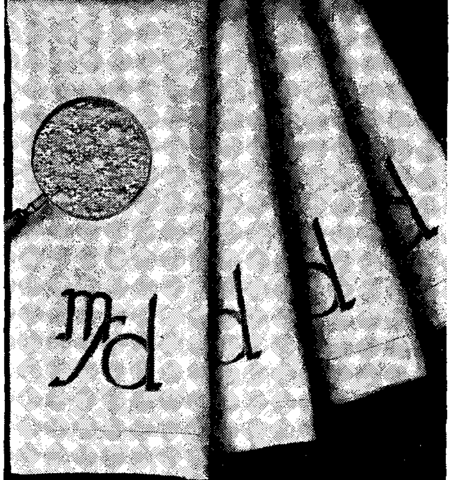
The Rare "Tuffle" Towel



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for Towel Addicts

Unique nubby weave in pure Irish linen. Wonderful for friction — absorbency — years of hardy service. Full 20 x 36"; colors, white, gold, blue, or rose. Men love "Tuffle"!

6 with monograms $30; without, $21.
12 with monograms $60; without, $42.

Don't delay—order now.

MOSSE
659 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 22

nursery-age books, like the Magic Movie one, which has a pair of colored glasses that, when properly manipulated, cause pictures to do tricks; $2. Plush take-to-bed animals for little kids who get lonesome in the dark, such as a cunning, jet-black Scottie ($1.25) and a baby elephant ($1.50).

Velvalee Dickinson, 718 Madison Avenue (63rd): Some of her very fine foreign dolls are still here, among them three Riffs from North Africa: a warrior, a woman, and a water carrier, all of leather; $5 each. Little girls' handbags have Lenci doll heads, and pigeon-toed feet emerge below the pretty dresses which form the purses; $5. A doll for a baby is a stuffed creature of flannelette with an embroidered face; the covering can be removed and laundered; $1.75.

Educational Playthings, 20 East 69th: A well-made wooden shuffleboard set, for age nine up; $7.50. Lord knows what the rest of the household will say to a xylophone with the notes for bugle calls ($2, with hammer and music), but the children will adore it. Wonderful jigsaw puzzles ($1.10) and trays to work them on (fifty-five cents, and by all means enclose one with your puzzle gift). Well-costumed hand puppets, including the classic Punch-and-Judy characters in addition to Hansel, Gretel, the Old Witch, and all; most of these are $1.50. Skipping ropes with handles and jingle bells; ninety-five cents. Finger-paint sets: spatula, six jars of color, eighteen large sheets of paper, and no harm done if the baby eats the paints; $2.20. Library of six card games (Old Maid and the other favorites); $1. Ready-cut doll dresses for little girls to sew together; fifty cents for a set of six, to fit sixteen-inch dolls.

Gimbel: A section of nothing but wood military toys, including Commando equipment: invasion barge, jeep, cannon ($1.59 each); one machine gun that shoots pellets ($3.49) and another that just makes a hell of a racket ($1.19). Chemical sets, wonderful as ever for scientists in the bud; $1.25 to $25. Basketball set with a tally bell on the basket; $1.50. Old-fashioned plush beasts that small kids always have loved; for example, a splendid plush horse for $5.98. Those nice little (*very* little) story-book dolls, dressed as Mother Goose, fairy-tale, and Alice in Wonderland characters, are well done here at $1.15 to $2.49, and the hardest-to-please young doll-collector would like one to add to her family. A nicely dressed baby doll, with a vocabulary of "Mama" and "Papa," is $3.29.

Georg Jensen, 667 Fifth Avenue (53rd): Beautifully made toys for small children. Apple-cheeked, jointed wooden dolls, with yarn hair, stand right up on their own sabot-like feet; blondes, brunettes, and redheads dressed as boys or girls; $4.50. Charming, crocheted cocker spaniels, soft and cuddly, with lovely, floppy ears; $6. Pinafored gray-sateen baby elephants, $7.

Lord & Taylor: Toys for youngsters from play-pen age up to around ten. Wonderful soft plush balls, pink, white, or pale blue, each with a bell; $1.25. Other soft toys, some of which play

SHE LOVES
chichi
the perfume that whispers "love me"
...witchery in fragrance...to quicken
the pulse and lift the heart
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lovely
has just
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Le DANDY
D'ORSAY

No man ever forgets Le Dandy. Disturbing and timeless as Love itself, it is one of the great perfumes of all time. $3 to $300.

tunes, such as the inevitable lamb playing "Mary Had a," etc.; $5.95. Authentic snow-white polar bear, all but dripping icicles; $7.95. A two-foot-tall donkey and a fine big pink plush pony, lovable and luggable; each $14.95. Small edition of the donkey; $4.95. Black velvet flop-eared pup; $6.95 (and if you don't want him, we want him). Perfect push-toy balance aids for toddlers who need help in walking but have their pride, too: a wooden lawnmower that makes a real lawnmower noise ($2) and a wooden wheelbarrow which can really carry things ($3). Wagon loaded with nice wooden blocks in assorted shapes; $2.25 with the blocks in natural wood, $2.75 for colored ones. The inevitable military toys: a cannon that shoots bright pegs ($2) and a transport truck and trailer ($3.50). Fine dolls, including a lovely Christmas angel, robed in satin and flaunting star-studded satin wings; $4.95, or $7.95 with music-making insides. For older children, the Plantcraft outfit, with seeds, pots, and chemical fertilizers, to build up enthusiasm for the really hard work of next year's Victory garden; $3.50.

McCreery: Dolls and dolls, including all the Red Cross nurses, Wacs, and Waves (which are this year's hits with well-informed little girls), and a year-old-size baby in coat and bonnet, a dimple-kneed sweetie at $7.79. A bride, in traditional satin; $10.49. A fairy princess in satin and sequins—a wistful blonde whose eyes close; $4.98. For doll beds, pink or blue ruffled spreads and pillows; $1.25 a set. Laundry set of flatiron, clothes basket, and so on; $2. For small housewives: broom, mops, real soaps, and real scouring powder, all for eighty-nine cents. Wooden scooters; $5.39 in either two- or three-wheel models. Ice-skating sets of shoes with reinforced ankles, in sizes 1 to 12, attached to steel blades; $5.98 a pair for boys; $6.98 and $7.98 for girls. A dandy express wagon that Mother might well borrow for marketing (it's that sturdy); $15.50.

Macy: A group of white twill animals (to be autographed by a youngster's friends as a sort of memory book) that we think kids will love: pigs, elephants, a giraffe, or a fat grizzly bear; $1.17 to $8.41. Army mule in khaki twill; $1.41 and $3.74, and also for autographing. Uniformed dolls in all branches of the services; from $2.19. An excellent collection of model plane- and boat-building sets; from ninety-eight cents. Every kind of wooden toy gun, also from ninety-eight cents: shoulder ack-ack gun, with miniature Army helmet to wear while firing ($1.98); anti-aircraft gun that shoots pellets ($1.98). A pair of football shoulder pads; $4.29 to $7.98. Rich-uncle present: real carrousel animals mounted for the nursery; some stand still, others rock; $99.50.

Neveloff Twins Toy Shop, 816 Madison Avenue (68th): Treasure Balls, containing fifteen little toys, each supposed to take no less than fifteen minutes to unwrap (and you ought to know that that alone is something in a child's present); $1, for either girls or boys. Army doctor's and nurse's kits, fitted with stethoscope, spectacles, and sugar pills (just like the Army); $2 each. An unpainted wooden doll family of five, with paints to make up their faces and paint clothes on them; $2.50.

Saks-Fifth Avenue: Big toy that should bowl real boys or tomboys right off their feet (but big, we warn you, for apartment-dwelling households): Four-foot wooden PT boat, to sit in and propel by footpower, with an ack-ack gun; $19.95. Footpower version of an Army jeep called Reconpeep, another four-foot affair of wood, with bumper and two spare tires, all wood; $27.50. De-luxe white hobby-horse with bright red trim; $24.95. Lighter gear: Wheel-horse (a kiddy-car sporting a horse's head), with blue mane and tail and cherry-red saddle, for tots up to four years; $6.95. Cock horse (to be ridden to Banbury Cross), with coal-black pony head on a polo mallet; $2.25. The Butterick dressmaking set, with a fourteen-inch mannequin, dressmaker's bust, yard goods, and a set of twelve patterns—for a bride, an Army nurse, a Wac, a Wave, and so on; $4.95. Grownup-looking overstuffed small furniture: lounge chair ($12.95), red leatherette upholstered rocker ($10.95), and the like.

Schoenfeld, 1254 Lexington Avenue (86th): This real, old-fashioned toyshop still has—are you listening?—metal Erector sets; $2.95 and $3.95. Also microscope kits, at from $2.95 to $7.95, and plenty of stocking and tree toys (old-time tricks, puzzles, horns, and whistles), at from ten to thirty-five cents. Nice big toy mailboxes, painted bright red; $2.75. The makings for felt hats or handbags, which a child can easily put together, and use, too, after she's made them; $1.75 a set.

F. A. O. Schwarz, 745 Fifth Avenue (58th): Costumes for youngsters who tire of humdrum, everyday shorts and pinafores: Little girls can pretend they're Waves or drum majorettes or Army nurses (for from $5.95 to $7.95); boys can be cowboys, air-raid wardens, fliers, or Canadian mounties (at the same prices). And, of course, this well-loved old shop has its customary wonderful assortment of such traditional things as dolls and soft toys for little girls and everything you can think of for rugged little boys.

Stern: The Rigby kit of model warplanes of the world, with parts for assembling thirty-two cardboard scale

models, among them the Flying Fortress, the Marauder, and the Lightning; $2.98. The Gilbert Chemistry Set, with wooden racks, a selection of harmless chemicals, and an instruction book telling how to make everything except, unfortunately, Scotch and rye; $10.98. Oak frame swing, for indoors, if you can believe it; $7.95. Wood alphabet blocks, fifty-six of them, for only $1. Wonderful set of nested blocks, printed with scenes from fairy tales and building up to a four-foot tower; $1.59.

Strauss Shops, 257 Fifth Avenue (29th): The traditional indoor games. Good old Diabolo, the spinning top, is ninety-eight cents, and still a round dollar's worth (at least) of fun. Fan Teen, a junior version of jai-alai; $1.19. Electric pyrography set (for A.C.) and a dozen wooden plaques with stencil designs all ready to be worked on; $3.98. A twenty-seven-inch baby doll who sleeps or cries, dressed in a pink, blue, or white lawn frock; $4.98. Very melodious twelve-note wood xylophones, with a book of songs and the usual hammers, for a boy or a girl; $4.98. Surprise: rare, natural-slate blackboards on easel stands, complete with chalk and erasers; $3.98 to $15.98. Mechanical trains with tracks—some that give off sparks ($7.98 for engine, tender, and three cars) and some that whistle ($10.98, with two switches, and pretty fancy).

Wanamaker: A wooden wagon for hard play and rugged work; $14.95, a lot of money but worth it. An all-wood sled which may be used even in light snow, unlike a sled with steel runners, and fine for dragging home a load of groceries; $4.95 and $5.95. Big, soft-bodied baby dolls with bright-yellow yarn curls, wide blue eyes, and big as a small child; $6.95, dressed in baby clothes. A large, colorful, cardboard toy for fifty cents: a cowboy and his bronco give a spirited exhibition when manipulated puppet-fashion. Ten little brightly painted wooden boats that are likely to be found in any convoy, such as destroyers, freighters, and so on; $1.25 for the set, fun in the water and out. A vast variety of long-pile white alpaca animals; $2.95.

Young Books, 714 Madison Avenue (64th): A play tent to be draped over a bridge table; the top looks like an airport, with control tower and landing field for toy planes; $2.15, and we can remember a time when we'd have given both eye teeth for something like it. Surprise snappers, seventeen-inch ones which snap loudly, then give out with seven stocking-type toys for either a boy or a girl; $1.65. Sculptor's kits, with armatures and colored clays; $3.25. Plycraft plane model-making sets, to make the solid-wood Army or Navy scale models; four planes in a box; $2.40, and no tools needed.

Perfumes and Other Vanities

WHATEVER the situation may be behind the scenes, the perfume counters give the appearance this season of being glittering and well stocked enough to satisfy everyone. We can again, therefore, direct bewildered men

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gift-buyers, and servicemen in particular, to the Christmas present that is unexcelled for flattering the shy, rewarding the beautiful, convincing the doubtful, and placating the angry.

Toilet waters and good colognes are still around, but, because alcohol is being diverted to other and more vital uses, you will find more and more cream colognes, which smell just as sweet and, though they make the skin a bit stickier when applied, they have the advantage of making it softer. It may startle you to find that some of the great French perfumes are still with us; not toilet waters, however. If you're lucky, you may pick up Guerlain's Shalimar and L'Heure Bleue, Patou's Moment Suprême and Joy, and Worth's Je Reviens. While you may not be able to find any of Chanel's perfumes, there *is* some of her soap in the shops, scented with Gardenia or No. 5.

There are several brand-new scents that deserve attention. Mary Dunhill's Escape is a dainty, feminine affair in which rose predominates. It comes in a charming lock-and-key package (Lord & Taylor). Some of the other débutantes are luscious blends which are sometimes called "sophisticated." Helena Rubinstein's White Flame, pungent but not overpowering, is one; Moneau's Discovery, a dry, decisive scent in a star-shaped bottle with a globe stopper, is another. Georg Jensen's Flora Danica (at his shop) is a wild-flower scent and magnificence itself. Gourielli's new one, Something Blue, has a haunting, spicy, Oriental touch that should please the most exacting of sirens.

In what follows, we have tried our best to pick enough things so that, even if your particular shop is out of the brand the person on your list likes best, you will find an alternate which will be received just as enthusiastically. Here we go:

Elizabeth Arden: Blue Grass is still a great favorite, and the newer, and lovely, Mille Fleurs already has a fervent following. Both scents come not only in

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perfumes but in every kind of bath luxury you can think of. Then there are Love Letter sachets, with sentimental remarks penned on the paper envelopes; $2.50 for five.

Bendel: Wonderful perfumes, all exclusive. Checkmate is a feminine, sophisticated blend, and the Jasmin has never been topped, we think. All sorts of cosmetic and bath combinations, made up to suit the customer, in various attractive packagings that are almost gifts themselves; $5.50 and way up.

Bourjois: A comparatively new perfume called Courage, with a spicy, carnation-like tang, and Mais Oui, a good, carefree, rollicking scent. Mais Oui perfume and Eau Parfumée, packed together, are $3.75; with lipstick, face powder, and powder rouge, they are $6.

Charbert: Breathless, a sultry but not too heavy scent introduced last year.

Charles of the Ritz: His Moss Rose products look and smell dainty. A green satin cornucopia contains bath powder, oil, and sachet; $5. Cologne and scented balm, in those very sweet white Victorian-looking bottles speckled with rosebuds, put up in a box shaped, for some reason or other, like a metronome; $5.

Mary Chess: Tapestry is an all-things-to-all-women perfume, in lovely bottles shaped like chessmen—the King, Queen, or Pawn. Wonderful single-flower scents—White Lilac, Gardenia, Carnation, and others; also Oriental blends, like Yram. You can get most of these in solid form, too, encased in small boxes in entrancing colors. Her sachets and bath oils are notable.

Ciro: New Horizons, that gay, suave scent, is a favorite; so are his old-timers, like the come-hither Danger.

Corday: Jet, a smoldering scent that is particularly good with furs, and the spicy Tzigane. The old standby here, Toujours Moi, is still on tap, too.

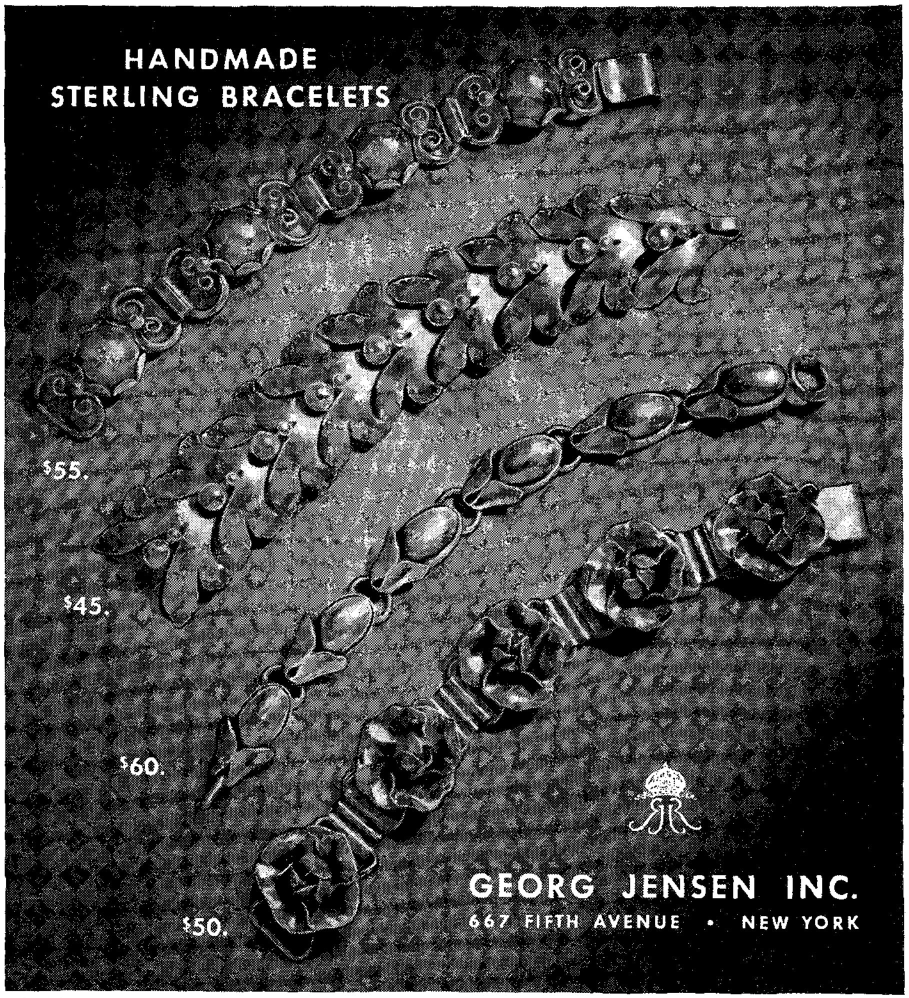
Coty: Familiarity breeds devotion to his scents; L'Aimant is our own pet. You can find gay packages of assorted small bottles of his perfumes to dangle from Christmas trees. A new trick for the bath is packed in a straw hat (non-floating), lined with blue satin—talc, toilet water, and perfume, in lily-of-the-valley scent; $6.50.

Lilly Daché: Her perfumes include Dashing, a pleasantly sharp blend in a French-poodle-shaped bottle, and Drifting, dreamy and floral, in a container shaped like a dressmaker's dummy. Also colognes in these scents.

Dana: That sultry, come-get-me Tabu is still exciting to excitable young things.

Maria Danica: Wild Oat is not what you think—it means what it says. It's sort of new-mown-hay when you sniff it. Comes in a toilet-water form called Liquid Sa-shay. (Jay-Thorpe, among others.)

De Markoff: Superb bath products. Floating bath mitts, filled with soap and water softener; $1, and enough for ten baths. Flowery colognes, like Virgin Flower and Spring Goddess, in charming wooden boxes. Also good: his toilet essence, with a pleasant, floral briskness. The same scent comes in bath oil, sachets, dusting powder, and soaps—ten good-sized cakes for $8.50; three, wrap-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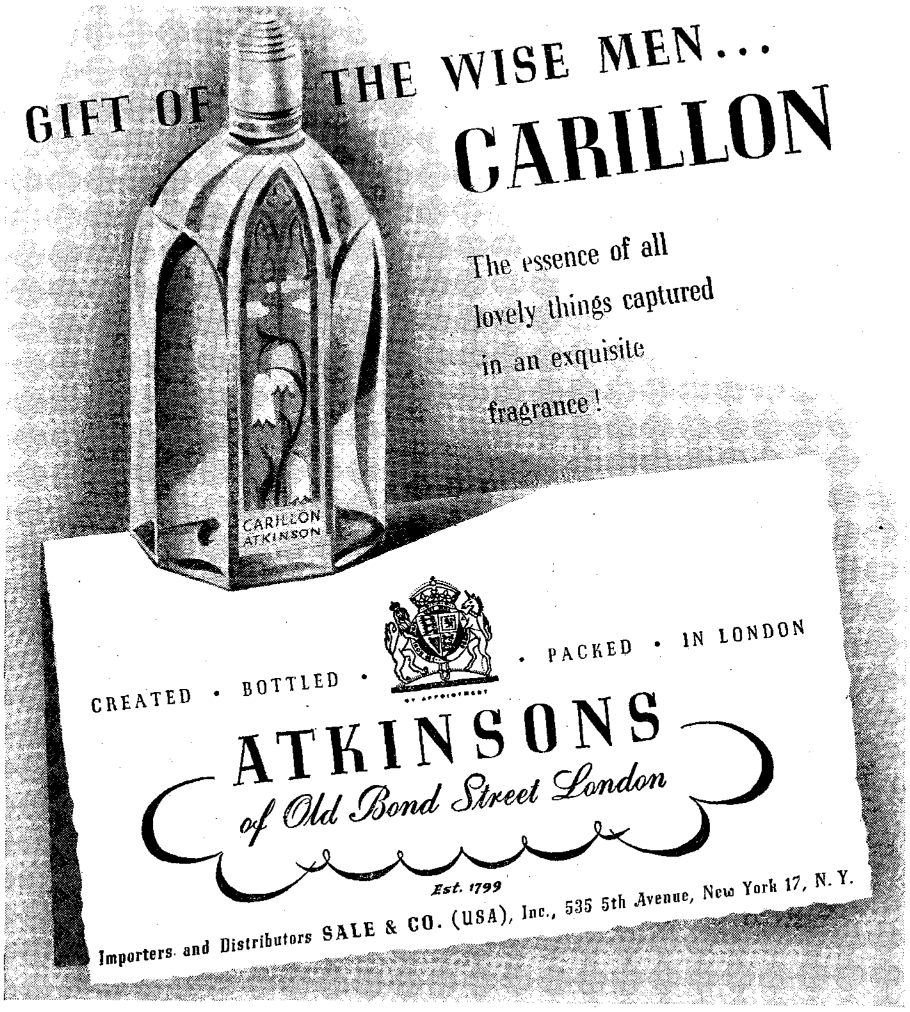
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ped in white satin, by golly, for $4.50.

Frances Denney: Her new notion is a Christmas wreath made of blue veiling studded with stars and containing three small bottles of perfume—Night Life, Whirlwind, and Wild Rose; $4.50. Her Night Life bath set has toilet water and a frilly pad of dusting powder; $4.50. Vast alphabet playing blocks contain all kinds of bath preparations and make-up; $10 a block.

D'Orsay: Intoxication is heady and gay and comes in boxes that capture its harlequinade spirit, or whatever.

Mary Dunhill: Besides her new Escape, there is her popular Gardenia and an exceptional White Hyacinth, true to the flower scent but not cloying. Any of these might be put in her Scentinel, a tiny sterling-silver disc perfume container, for the purse; $5.50, without perfume. (Lord & Taylor.)

Elene of Vienna: She offers a sturdy, honest pine scent, in crystals, body cologne, and bath oil, put up in a gold-paper package trimmed with tiny, real pine cones; the set is $3.50. Pine Air Freshener, to take the smoky or musty smell out of a room, comes with an atomizer top; $1.50.

Esme: Green Eyes is a nice, green, fruity sort of scent, neither sweet nor languid.

Faberge: Tigress is dangerous-woman stuff and Woodhue is carnationy. Cologne and perfume sets are $2.50.

Gourielli: He has an eau de cologne called Moonlight Mist, for women who like lily and jasmin with a touch of lilac. The new perfume we told you about at the start, Something Blue, is $12.50. Bath balls in pink muslin, to tie under the faucets and scent the water, are $3 for six. Dusting powder and Eau de Parfum, in a set; $5.

Dorothy Gray: Lady in the Dark is a light and floral perfume, but with a lingering fragrance. Her White Lilac is a pleasant cologne. Every imaginable type of bath product and bath set at $2 to $3; the mimosa scents are our own choice.

Ann Haviland: Perfumes like Perhaps (a particularly lovely, delicate floral blend in which rose predominates) and her single-flower toilet waters, bath oils, and dusting powders scented with lily-of-the-valley, gardenia, and the like. (Jay-Thorpe and Saks-Fifth Avenue.)

Houbigant: Chantilly, a very sweet and dainty perfume, is in a frivolous, lace-edged package. It's a natural for the wide-eyed. Sets of dusting powders, toilet waters, and so on, are from $3.25 to $10.

Jaquet: Fire Magic, a warm, feminine perfume of the type that is perfect with furs; in a handsome, hand-blown bottle.

Leigh: This old house pops up with some new perfumes. We like the light ones best—Dulcinea and Poetic Dream, which have sweetness and a certain charm; $3.50 an ounce.

Lelong: His Indiscret, one of the spicier perfumes around, is still a prime favorite and his Sirocco, with a lemon-verbena tang, is popular for its air of devil-may-care. Four bottles of various Lelong perfumes, packed in the form of a highly impressive castle; $3.75 and $5.50. Three colognes, in the same sort of package; $4.50.

Lentheric: We never knew a woman who didn't love Tweed, which is a far more luxurious scent than its name indicates. Confetti has a light-hearted, youthful appeal. Three perfumes, including these two and Miracle, boxed, for $6. Three cream colognes in the same three scents; $3.30. Loads of perfume and bath sets at from $2.45 to $10.75.

Lightfoot: Rose Jasmin floating soap is the most highly perfumed on earth, or so we're told—it allegedly pervades not only the bathroom but the bedroom beyond; $1 a cake.

Matchabelli: Stradivari, the romantic and dusky new perfume introduced last year, ranks with his perennial Duchess of York and Ave Maria. A bath set in his Abano scent: cologne, bath oil, and four cakes of soap, in a handsome brown-and-turquoise box; $6. Gypsy Patteran, a spicy cream cologne in a tambourine box is fun; $1.25.

Milkmaid: A towering white Christmas candle (burns for two hours, if you insist) with a bottle of cologne and sachet inside; $5. A milk-foam bath in a miniature glass milk can is $2.75. Sets—soap mitts, powder mitts, and the like—cost from $2. Colognes and such come in milk-glass jars sprigged with little pale blue flowers, very fresh and sweet.

Germaine Monteil: Laughter, spankingly ensconced in gold satin, is feminine and sophisticated. Her bath products are floral. Bouquet cologne and bath oil; $5.25 and $9.50. Bouquet cologne and dusting powder; $6. Laughter bath powder in a giant gold-satin box; $7.50.

Primrose House: The Forget-Me-Not bath sets are charming gifts. In various combinations, some of which include toilet water, hand lotion, soap, talc, bubble bath, perfume, and all; $1.50 to $6.

Helena Rubinstein: Her new White Flame comes in a purple moire case that has white flames bursting from pink hearts. Heaven-Sent is a fresh and dainty floral scent already used in her soaps and bath sets, which are $2.25 up. Now it also comes as a perfume, with little angels scattered over the bottle; $1 and $7.50.

Schiaparelli: Shocking and Sleeping are her famous scents, of course. A magnificent Shocking-pink satin sachet in the shape of a heart, with a small bottle of Shocking perfume; $5. What she calls Suit Yourself is miniature flasks of three perfumes reclining languidly in a satin-lined box; $7.50.

SHULTON: The Old Spice products, which did much to bring about a revival of spicy scents, come in boxes you'll want to keep, with gay designs printed on them. Inexpensive, too—toilet water and dusting powder in the Homestead box are $2. Friendship's Garden is a group of toiletries in containers you'll feel the same way about, and the pervading fragrance is dainty and floral. Fat hobnail-glass jars are filled with Friendship's Garden bath salts; $1.

SUZANNE: Secret has been a favorite for years. The bath essence starts at $2.50. Cologne and perfume sets are $10.

SUZY: Top-drawer floral perfumes, such as Ecarlate and Golden Laughter, in bottles shaped like a hat dummy, placed in a satin-lined box. Both blends make us wish the word "exquisite" hadn't been ruined long ago. Bath essence, $5; bath powder, $2.75. Powder, lipstick, Ecarlate perfume, and rouge set; $9.50.

TUVACHE: Her Jungle Gardenia has a tuberose scent. Arabia is a spicy, carnation type; Sumatra is heavy. Her stuff can be terrifically expensive (the Jasmin from Egypt is, we're alarmed to report, $100 an ounce, in a ponderous crystal bottle), but it's also enormously distinguished; she even makes her violet scent seem modern.

SALLY VICTOR: Lovely bath oils, toilet waters, bath powders, and soap, in a clean, invigorating, feminine odor. Put up in purplish-blue packages trimmed with a long-stemmed dark-red rose; women almost hate to open them. (At Sally Victor, Lord & Taylor, and Franklin Simon.)

WEIL: Zibeline is a rich, luscious perfume that suggests sables; Cobra is an exceptionally good one in the flaring-nostrils school; Cassandra is delicate and floral.

YARDLEY: For lavender, as if we needed to tell you. In every form, from Lavendomeal, for softening and perfuming bath water, to floating soap bowls, soaps, and every imaginable bath and shaving luxury. April Violets, not so well known, is equally fine, and so is the Bond Street floral blend.

IT is hardly news, as we have already said, that women love cosmetics, but it really is news that this year there are several wonderful, compact little kits (containing ample quantities of complexion and makeup essentials instead of simply a passel of tantalizing, sample-size bottles) that can be tossed intact into a suitcase or duffel bag. Coty's kit, at $3.95 (a price that dazes even the salesgirls), is a deep, oblong box covered with a composition that looks like snakeskin; it contains Coty's superb creams, makeup, a bit of perfume, and even a funnel for refilling bottles. DuBarry's kit, finished in a composition stuff that looks like herringbone tweed, is $5.50. Marie Earle's, for girls in the services, is of cotton gabardine and contains her marvellous cosmetics and makeup;

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$5.95. Elizabeth Arden's, a tailored affair in navy or tan leatherette, also suggests feminine warriors but would be wonderful for anybody; $7.50.

This year, too, there are some knockout handbags equipped with cosmetics. Coty's leather one ($10) has makeup essentials set in one side; additional cosmetics are in a rack which can be inserted when you expect to stay away from home overnight. Marie Earle's is a wonder—a vast, felt affair with a drawstring top; it's $11.50, filled. Milkmaid's handbag has cosmetics in the bottom; it's a square, solid affair of a tweedy fabric with a leather top; $25. Elizabeth Arden's prize contains only a lipstick but is one of the best-looking handbags around—a small, square hatbox of black- or navy-and-white checked fabric, with a plain calf top and an over-the-shoulder strap; $16.50.

As for overnight cases, DuBarry has turned out a honey at $18.50, with a fully stocked tray and a mirror that can stand up like an easel, and finished in a composition leather stuff in redwood color. Coty's $35 bag, of simulated rawhide with dark red leatherette bindings and lining, is substantial; the cosmetics are in a separate kit, with a handle, which can be put in the bag or carried separately. Elizabeth Arden has a make-believe crocodile bag with a big mirror, a removable tray that holds fifteen cosmetics, and space beneath for a nightgown, a thin robe, and slippers; $22.50.

A vast jar of cleansing cream is always welcome. Gourielli's creams and emulsions come in regal pharmaceutical jars with crests and such. Scandia's Crême Rose, which smells of strawberries, and Harriet Hubbard Ayer's Luxuria cream should be cherished by everybody. Schiaparelli's new Radiance beauty oils are marvellous for the lips, eyelids, skin, and body. They're scented with Shocking; $2 to $4.50. Others

DO NOT OPEN TILL XMAS

whose creams, lotions, and emulsions are worth-while include de Markoff, Monteil, Frances Denney, Milkmaid, Primrose House, Hattie Carnegie, and Tone. You will find Tone products at Bonwit Teller and Franklin Simon.

For young girls who need expert guidance in their first attempts at using makeup, and for older ones exposed to new and rugged climatic conditions, we give you Rose Laird's superb Young Skin kits at $1.50 and $3.50 and Cyclax's Special Lotion kit at $3.95. Both these establishments have treasures for hothouse women, too.

There are still metal compacts to be had, but they're fast becoming museum pieces, such are the times, and it may take a feverish search to turn up a nice one.

In the manicure department, Revlon, as usual, has lovely stocking-stuffers, such as nail polish and matching lipsticks at $1.25 or six tiny bottles of polish at $1.50—things like that. And good kits, at from $3.50 on up to the works at $10.75. Chen Yu offers everything, from a bottle of nail lacquer put up with a tiny bottle of polish base at seventy-five cents on up to a fitted handbag at $10. Peggy Sage's manicure sets, always notable, begin at $1 and ascend to a *grand-luxe* leather affair, containing steel implements, at $20. And don't forget Cutex, the old reliable, who comes through with manicure outfits at prices starting well below a dollar.

•

In the performance of his program he was supported at the piano by Josephine Harris and was assisted by Susan Paconda, soprano, who suffered two song clusters, with Mary Lou Yoder at the piano.—*Syracuse Post-Standard.*

Worst kind of pain, next to a kidney stone.

•

Q—What does the thread count printed on the label of bed sheets and pillow cases indicate?

A—The massacre of Ft. Mackinac in 1763 by Chief Pontiac of the Ottawas, who was still loyal to France after the British acquired Canada.—*Columbus (Ohio) Citizen.*

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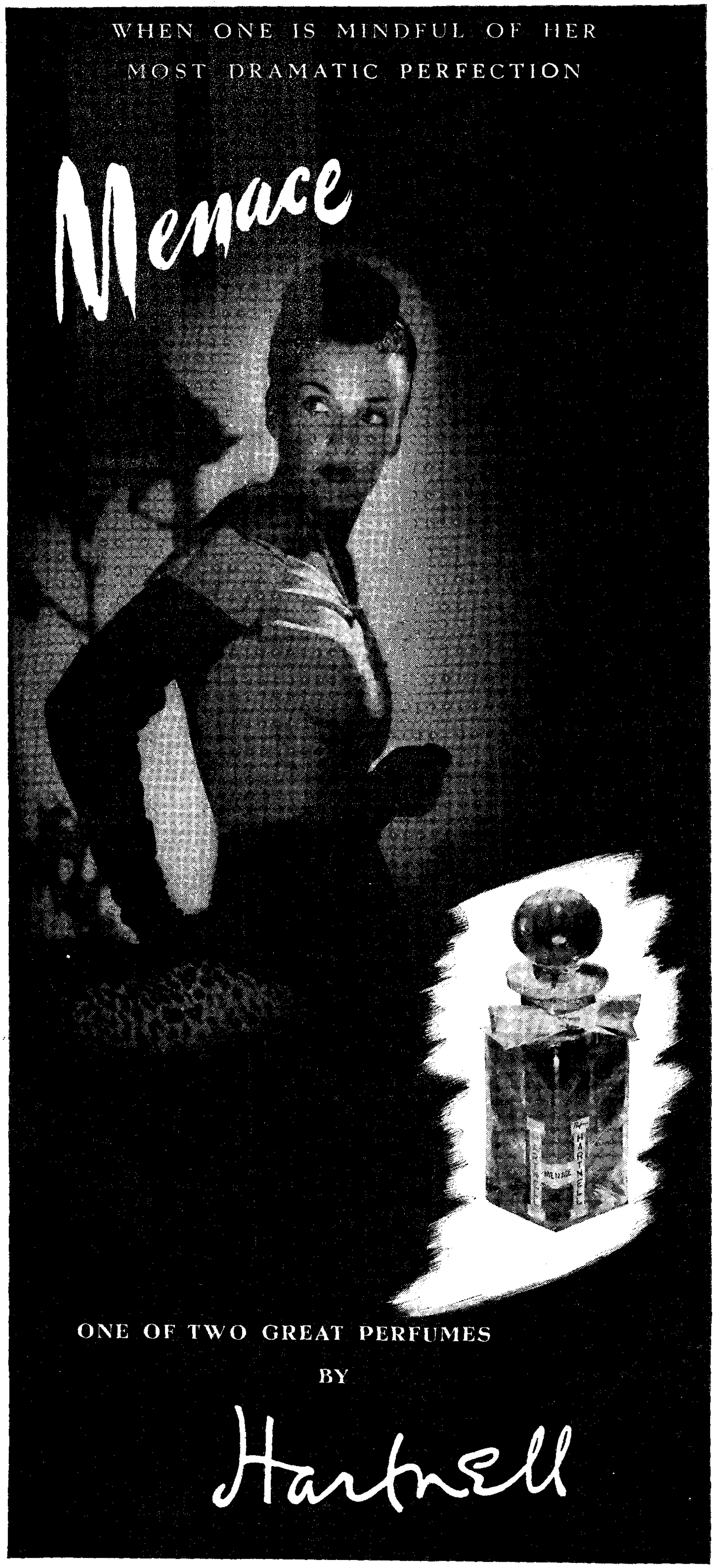

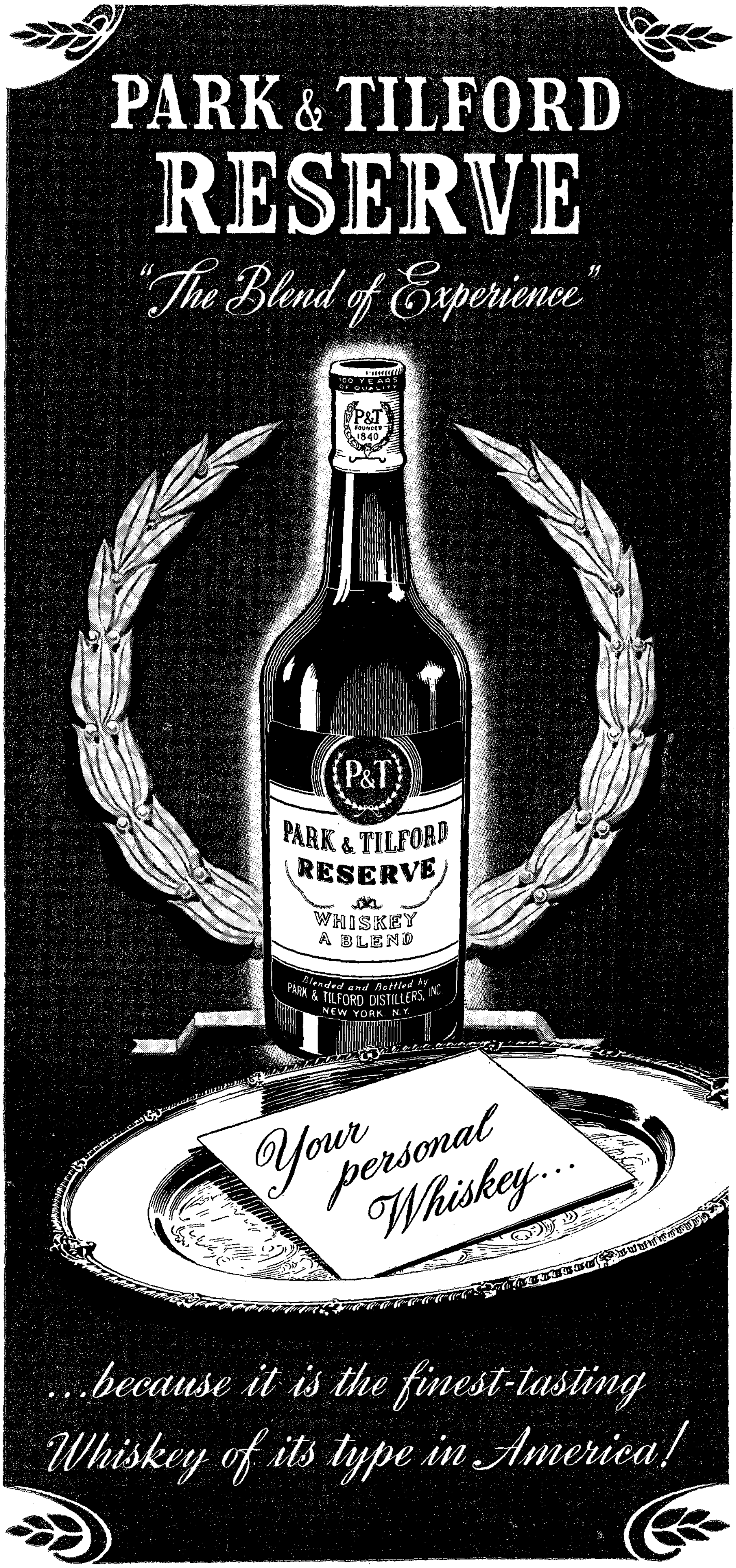
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MUSICAL EVENTS

A Week at the Opera

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THE Metropolitan Opera's Diamond Jubilee season got under way last week with ample glitter, more than the usual activity by flash-gun packin' papas, and "Boris Godunoff." Moussorgsky's opera was well sung and well played, but somehow it sounded like a conventional opera instead of one of the most individual works in the repertory of the musical theatre. They sing "Boris" in Italian at the Metropolitan—a neat trick if you can do it without losing the essential flavor of the original. Last year the trick was turned, and it probably will be this year too, now that the gala first night is over. The cast contained many members of the 1942–1943 production as well as one of the Metropolitan's latest additions—Thelma Altman, who sang, acted, and danced the rôle of Teodoro agreeably.

IN the past two or three decades, only a few conductors have led "Tristan und Isolde" hereabouts, so when a new man does take charge of it, the event is likely to be news. Sir Thomas Beecham directed it Wednesday evening and gave it an imaginative, romantic, and beautifully balanced treatment. The cast was a familiar one, except for Norman Cordon, who sang King Marke for the first time at the Metropolitan (a new Marke is an event, too) and added another fine impersonation to his long list of excellent performances. There were rumors that Helen Traubel was in doubtful voice, which presumably accounted for some cuts in the first act, but Miss Traubel was in superb voice and presented an Isolde that had acquired new dramatic force since she sang the rôle last season.

"Lucia di Lammermoor," on Thursday evening, was a real operatic singing party, the principal participants being Lily Pons, Jan Peerce, and Leonard Warren, all of whom supplied plenty of pleasing tones, including a stack of high ones for the bravo-hollerers in the house. As a production, "Lucia" has more pace than last year's presentation, but Edgardo's entrance just before the sextet, which ought to be the theatrical high spot of the piece, is still rather casually contrived. The groupings in this scene need reshuffling, so that he can break in abruptly on the wedding, as he's supposed to, instead of having to enter behind a group of fellows who amble in with the casual air of men who have come just to see what's wrong with the plumbing.

The most polished show of the week was Friday evening's "Der Rosenkavalier," which looked and sounded as if the conductor, George Szell, and the stage director, Lothar Wallerstein, had prepared the piece for a regular run. The contributions by Irene Jessner, Risë Stevens, Emanuel List, and the rest of the extensive cast were quality material, but the teamwork between the stage and the orchestra was what made the presentation something special. Put "Der Rosenkavalier" on your list of Things to See.

BRUNO WALTER, who had been ill for a spell, returned to service Saturday afternoon and conducted "La Forza del Destino," which he turned into such a stirring affair last year. He did it all over again on Saturday. The big moment was his direction of the overture, which was played after the prologue. As was the case with "Boris," most of the singers were veterans of last season's performances, but there was one débutant in the group—Frederick Lechner, who appeared as the Marquis of Calatrava. The Marquis hasn't much to do except sing one short scene and get shot by accident, yet Mr. Lechner managed to make the character plausible, and he sang well, too.

To wind up the week, there was a Saturday-night "La Bohème" at popular prices—an effective and enthusiastic performance under the shrewd guidance of Cesare Sodero. —ROBERT A. SIMON

•

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Money is like a sixth sense without which you cannot make a complete use of the other five.—*Somerset Maugham in "Of Human Bondage."*

I had found out that money was like a sixth sense without which you could not make the most of the other five.—*Somerset Maugham in "The Summing Up."*

Swift's English flows like the water in a canal shaded by neat poplars, but Dryden's like a great river under the open sky. —*Somerset Maugham in the general introduction to "Traveller's Library."*

If Swift reminds you of a French canal, Dryden recalls an English river winding its cheerful way round hills . . .—*Somerset Maugham in "The Summing Up."*

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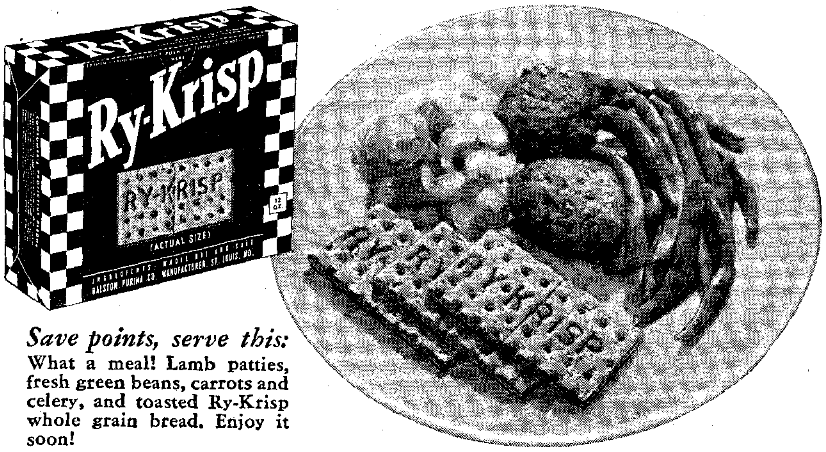

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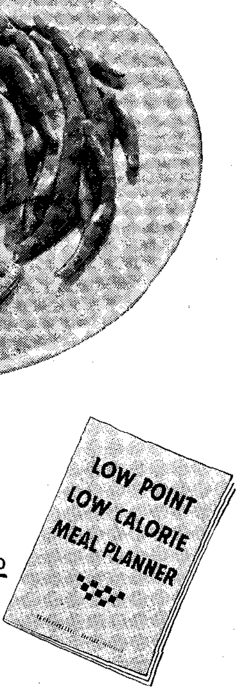

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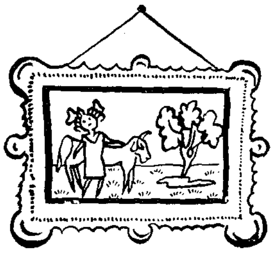
THE ART GALLERIES

Art Through the Ages—Anniversaries

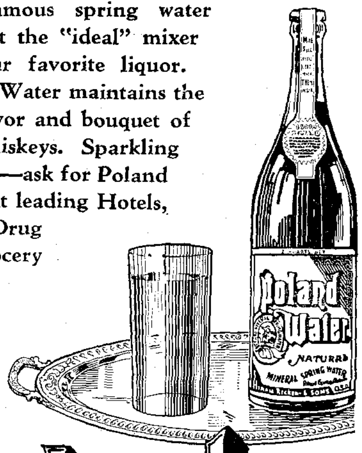
THE Knoedler Galleries are exhibiting, for the benefit of the Citizens Committee for the Army and Navy, a considerable slice of what once was the still more considerable J. P. Morgan collection of paintings, and as I wandered through it the other day I found myself thinking less of the pictures themselves than of the changes that have come over the whole business, or avocation, of collecting paintings in the last few decades. What you'll see at Knoedler is far from the cream of the Morgan holdings. As you probably know, the collection has been in process of dispersal, through sales and gifts, for the past eight or ten years. But there's enough on view to point up a fundamental difference between the attitudes of modern and earlier collectors. I doubt if we shall ever see again, in private hands, such aggregations as the Morgan, the Frick, the Mellon, and the Widener.



What was characteristic of them all was their discursiveness. When a modern collector—a Doctor Barnes, a Mrs. Callery, a Duncan Phillips—sets out to buy art, it is nearly always done with a marked predilection for one school or style of painting, and the result is to give a unity, an almost personal feeling, to the collection that ultimately develops. The rich man of a generation or more ago set out with no such simple aim in view. What he wanted, above all, was a "well-rounded" collection. He wanted it to embrace every school (always, of course, excepting whatever happened to be the controversial and unappraisable "modern" of his day), so if he started with Renaissance painting, he switched swiftly to Flemish and Dutch and then to the Spanish, and finally went scurrying off after primitives to give "background" to the assortment. What he wanted—though God knows why, unless it was for reasons of prestige and an uneasy pretension to general culture—was a small, private museum, and the trouble usually was that somewhere along the way the man's own personality got left out. He got his small, private museum, but in the end—or until, like the Frick Collection, it was thrown open to the gregarious and multiple-minded public—it turned out to be as cold and empty of human feeling as any museum might be on an off day with only one occupant wandering about.

I seem to have strayed rather far from the Morgan collection—so far, indeed, that I wonder if it is any use trying to get back. I have no way of knowing how deep Mr. Morgan's interest in painting really was. Love of art, however, is something that in large part one learns, and since he spent a good deal of his money and, what was still more important in his case, his time on the collection, it is to be assumed that in one way or another his interest was considerable. One can only guess, too, how large a part the forty-one pieces in this show played in his affections. Frankly, many of them are rather poor examples of the artists concerned. All I know is that, good or bad, he couldn't possibly *have* liked them *all*. If he liked the superb, almost arrogant assurance of Goya's "El Duque de Osuna," perhaps the best picture in the show, he could hardly have liked the elaborate decadence of Vanloo's "Madame de Pompadour." If he liked Turner's "Italy: Bridge in Middle Distance" and the Rembrandt "Nicolaes Ruts," both uninspired but still bearing the mark of their authors' greatness, he could scarcely have had anything but impatience with Reynolds' mawkish "Cupid as a Link Boy" or such froufrou as Lancret's "Nicaise." And what point is there in buying paintings after all, unless one buys paintings that one likes?

THE Educational Alliance, which is celebrating its fiftieth anniversary, occupies an elderly, five-story brick building at the corner of East Broadway and Jefferson Street, on the lower East Side. It is a kind of neighborhood settlement house, supported by a federation of Jewish charities, and quite possibly very few uptown people have ever heard of it. Almost from its beginning, however, it has offered free art instruction under very competent teachers, and for the past twenty-five years it has been the centre of an artistic renaissance that in its small way is as inexplicable as the one the French saw in the eighteen-sixties or the Italians in the cinquecento. Far more painters and sculptors of note have come out of the Educational Alliance than the size of the school or of the area



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it serves would seem to justify. Peter Blume, Chaim Gross, Jo Davidson, Philip Evergood, Jacob Epstein, Louis Lozowick, Moses Soyer, Louis Ribak, Dina Melicov, Concetta Scaravaglione—these are only a few of the school's alumni, and they and a dozen or so more have contributed pieces to a little exhibition, at the Alliance itself, in celebration of the anniversary. The show is a trifle difficult to get to, to begin with, and the arrangement of the thing is fairly casual. However, if you happen to be in the neighborhood, it would be worth your while to drop in on, if only to see how much can come out of so little.

Through this Saturday, there is a more important anniversary exhibition on at Durand-Ruel, who are celebrating their hundred-and-fortieth year as art dealers. Old as the firm is, it was its sponsorship of the Impressionist painters, seventy or eighty years ago, which made its reputation, and the show is quite properly centred on the men of that school. It's a deceptively unpretentious-looking affair, at least at first glance, but if you look around the walls again you see that practically every painting represents something close to each artist's top production. Of all that long series of studies of laundresses working that Degas did, for example, it would be hard to find a better one than his "La Repasseuse," and Monet's "La Neige, Argenteuil," Renoir's "Jeune Fille Endormie," and Pissarro's lovely "L'Oise, Environs de Pontoise" are all similarly distinguished.

—ROBERT M. COATES

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If the reader wants to have a pretty good idea of what smoke stains on a wall look like, pick up an ordinary broom, pretend that it is a torch, that the end of the broom is flaming and smoking, then walk through a narrow corridor, and try to open a door with the right hand, holding the broom with the left hand.

Then having opened the door, try easing your way into the room, holding the broom relatively at a level, letting it rest against the wall, while opening the door with the right hand.—*The Journal-American.*

We'll just shut our eyes and *imagine* those stains.

•

MARRIAGE LICENSES

Dorsey Fitch, 40, laborer, 246 Pike Street, and Willa Mae Duncan, 29, 1515 Greenwood Avenue.

Dorsey Fitch, 40, laborer, 246 Pike Street, and Viola Underwood, 21, 1115 Broadway.—*Cincinnati Times-Star.*

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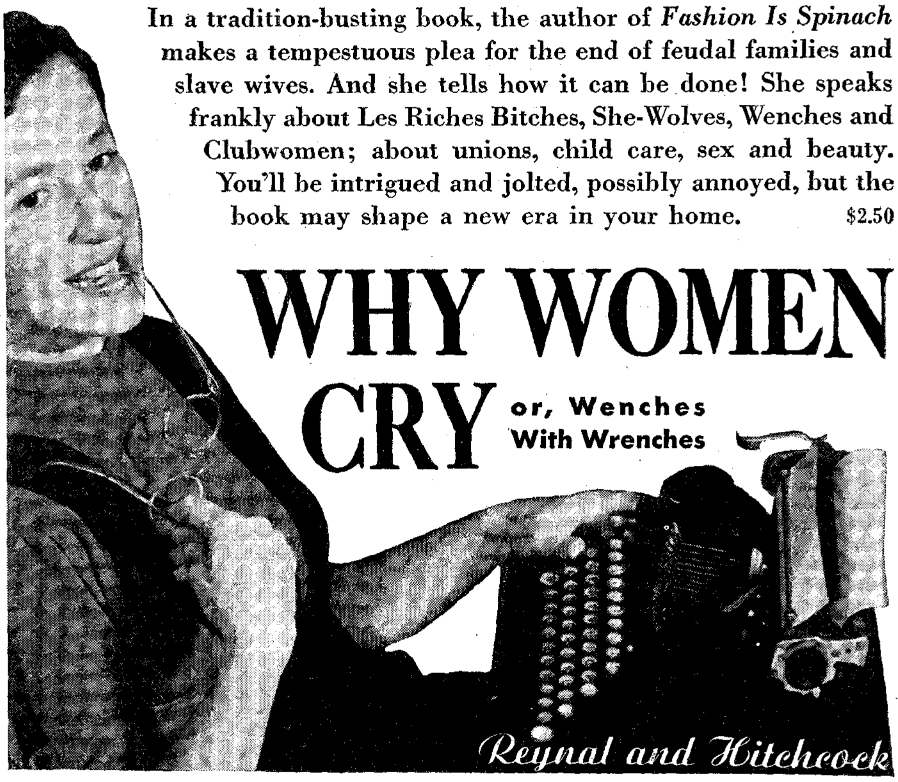

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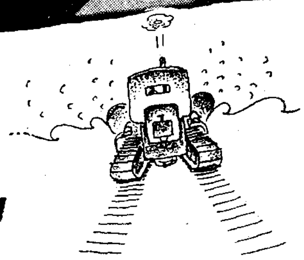

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JUST AN ORDINARY HOUSEHOLD

Rosalou Pickering took the elevator to the eighteenth floor, like the starter down in the lobby had told her to do, and when she got off she saw the number that Mrs. Wilson had said would be Mr. Wilson's office, number 1809, on a door right in front of her. His name was on it too, "Richard M. Wilson," with below that some other lettering, but Rosalou didn't bother her head about that. It was the number that she had fixed in her mind, and she stood looking at it while the elevator door slammed behind her and the elevator started away. Then she smiled to herself. She was a tall, strongly built, cheerful-looking Negress, about thirty years old, and she had on a green dress, a cheap fur jacket, and a brown felt hat. She was carrying a brown imitation-leather suitcase. "Number eighteen-o-nine," she said softly. "Guess I didn't make no mistakes this time."

It was past six o'clock, and the long, gray-floored corridor that stretched away on either side of her was empty and silent. She pulled her jacket down a little with her free hand, then went over to the door and knocked. No sound came from inside the office, though she could see through the ground-glass panel that some lights were on. But a good servant always knocks twice before entering, and after a moment she knocked again. Sure enough, this time she heard a man's voice call, "Come in."

The door opened on an outer office with two or three desks in it. This room was dark. Beyond was another room, and this was lighted. Through the half-opened door she could see a corner of a flat-topped desk and behind that a window; tobacco smoke lay in level layers on the air. But no sound came from the room and no movement, and the combination of the darkness in which she stood and the silence beyond made Rosalou apprehensive. "Mr. Wilson," she called uncertainly. "Is you there?"

"Ain't nobuddy else but," the voice said, only this time it sounded very hollow-mouthed and buttery, like a white man pretending he was colored. "Who dah?"

Rosalou hesitated only a moment. "It's me, Rosalou," she said. "Rosalou Pickering." Then, because there was a pause in the inside room and the pause felt—the way a person can feel things in the darkness—embarrassed, she walked quickly to the door. She saw a pair of feet on the desk and a head of long, tangled black hair behind them; then the feet slapped down on the floor and a face, narrow, thin-nosed, heavy-browed, slightly childish in expression, came into view. "Mr. Wilson?" she said, and the man nodded. He was saying something to himself. "Oh, God. Oh, God, yes. Oh, sure," he kept mumbling. There was a whiskey bottle on the window ledge at his right, and he had a damp-looking paper cup in his hand. He looked like the kind that wouldn't be hard to work for, except that he'd probably want a lot of things done for him and be pettish about it if they weren't done just right. "I'm the girl that Miss' Wilson hired to go out to the country," Rosalou said. She was still standing in the doorway, holding her suitcase. "Miss' Wilson said I was to meet you here, Mr. Wilson," she went on, "but I hope I ain't kept you waiting. I'm late."

"That's all right," Mr. Wilson said.

"I'd have been here in plenty time too, only for that subway," Rosalou said. "I ain't used to that East Side subway. It's the West Side I usually takes, and when I got to that Grand Central station I must have got just completely turned around." She gave a little giggle. "Miss' Wilson, she said there was a door from the subway right into this building, if I could find it. But when I come out, I come out way off there somewheres." She waved vaguely with her free hand, and Mr. Wilson followed the motion with his head and his eyes, like a man watching the course of a fly. Rosalou began to realize that he was pretty drunk. "But I hope I ain't kept you waiting," she repeated.

"Oh, Lord, no," he said. "I always sit here after hours. I like it. It's the time when my ripest and richest thoughts come to me." He looked at her solemnly for a moment, then glanced away. "I have many friends," he said suddenly. "And a number of them belong to the class that is known as practical jokers. They call me up on the phone and they put on strange accents, or they pop in here at the office, and I have to be ready with a comeback." He paused. "What I mean is," he went on, "for instance, only a couple of nights ago a friend stuck his head in the door of the office out there and pretended he was a Swedish sailor selling smuggled cigars. 'Ay ban Svenska seaman,' he said. 'Yuban coffee,' I said. So the drinks were on him, and he was the first to admit it. But that's my life. Only sometimes the real thing comes along, and there I am talking fake Russian, say, and for once it's a *real* Russian I'm up against. Do you get what I mean?"

He stopped and looked at her again. Rosalou knew well enough what he was getting at. He was trying to explain why he'd started talking like colored people when she came in. But she had a kind of stubborn feeling that if he wanted to apologize why didn't he go ahead and do it, straight out; if he didn't, there was no call for her to say anything. So she just grinned a little and kept quiet. He shrugged his shoulders. "Anyway, no harm was intended," he said. Without turning his head to look, he reached an arm out sideways and seized the whiskey bottle accurately. "I'll have one more drink," he said. Rosalou watched while he poured a good-sized slug in the cup and took a drink from it.

"We driving out, Mr. Wilson?" she asked a little nervously.

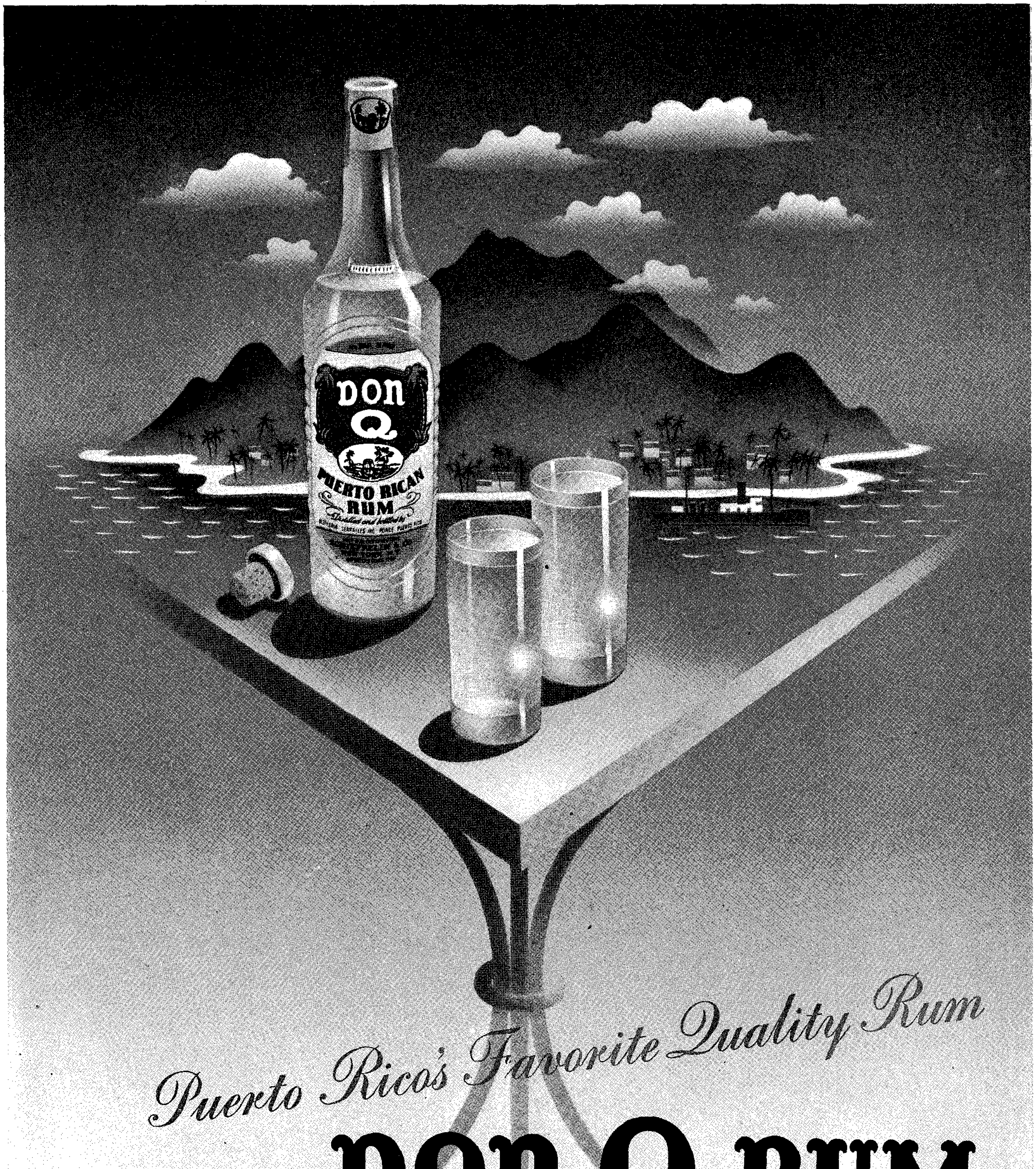
He glanced at her over the rim of the cup. "You sound like my wife," he said. "Yes, we're driving out. Perfectly legal, too. I get business calls all over Westchester." He took another drink and nodded at the cup. "But don't let this worry you. I can drive all right. Why don't you put that suitcase down, anyway?" he demanded, and he said it so abruptly that it made Rosalou jump. She set the suitcase down with a bang. "And relax," Mr. Wilson went on. "Sit down, maybe. There's a chair over there."

"Thanks, Mr. Wilson. I'd just as soon stand if we're leaving so soon."

"Oh? Well. Quiet pressure, eh? Stand and wait," Mr. Wilson said. He was getting so he was talking faster, and at first Rosalou couldn't tell for sure whether he was talking to her or to himself. "Listen, what was the name? Rosalou? Listen, Rosalou, I hope you're not going to turn out to be the motherly type, taking care of me and trying to make me do things for my own good, and so on. Because it won't work. My wife tried that line too and even she had to give it up. I don't know what her line is right now, but it isn't that. A fine woman, my wife, don't you think so, Rosalou?"

"Oh, yes, sir, Mr. Wilson. I think Miss' Wilson and me, we ought to get along fine."

Mr. Wilson glanced up at her. "You do, eh?" he said, but sort of absently. Then he went on muttering to himself. "Oh, indubitably," she heard him



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saying. "Butter wouldn't melt in her mouth. As the saying goes." He had been fussing among the papers on his desk, and now he stuffed a few of them into a leather briefcase and got up. Rosalou noticed that he lurched a little as he came around the desk. "You go first, Rosalou," he told her. "I can find my way out in the dark." He waited while she made her way through the outer office, then he switched off the lights and followed her. In the corridor outside, he walked over and punched the elevator button. "Oh, my, yes," he said, but still in that strange, absent-minded sort of voice. He glanced at Rosalou suddenly and gave her a smile that was all teeth and no fun. "Did she tell you where we live? My wife, I mean, that fine woman?"

"Yes, sir, she said something. Like Briar. Briar something."

"That's right. Briarcliff. Ever been there, Rosalou?"

"No, sir, I can't say that I have."

"It's a lovely spot, Rosalou." The elevator was slow in coming, so Mr. Wilson put his thumb on the button and leaned against it. "Lovely spot, full of little houses, each with its plot of ground around it, and its festering little living room, and its upstairs bedroom. There must be five thousand happy couples in Briarcliff, Rosalou, all sitting in their festering little living rooms, or maybe in somebody else's, playing bridge. Ours is just like the others. Just an ordinary household, with a cute little breakfast nook for our morning quarrels and a candle-lit dining room for the evening set-to. You'll just love it." There was a hum in the elevator shaft; it rose toward them and stopped. "People rush to get home to Briarclif[illegible]alou," Mr. Wilson said as the door opened. "Look at me, for example. Hello, Eddie," he said to the elevator boy as he stepped into the car.

"Hello, Mr. Wilson," said the boy.

"How's things, Eddie?"

"Things are fine, Mr. Wilson." The boy watched Rosalou as she got into the elevator, then he closed the door and slid the gate shut.

"Well, I'm heading home, Eddie," said Mr. Wilson. "Heading home. Next stop Briarcliff."

The boy glanced at Rosalou and winked. "That's right, Mr. Wilson," he said. "That's right." Then he shifted the control lever and the car began its drop. Going down in an elevator always gave Rosalou a queer, sinking feeling. This time, perhaps because she was nervous, the feeling was worse than ever.

—ROBERT M. COATES

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BOOKS

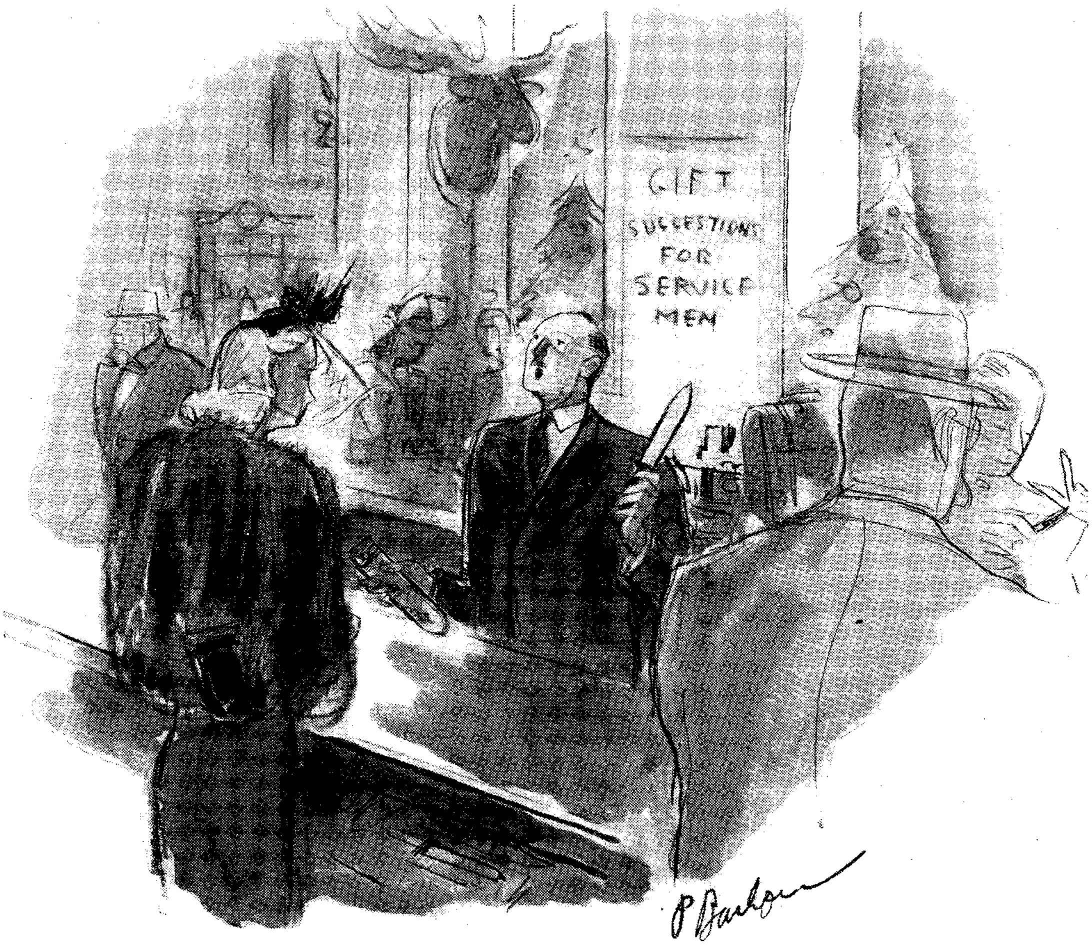
Childrens' Books for Christmas

THE inclusion of a number of "war books" is the most obvious innovation in this year's listing, and perhaps it deserves a word of explanation. While frankly admitting that this is a concession to the prevailing adolescent preoccupation with the machines of battle, we want it understood that we have tried to avoid the purely inspirational or opportunist books in this field. The publishers are offering, for instance, enough handy young people's guides to the various branches of the services (especially the Marines), complete with directions for enlisting and pay scales for officers and men, to make one suspect the imminence of a recruiting drive among the ten-year-olds. We have included the type of book that tells about a submarine lieutenant's undersea command or a Coast Guard rating's lifeboat and patrol duty, although we have, as usual, ignored its more peaceful equivalent—the time-honored boys' book about the captain of the college track team or the rookie who makes the big leagues. Such justification as there may be for this discrimination lies, we think, in the quantity of unadulterated, specific, and accurate information contained in the war books. One salutary effect of total war has been to reduce to a minimum the horde of clean-living-and-playing-the-game heroes who ordinarily people the pages of books about prep school and college. The emphasis in boys' books has shifted from stock characters and dubious plot to a very definite background—a specific kind of fighting ship, field service, or patrol duty. The plot may still be a trifle thick and the writing undistinguished, but the background is almost always authentic and detailed—often, for good measure, checked by authorities at the appropriate service headquarters. The sub may sink rather more Jap ships in a single run than seems probable and its commander may appear slightly too upright to be true, but it's a real submarine, all right, presented by an author who has taken pains to find out the names and functions of all its mechanisms.

We hold that young people who are reading "Henry Esmond" and "Sartor Resartus" in high school should not be offered the meagre fare that the usual teen-age book provides. You will have to bear with us, specifically, in a rockbound prejudice against books designed exclusively for older girls. The "Sally Bennett: Nurse" and "Peggy Fulton: Careerist" kind of thing is turned out annually, its standard formula varying only with the occupational background of the heroine. Young ladies who dream of becoming Florence Nightingales, fashion artists, or dress designers may well consider a book on their special interest an inspired gift. You will have no trouble finding one to suit any career a girl ever got into (and out of) her head.

One more word in defense of what is probably the most inadequate of the classifications which follow this preamble. We haven't made the slightest attempt to list—under the section somewhat evasively headed "Learning Things"—the mass of technical books on subjects ranging from mineralogy to radio communication which continue to pour from the presses. Older children should, we believe, be allowed to select these books for themselves, according to their own particular interests. Considerably rarer is the explanatory book designed for the younger child who hasn't a preoccupation with any one subject—the simply written affair that presupposes only a small child's general curiosity about processes and principles. A few of this kind have turned up this year, and we have listed those we can recommend under the heading in question.

In each of the ensuing categories, which are meant to be elastic, the listing starts with books for younger children and works up, with age tags (always risky and liable to be misleading)

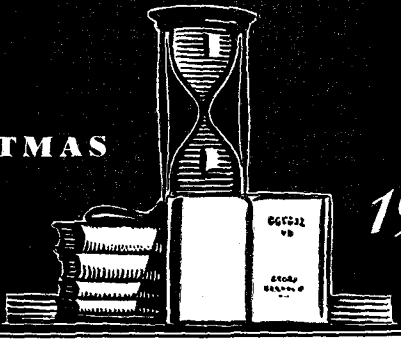


". . . or perhaps he's tied down to a desk job somewhere?"

THE BEAUTIFUL, *beautiful* BOOKS OF

The Heritage Press

CHRISTMAS



1943

A wonderful new edition of

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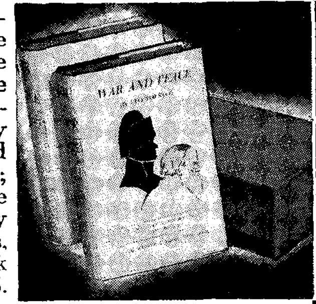
illustrated by Verestchagin

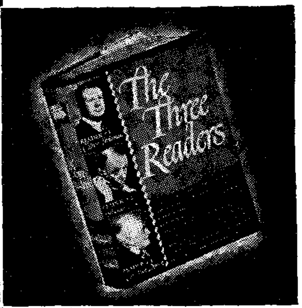
This is by far the most handsome and the most readable edition to be found in the shops. The *revised* Maude translation is used. The famous Russian paintings by Verestchagin are reproduced in color for the first time; and there are many line drawings in addition, by Fritz Eichenberg. 1760 pages, divided into two handy thick volumes and boxed: only $5.



A charming new anthology:

THE THREE READERS

by Fadiman, Lewis, Van Doren



Clifton Fadiman, Sinclair Lewis and Carl Van Doren put together this big book of their favorite reading. There are more than 200,000 words; short novels, stories, essays, poems, by thirty great writers. All this is accompanied by a brilliant commentary. Published by arrangement with The Readers Club, this book makes a safe gift; with something for every taste. $3.

And a few other

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You may find that your bookseller still has a few of the eighty beautiful Heritage books which have thus far been produced. From these you will be able to select a gift to suit the taste of any friends, relatives or enemies. Here are a few of the newer titles:

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EDITED BY GEORGE MACY

MOBY DICK
ILLUSTRATED BY BOARDMAN ROBINSON

ANDERSEN'S FAIRY TALES
TRANSLATED BY JEAN HERSHOLT

THE POEMS OF LONGFELLOW
EDITED BY LOUIS UNTERMEYER

A SAILOR'S CHRISTMAS READER
EDITED BY GEORGE MACY

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EDITED BY LOUIS UNTERMEYER

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ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN ROCKWELL

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ALICE IN WONDERLAND
ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN TENNIEL

THROUGH THE LOOKING-GLASS
ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN TENNIEL

FATHERS AND SONS
ILLUSTRATED BY FRITZ EICHENBERG

¶ *Your bookseller must be pretty low on stock by this time. If he doesn't have some of the books listed, please ask him to order them for you. If we are out-of-stock, we'll wire him to that effect immediately.*

THE HERITAGE PRESS, 595 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 22

A Christmas List
OF OUTSTANDING HITS

Such Interesting People

By ROBERT J. CASEY

Here are all the anecdotes, stories, legends and tall tales about those interesting people, the colleagues of Casey's long "journalistic career." All the wacky varieties of the interesting genus Screwball with whom Casey has rubbed typewriters are here. $3.00

Maggie No Doubt

By MAGGIE-OWEN WADELTON

Maggie-Owen is back again—more amusing and even more charming and delightful than she was in her first widely loved, THE BOOK OF MAGGIE OWEN. "Nobody writes just like Maggie-Owen."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune. 3rd Printing.* $2.75

And So to Bedlam

By MARGUERITE LYON

"A delightfully screwy picture of the advertising business . . . it sums up the wildest American industry as seen by one of America's best copy writers. This book is to advertising as FRONT PAGE was to newsdom. This is the McCoy."—*N. Y. Post.* Illustrated. $2.50

Rogues' Company

By HARRY HARRISON KROLL

A novel of John Murrell, notorious horsethief, road-agent and rake-hell of the Natchez Trace. In one of the most spectacular careers in American history Harry Harrison Kroll has found a theme worthy of his talents. *3rd Printing.* $2.75

BOBBS-MERRILL

dropped in here and there for guidance. To begin:

PICTURE-AND-STORY BOOKS

A CHILD'S GOOD NIGHT BOOK, by Margaret Wise Brown, illustrations by Jean Charlot. A simple little bedtime book that ought to put the most wide-awake baby to sleep, which is the idea. The fine pictures of drowsy, wild things are done in tones that are muted but not wishy-washy, and the text has just the right, slow rhythm.

THE MIGHTY HUNTER, by Berta and Elmer Hader. Large water-color pictures and a nice, simply told story of a small Indian boy who goes hunting and learns that animals don't think it's much fun to get killed. All the ingredients of a nursery standby.

DON'T COUNT YOUR CHICKS, by Ingri and Edgar Parin d'Aulaire. A picture book, for the very young, that is an elaboration of the old story of the woman who counted her chickens before they were hatched. There are very fine lithographs of farm life and farm animals, in color and black-and-white.

THE NEW PET, by Marjorie Flack. We suspect that Miss Flack's large and loving following will feel rather let down by the ending of her latest picture book. A little brother and sister want a pet and their mother fobs off on them a baby brother in place of a kitten or a puppy. The pretty pictures, though, show them liking it.

SCUFFLES, by Ruth and Latrobe Carroll, pictures by Ruth Carroll. This engagingly told story of an engaging puppy is bound to be loved by the four-to-five age. Scuffles' frustrated attempts to learn a trade at a dogs' business school, where he tries successively to master shepherding, circus tricks, and racing, and his brilliant achievement in being just a pet dog are recounted with a gentle, effortless humor that should be very satisfying to small children. The pictures of dogs of all breeds are entirely irresistible.

THE HAPPY HIPPOPOTAMUS, by Anne Heyneman and Hugh Kappel. It seems that the thing none of us have known about hippopotamuses all this time is that they never push down even the flimsiest fences. In Africa, to keep the hippos away, farmers put up small fences and the animals never try to break through. This is a story about a smart little hippopotamus who got a large number of his friends and relatives out of an unpleasant situation by recognizing that a fence is only as strong as the weakest hippo. A pleasant picture book with cheerful illustrations.

THE GOOD LUCK HORSE, by Madame Chih-Yi, illustrated by Plato Chan. It is easy to understand why this story of a runaway paper horse has been a favorite with Chinese children for generations. The translation will appeal to very young Americans, too, who will like the helpful horse who comes to life and his polite little owner. The pictures, by a twelve-year-old boy, are remarkable.

DERRY THE WOLFHOUND, by Margaret S. Johnson and Helen Lossing Johnson. The misadventures of a wolfhound puppy who grows so big and fierce-looking that nobody will believe he has a heart of gold and only wants to be loved. If a five- or six-year-old is tough enough to stick with this animal through a series of misfortunes without feeling too bad, there is a happy and rewarding ending. Beautifully illustrated and printed in very large type for beginners.

MANY MOONS, by James Thurber, illustrated by Louis Slobodkin. A fine fantasy, impossible to summarize, clearly demonstrating that children are smarter than anybody else. When a little girl like Princess Lenore becomes set on having the moon, she knows exactly what it is she expects to get and is entirely free of the misconceptions about its size and consistency which hamper the Royal Chamberlain, Wizard, and Mathematician. She gets it, too. Grownups themselves will find the book hilariously funny, but it is by no means too sophisticated for children. The lovely, squiggly illustrations in color are exactly right.

OSWALD'S PET DRAGON, by Carl Glick, illustrated by Kurt Wiese. The dragon that a Greenwich Village gentleman, whose hobby is magic, conjures out of a laundry bag is fairly small, as dragons go, but the man's wife thinks that as dragons go, so should this one, and at once. She is rather unpleasant about it, in spite of the dragon's efforts to please, until her husband solves things by conjuring the beast into a handsome Chinese tapestry for the living room. The story is a little tricky for children, but the idea will please many of them, and the pictures do a lot to help.

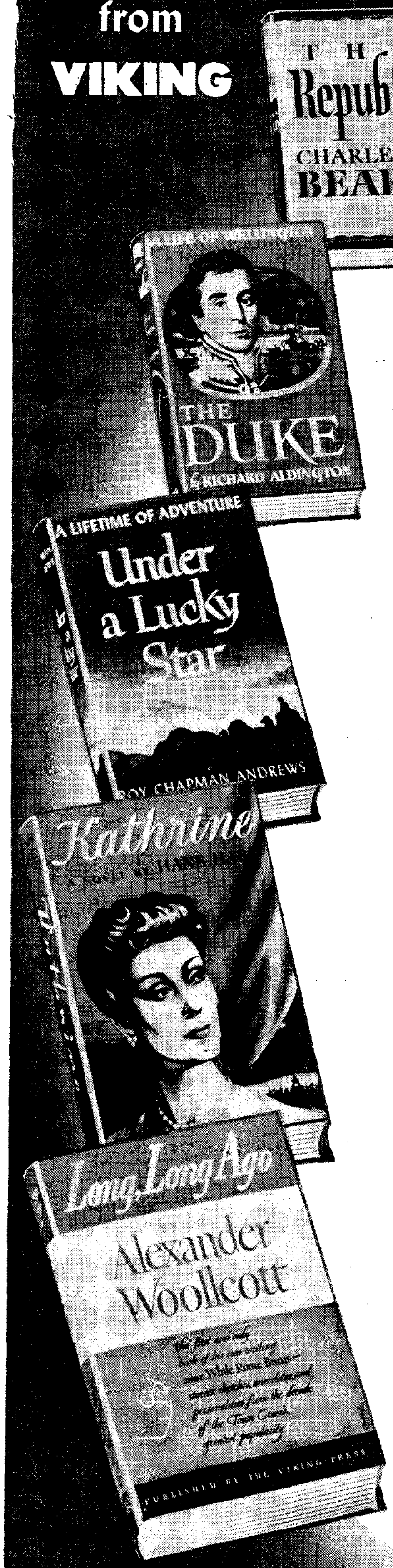
CINDERELLA, by Alice Duer Miller, drawings by Constantin Alajálov. Mr. Alajálov has done such enchanting illustrations for the old fairy story that the volume makes a delightful picture book. The author's verses are rather less satisfactory. Cinderella, her unfortunate home life, and her princely suitor are portrayed in beautiful and elaborate Early Victorian settings.

AMERICA, PAST AND PRESENT

STEAMBOAT BILL AND THE CAPTAIN'S TOP HAT, by Irwin Shapiro, drawings by Donald McKay. This is the story of Steamboat Bill, a fine pilot and a mighty man, and how he beat both the Mississippi steamboat Thunderbolt and the record of the Robert E. Lee in spite of the rancor of his ship's captain, who was his good friend but with whom he almost quarrelled once too often. A lively piece of legend, written in a lusty, exaggerated style that children, especially boys, from six to eight should enjoy. The rambunctious pen-and-ink drawings are right in the spirit of the text.

MISSOURI CANARY, by Phil Stong, illustrated by Kurt Wiese. Several hundred soldiers, representing the "defending" army in maneuvers, encamp on an Iowa farm, and two brothers, aged eleven and twelve, who live there are appointed

...more great reading from VIKING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This informal, conversational book is "one of the great studies of the American theory of Government."—*N. Y. Times.* "Every last word of *The Republic* is stimulating, vibrant, energetic."—*Time.* $3.00

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Thousands are deep in this story of an unconventional woman who gambled her love for her daughter's happiness. "Hans Habe has a great gift." —SOSKIN, *N. Y. Herald Tribune.* $2.75

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This first book of his own writing since *While Rome Burns* is a kaleidoscopic volume. Here are stories, sketches, anecdotes from the decade of the Town Crier's greatest popularity. Here is Woollcott's world: his friends, his boundless enthusiasms, his insatiable curiosity. Every page flashes with the wit and wisdom that made him America's favorite raconteur and reporter. $2.75

LONG, LONG AGO

The Viking Press · New York

aides to a highly likable captain. The boys and Caruso, a mule who responds to mess call with devastating vehemence, are partly responsible for the defeat of the "enemy" in the Battle of Mudcat Creek. A funny, informal story with breezy dialogue and a tone calculated to please the seven-to-eleven reader.

THE STORY OF THE GREAT PLAINS, text by May McNeer, lithographs by C. H. DeWitt. Sixteen pages which tell the story of the area between the Missouri River and the Rockies from the days of the Comanches to the Dust Bowl years. The rather severely telescoped text is brought dramatically to life by the twelve full-page lithographs, in tawny colors, which will be pored over by cowboy- and Indian-struck boys and girls.

MIDNIGHT AND JEREMIAH, by Sterling North, illustrated by Kurt Wiese. This highly satisfactory book is about a boy of Cat Hollow, in the southern Indiana hills, and his little black lamb. It's the boy's granny, though, who steals the show. People like Granny Kincaid, who spins her own wool and weaves the most beautiful coverlets in Pike County, may seem as foreign as Eskimos to city children, but we think they will enjoy her saltiness and her tenderness just the same. In a year when as much talk about Americanism is being dished out to children as to adults, Mr. North has quietly cut a slice of real America and handed it to the children to taste for themselves. Kurt Wiese's illustrations are in his best style.

THIEF ISLAND, by Elizabeth Coatsworth, illustrated by John Wonsetler. The story of a Maine fisher family—a kindly, hard-working father and two nice, capable children—who lose their home on the mainland and have to move to a deserted house on a lonely island. For a while it looks as if the island is haunted, and there is a terrific storm which the children face all alone. Nevertheless, the story manages to be thoroughly cheerful. It's well written, too.

HOMER PRICE, written and illustrated by Robert McCloskey. Half a dozen vigorous episodes involving a small boy of a Middle Western town. Most of the characters are comic types and the story frequently verges on the slapstick—there's a motorized musical mousetrap, a lunchroom doughnut machine that forgets how to stop, a duel between some robbers and Homer's pet skunk, and so on. Most small children take an unholy pleasure in this sort of thing, though, and will probably become very fond of the story. When it's not being pleasantly improbable, the book gives an understanding picture of Middle Western town life in both its text and its drawings, which are executed in very good cartoon style.

RUFUS M., by Eleanor Estes, illustrated by Louis Slobodkin. The third book about the Moffats of Cranberry, in which, miraculously, the charm and funniness and the author's fresh touch show no signs of waning. This is perhaps because the humor—which in this case centres around Rufus, the youngest Moffat—seems not artificially contrived but drawn from real reminiscences. Rufus M. is solemn, unbeatable,

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The speeches and writings of China's First Lady from February to November 1942. "Touched with wise and graceful strength."—*The New Yorker.* $1.25

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A "simple, charming story of a magic stone, a water-buffalo, two Chinese children and an American girl."—*Chicago Daily News.* Illustrated by William Arthur Smith. $1.50

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Words and music of 47 American songs, many of them not available elsewhere. "This book will last."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune.* Illustrated. $2.25

BIPPY RIDES AGAIN

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"Irreverent, loose-footed memoirs of a news photographer, a very quick thinker in several languages . . . Amusing, rapid-fire stuff, plus some of Sammy's best pictures."—NEW YORKER. *$2.50*

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By Howard Handleman. "A vivid, authentic, highly personalized record of a campaign which has brought new laurels to the American fighting man."—CHICAGO NEWS. *$2.00*

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THE ARMY AIR FORCE PLAY

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THE BOOK SHOP
5 Grosvenor Building, Providence, Rhode Island

and altogether a child to marvel at and delight in. The pen-and-ink drawings are just right.

Hosh-Ki the Navajo, by Florence Hayes, illustrated by Charlotte Anna Chase. A delightful story which will make children consider present-day Indians as human beings rather than as the usual stiff figures in folk tales. The dirty, happy existence of the boy Hosh-Ki, his experiences with white men in a reservation school, and his adventures in a sandstorm are all described realistically and with considerable humor. (Ten to fourteen.)

Look Out Yonder, by Valenti Angelo, illustrated by the author. A quiet, lovingly told story of a family which lives a peaceful, pleasant life in a shack on the banks of a California river. Grandfather, father, mother, and four children garden, fish, devote much ingenuity to curing a mangy dog, and love their neighbors. All the time they are dreaming of owning a piece of land of their own. Children from ten to fourteen, who are not wholly addicted to the rattling pace of adventure stories, will relish the perception and feeling of this unusual book.

Peter Snow: Surgeon, by Gertrude Robinson, illustrated by Woodi Ishmael. The first part of this book, in which a sixteen-year-old English boy who comes to America in 1660 undergoes the usual pioneer hardships and has some run-ins with Indians, contains enough authentic adventure to satisfy any young reader. Whether the latter half, which, with equal authenticity, portrays a year of its hero's stern and rockbound life as a seventeenth-century Harvard undergraduate, will be as interesting to the same audience seems rather less likely. You never know, though, and the book is quite worth trying.

Incident in Yorkville, by Emma Gelders Sterne. An intelligently written story of the return of a fourteen-year-old German-American boy, after five years in Hitler's *Jungvolk,* to the United States, the land of his birth, which he has been taught to despise. The account of his resistance to the new environment in Manhattan's Yorkville and his eventual conversion is both interesting reading for itself and as a comment, made without heroics, on the postwar problem of fitting the average German into the society of peoples.

Johnny Tremain, by Esther Forbes, illustrated by Lynd Ward. A distinguished and continually interesting story of a boy apprenticed to a Boston silversmith in the days just before the Revolution. There is a living sense of America's past in the book and Miss Forbes manages to convey very deftly the mixed emotions of those early Yankees who, even while preparing to fight the redcoats, remembered that the torch of freedom they upheld had been lighted at the fire of English liberty. (Fourteen and beyond.)

Foreign Lands

The Steel Flea, by Nicholas Leskov, adapted from the Russian by Babette Deutsch and Avrahm Yarmolinsky, illustrated by Mstislav Dobujinsky. A story, for children from five to seven, of how Russian gunsmiths make a present for the Czar of the smallest, most beautiful toy dancing flea in the world. Not much plot, but it all comes out fresh and cheerful and funny in the adapters' crackling prose. Charming colored pictures.

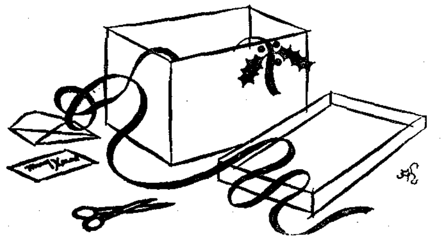
Sly Mongoose, by Katherine Pollock, illustrated by Kurt Wiese. On the theory that children like to read about the unfamiliar without being bothered by too much explanation, this ought to be a pleasant story for six-year-olds. It isn't about a mongoose at all; it gets its title from a calypso song popular in Trinidad, where the scene is laid. A cheerful, kindly little black boy, who works in the cocoa fields, dresses up for Mardi Gras, takes ordinary precautions against ghosts, and so on, is the hero. Miss Pollock's sensible assumption that her readers will catch on to the meaning of calypso singers and such West Indian phenomena gives the story a frank, uncondescending quality that is refreshing.

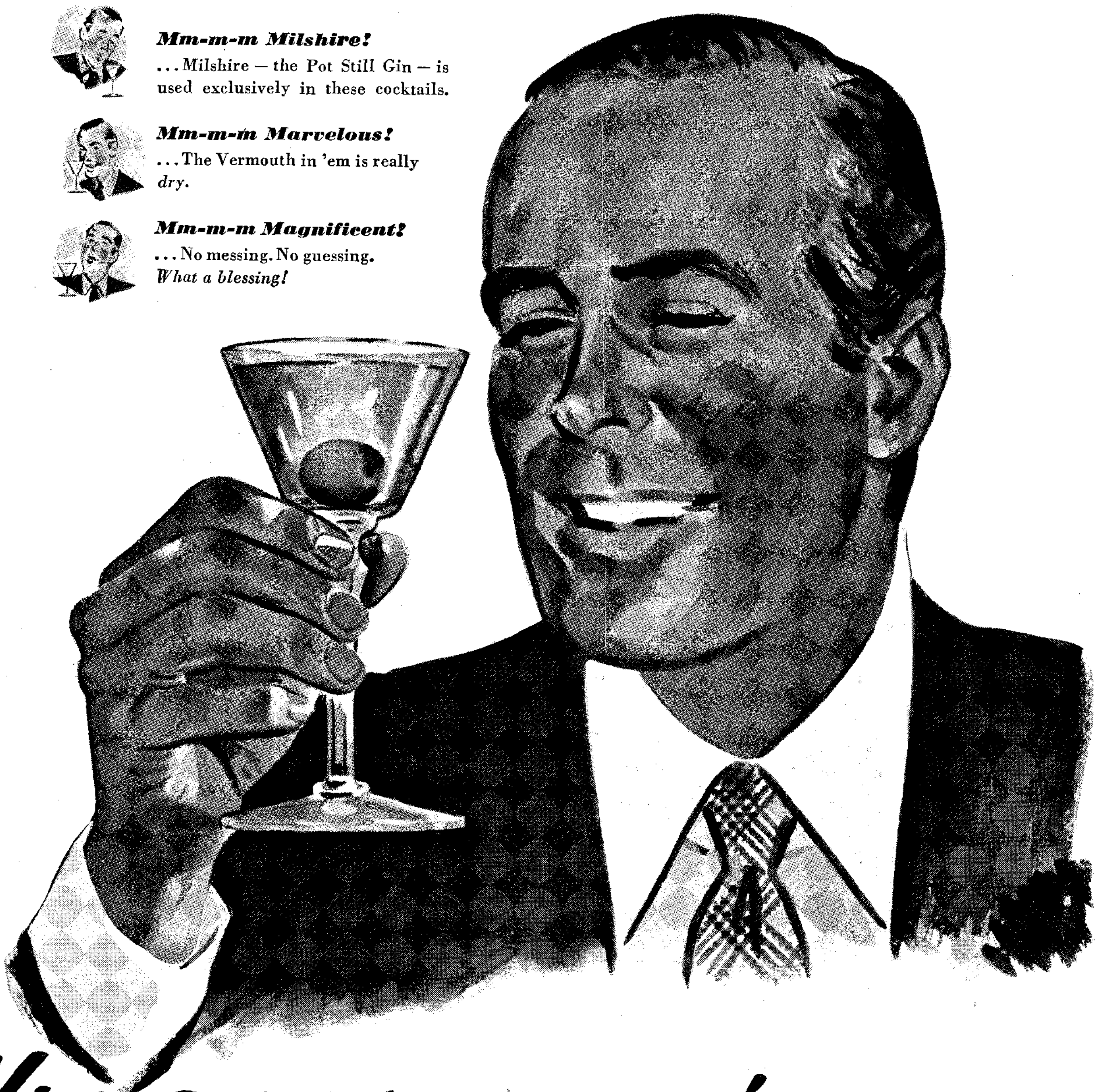
Bow Bells, by Katharine Gibson, illustrated by Vera Bock. The story of Dick Whittington elaborated into a pleasant tale that makes easy reading. The local color isn't applied too thickly, and a ten-year-old child who is just embarking on English history will be interested in the picture of teeming, smelly fourteenth-century London.

Adventures in Black and White, by Attilio Gatti, illustrated by Kurt Wiese. Absorbing story of an American boy in equatorial Africa by an explorer who writes well. There is a mystery about a saboteur, which the boy and a young African friend help solve, but it's the description of the jungle, a tribe of friendly pygmies, an encounter with elephants, and a hurricane, that boys from nine to thirteen will probably like best.

Gerrit and the Organ, by Hilda van Stockum. The author, who divides her considerable talents between books about Dutch and Irish children, has created another lively, discerning story of Holland. Seven-year-old Gerrit's adventures in the Amsterdam of 1891, while not particularly exciting, have the satisfying quality of credible experiences, affectionately and deftly told. The black-and-white illustrations, by the author, although not technically excellent, have a nice feeling for the homely Dutch background.

The Rise of Richard, by Margaret Alton, pictures by Jessie Robinson. A kindly but not very bright member of a family of six children in early-Victorian London endeavors to make friends with a shabby little girl he meets in a park. The troubles that result from Richard's efforts to evade the authority of his stuffy parents and pursue his new-found friendship don't provide any





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Mm-m-m Marvelous!
...The Vermouth in 'em is really *dry.*

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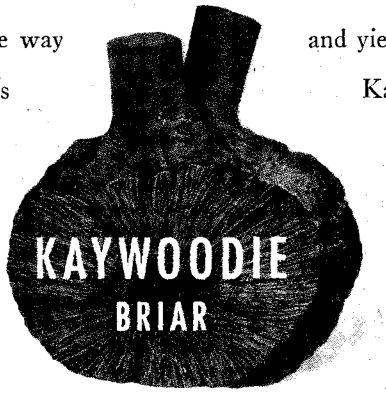

BUY
WAR
BONDS

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thrills, but they make a friendly sort of story of real children.

Watling Green, by Mollie Panter-Downes, illustrated by Mildred Cloete. This wartime tale, with its charm, good humor, and lack of even a suspicion of sentimentality, stands out as a little work of artlessness. Written in the form of a letter from a small English girl, the story describes, for the benefit of some young cousins in New York, the jolly, easy life of a happy family living in Sussex before the war and contrasts it with the far from easy but on the whole rather exciting last four years. American children will find amusement as well as enlightenment in the doings of the three little Trevors, and parents will be apt to find something very near to heartbreak in passages like the one about a sister who was so young when blackouts began that she doesn't know what streets lamps are for. (From nine up.)

The Picts and the Martyrs, by Arthur Ransome. The eleventh in this English author's series, which has dealt with the Swallows and the Amazons, the English kids who go in for being pirates on and about a North Country lake. The complications introduced by the unexpected visit of the Amazons' gorgonish great-aunt threaten to cramp the Amazons' style, but they manage to keep as active as usual. The Swallows don't appear in this volume, which some of Mr. Ransome's following may regret, and there is rather too much of the eldest Amazon, an overwhelmingly wholesome and resourceful English schoolgirl.

Fiddler's Quest, by Patricia Lynch, illustrated by Isobel Morton-Sale. A delightful story, well off the beaten track, about a little girl who sets out to find her grandfather on an island off the west coast of Ireland. On the way she stops in Dublin and takes up with a kindly, gay slum family with whom she becomes involved in the shenanigans of the Irish rebels back in 1916. Written with style and humor, and way above the usual thirteen-year-old-girl's story.

Vast Horizons, by Mary Seymour Lucas, illustrations and maps by C. B. Falls. We don't know how inclined the modern child, accustomed to thrillers about submarines and airplanes, will be to take on short histories of the Crusades, Genghis Khan, the Mongols, and thirteenth-century Portugal. However,

THE NEW YORKER

LISTS AT THIS SEASON SOME VOLUMES

BY ITS CONTRIBUTORS

(All or a considerable part of the contents of each of these books first appeared in this magazine.)

McSorley's Wonderful Saloon, by Joseph Mitchell. *(Duell, Sloan & Pearce, $2.50.)*

A full measure of Mr. Mitchell's lusty Profiles and his excursions into the lore of clams, terrapin, and beefsteak. Three tales, too, of Black Ankle County, North Carolina.

Between the Dark and the Daylight, by Nancy Hale. *(Scribners, $2.50.)*

Twenty short stories by an author of unusual range and penetration. This is Miss Hale's first book since "The Prodigal Women."

Who's In Charge Here?, by George Price. *(Farrar & Rinehart, $2.50.)*

Another collection of drawings—one hundred and fifty of them—about Mr. Price's queer people and the way they live. Wolcott Gibbs has written a foreword.

Afternoon of a Pawnbroker, by Kenneth Fearing. *(Harcourt, Brace, $2.)*

Twenty-one poems which, in spite of their lightness of tone, may give you some uneasy moments.

The Dream Department, by S. J. Perelman. *(Random House, $2.)*

Twenty-five of Mr. Perelman's famous prose omelets, dealing with dentistry, ladies' underwear, taxes, the love life of Paul Gauguin, and kindred matters.

Heathen Days, by H. L. Mencken. *(Knopf, $3.)*

The third volume of Mr. Mencken's memoirs, following "Happy Days" and "Newspaper Days." There's a lot of almost everything here, from the Dayton monkey trial to the author's adventures in the Vatican.

The Way Some People Live, by John Cheever. *(Random House, $2.)*

The first collection of Sergeant Cheever's very effective short stories about confused and suffering people. There are thirty stories in all.

Men, Women, and Dogs, by James Thurber. *(Harcourt, Brace, $3.)*

Practically the definitive Thurber. Some two hundred pages of his drawings of the last ten years, including the "War Between Men and Women" series and all your other favorites. There is a foreword by Dorothy Parker.

A Garland of Straw, by Sylvia Townsend Warner. *(Viking, $2.50.)*

Twenty-eight malicious stories about the eccentrics Miss Warner delights in creating. The scene, of course, is England.

G. I. Jungle, by E. J. Kahn, Jr. *(Simon & Schuster, $2.)*

A sequel to "The Army Life," this is Warrant Officer Kahn's good-natured account of an infantryman's adventures among the diggers, Zeros, mosquitoes, and strange mammals of the Southwest Pacific.

Women and Children First, by Sally Benson. *(Random House, $2.)*

Short stories, thirty-eight of them, written in the last five years. Funny, touching, or terrifying glimpses into ladies' minds opened by an expert.

Sophie Halenczik, American, by Rose C. Feld. *(Little, Brown, $2.)*

Here are gathered all of Miss Feld's experiences with Sophie, the Czechoslovakian domestic, and her family. There are drawings, too, by Alajálov.

All the Year Round, by Robert M. Coates. *(Harcourt, Brace, $2.50.)*

In these twenty-eight stories, Mr. Coates deals with all kinds of people, alike only in that most of them have been caught at some tragic climax in their lives.

You're Sitting on My Eyelashes, by Whitney Darrow, Jr. *(Random House, $2.50.)*

The first collection of drawings by this hilarious artist who specializes in outrageous children and people with their clothes off.

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☐ **KIKI AND MUFFY** Written and illustrated by ***Charlotte Steiner.*** About Kiki, who wanted a kitten, and how she got one. *Ages 3 to 5.* $1.25

☐ **A SQUASH FOR THE FAIR** Written and illustrated by ***Grace Paull.*** A picture story book about a little girl's Victory Garden. *Ages 4 to 8.* $1.50

☐ **THE NEW PET** Written and illustrated by ***Marjorie Flack.*** Dick and Judy wanted a puppy, but find out how much more fun a baby brother is. *Ages 4 to 8.* $1.50

☐ **STAND FAST AND REPLY** By ***Lavinia Davis.*** Bitsy Close, New Yorker, finds that life on an Ohio farm can be fun. *High school age.* $2.

☐ **VALIANT COMRADES** By ***Ruth Adams Knight.*** A timely story of the war dogs of World War II, and Larry who helps train them. *Any age.* $2.00

☐ **BIG DOG LITTLE DOG** By ***Golden MacDonald.*** Illustrated by ***Leonard Weisgard.*** Little Dog wants to do everything Big Dog does. Result—mischief! *Ages 3 to 5.* $1.25

☐ **THE MODEL AIRPLANE MYSTERY.** By ***Adrien Stoutenburg.*** Tim and Curly who build model airplanes, become involved with spies, secret inventions and danger on the Atlantic coast. *Ages 10 to 14.* $2.00

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if any book can inspire interest in such bygones, it is this well-told narrative. The enlightening maps and lively drawings are informative without being too textbookish. (Twelve to fifteen.)

SIGURD AND HIS BRAVE COMPANIONS, by Sigrid Undset, illustrated by Gunvor Bull Teilman. This, like everything Madame Undset writes, has a certain distinction, but it is one of her less successful tries. The adventures of three little boys in thirteenth-century Norway are too diffuse to be very satisfactory to American children. The stained-glass medieval background, on the other hand, is beautifully done. (For twelve-year-olds.)

NATURE STUDY AND ANIMALS

THE GOLDEN BOOK OF BIRDS, by Hazel Lockwood, illustrated by Feodor Rojankovsky; THE GOLDEN BOOK OF FLOWERS, by Mabel Foote Whitman, illustrated by M. H. Two books of carefully drawn pictures in bright color and black-and-white, with a short story about each flower and bird. Nature study for the littlest children.

ANIMAL TRACKS, written and illustrated by George F. Mason. Forty-four North American animals are here described. There is a black-and-white drawing for each one and a facing page of descriptive text. Tracks of the animal under discussion go marching up the margin of the text, and front and hind footprints are drawn to scale at the bottom of the page. The tracks will bring out a dormant woodsman's excitement even in children who are in no position to use the volume as a field handbook.

THE GRASSHOPPER BOOK, written and illustrated by Wilfrid S. Bronson. A fascinating volume, for any age from ten up, that takes the grasshopper and his relatives—the crickets, katydids, and so on—from the cradle to the grave. Mr. Bronson sticks to the accurate observations of a naturalist and there is no nonsense about Father and Mother Grasshopper, but any child with the slightest interest in insects will be entranced by the text. The excellent line drawings show how members of the grasshopper family are equipped for work and play.

THE CAT THAT WALKED A WEEK, by Meindert DeJong, pictures by Jessie Robinson. Almost everything about this story of a cat is odd stuff. When the animal is stolen and abandoned far out in the country, it ploughs its way back home in a grim trek that lasts a week and is pursued with a rare singleness of purpose. The story has a certain hypnotic quality which some children may like.

CHISEL-TOOTH THE BEAVER, by Joseph Wharton Lippincott, illustrated by Roland V. Shutts. A true-to-life and interesting story not only about beavers but about any number of forest animals. Children really interested in wild life will probably be grateful that there is hardly any fictionization.

THE LONE WOODSMAN, by Warren H. Miller, illustrated by Kreigh Collins. A seventeen-year-old boy, travelling in the north Canadian woods, loses, in a canoe accident, his gun, equipment, cooking utensils, everything except a hunting

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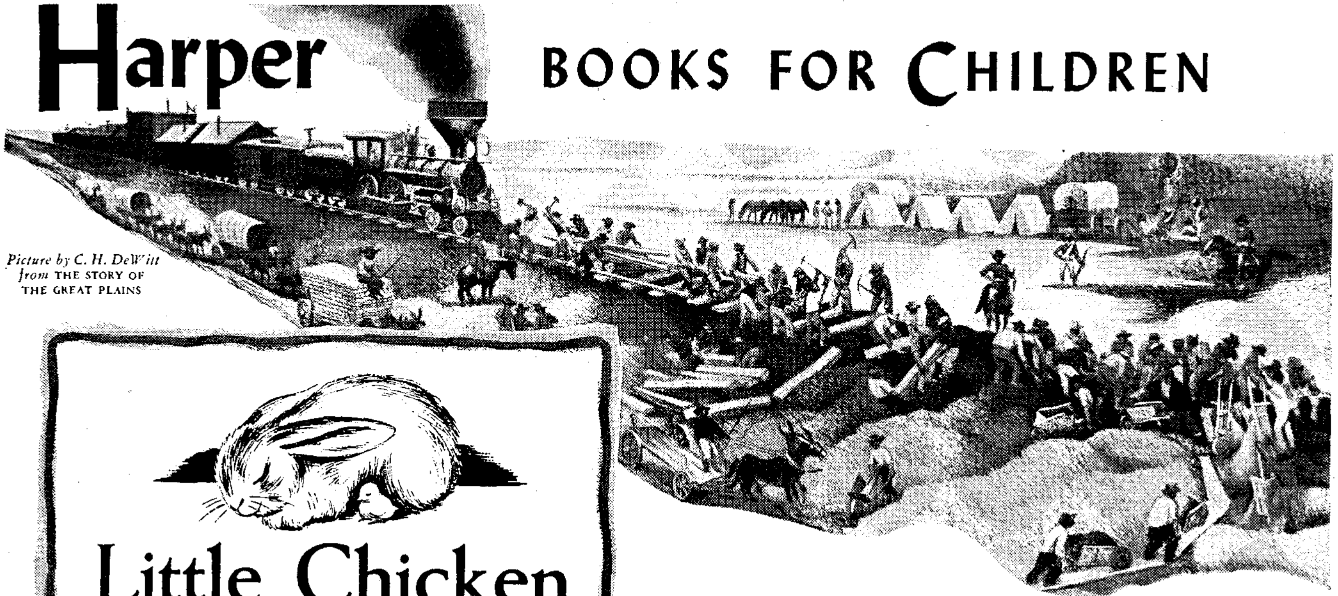

Picture by C. H. DeWitt from THE STORY OF THE GREAT PLAINS

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knife and his dog. How he survives and the courage and ingenuity he shows during his long stay in the wilds will interest any twelve-year-old boy.

THE HORSE: HIS GAITS, POINTS, AND CONFORMATION, text and drawings by Paul Brown. Although not an equestrian handbook, this is strictly for young people, from thirteen up, who are serious about horses or about drawing them. Most of the information on the matters outlined in the title is conveyed by means of a series of fine pencil action sketches. Ideal for a horse-lover and rather recondite to anyone else.

REPRINTS, ADAPTATIONS, AND MYTHS

FAVORITE TALES OF LONG AGO, FAVORITE BEDTIME STORIES, and FAVORITE NURSERY STORIES, adapted by Leah Gale, illustrated by Miss Elliot. The "Favorite Tales" is a collection of twenty of the most familiar fairy tales and fables—"Hansel and Gretel," "Cinderella," "Jack and the Beanstalk," and the rest—told in slightly abbreviated versions but gaining infinitely in charm through the delicate, imaginative, full-color pictures and single-tone decorations. The "Bedtime Stories," uniform with it in size and format, contains thirteen of the tales with the same illustrations; the other seven are to be found in the "Nursery Stories." Any of the three books would be perfect to introduce a little child to the traditional tales.

SMALL RAIN, verses from the Bible, chosen by Jessie Orton Jones, illustrated by Elizabeth Orton Jones. Here's a book for very young children which seems to us just about perfect in its small way. There is not a single flaw of taste in the sweet, gay drawings which translate, in terms which will appeal to a small child, the magnificent words of the Bible verses.

A CHILD'S STORY OF THE NATIVITY, by Louise Raymond, illustrated by Masha. The New Testament wording is not followed, but the retelling of the story is done with taste and simplicity to make a fitting vehicle for the beautifully drawn, delicately colored illustrations. The pictures' tender coloring is supplemented (a trifle too lavishly) by touches of gilt which make a gift book that is a minor masterpiece.

THREE GAY TALES FROM GRIMM, translated and illustrated by Wanda Gág. Three not-so-familiar stories done into humorous, colloquial English that is simple enough for young children. The pictures, although not Miss Gág's best, have her happy combination of the fanciful and the familiar that delights a small child.

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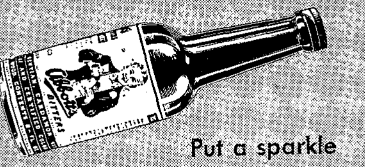

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Legends of the United Nations, by Frances Frost. A few well-told stories from each of nine European, three Asiatic, and four American countries, plus one continent—Australia.

Told on the King's Highway, by Eleanore Myers Jewett, illustrated by Marie A. Lawson. A collection of medieval stories adapted from various fabliaux, lays, and romances—folk, courtly, and religious—and retold in a framework of the author's own concoction as a sort of children's "Canterbury Tales." The sources are authentic and the background detail is faithfully reproduced, but the author's attempt to "give the stories more dramatic tension for young folk" has somewhat impaired the value of the collection. The decorative black-and-white illustrations do a great deal to enhance the text.

Sing for Christmas, by Opal Wheeler, illustrated by Gustaf Tenggren. All the well-known carols and some equally lovely ones that are not so often heard, with music arranged especially for children. The Tenggren illustrations are so imaginatively conceived and beautifully executed that, in spite of the rather inept text, which tells how each carol came into being, the volume is one of the most distinguished gift books of the season.

Learning Things

Tell Me About God, by Mary Alice Jones, illustrated by Pelagie Doane. Fair and intelligent answers to the questions small children are always asking. Large, nicely done colored pictures help to explain how the fact that God loves us and helps us to take care of ourselves affects a little child's daily life. (Three to five.)

Health Can Be Fun, by Munro Leaf. As usual, the suggestions in this third of Mr. Leaf's painless-steps-toward-pleasanter-children series are sensible and the drawings are funny.

What Makes It Tick? by Katharine Britton, pictures by Jeanne Bendick. How gears work, why it snows, what makes a plane stay in the air, and over forty other matters are explained, with the aid of pictures and diagrams, in a book which undertakes to answer a child's most frequent questions beginning with "Why?" The amount of material covered necessitates explanations which, although always simple, are sometimes too brief to convey an under-

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standing of the basic principles necessary for absolute clarity.

THE GOOD HOUSEKEEPING SEE AND SEW, by Mariska Karasz, illustrated by Christine Engler. We aren't sure that little girls are so anxious to sew that they are willing to get it all out of a book, but if they are, this certainly is the volume. It tells everything from the right way to thread a needle and knot a thread to how simple garments are made, probably more understandably than Grandmother could tell it, at that.

THE STORY OF ENGLAND, by Beatrice Curtis Brown and Helen Arbuthnot, illustrated by Gustaf Tenggren. Literate and restrained text accompanies the distinguished illustrations, combining to make a history which will delight as well as instruct children from seven to nine.

PEGS OF HISTORY, pictures by Rafaello Busoni, text by Helen Dean Fish. Twenty important dates in the world's history pictured in spirited drawings with a page of explanation to each illustration. Perhaps not the soundest way to teach anyone to remember dates, but girls and boys struggling with history textbooks will find it a painless and even pleasant one.

THE JUNIOR BOOK OF CAMPING AND WOODCRAFT, by Bernard S. Mason, drawings by Frederic H. Kock. Just about everything anyone but a Chippewa Indian could want to know about the most efficient ways to keep from getting cold, hungry, or lost while camping. Although it is designed for younger readers, youngsters with an active interest in the subject will profit by the clear text and the numerous equally clear photographs and diagrammatic drawings.

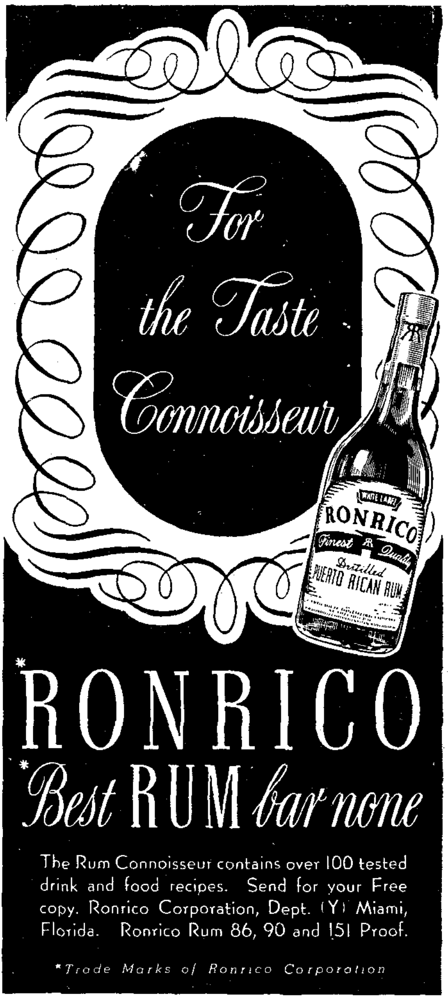
WAR BOOKS

HOW PLANES FLY and PARTS OF PLANES, by Aviation Research Associates. Very elementary aerodynamics and aviation mechanics, respectively; two useful, lucidly written aviation books for younger children. Basic, non-technical explanations, with diagrams and drawings as understandable as the text.

AMERICAN WARPLANES, by Elizabeth Mallett Conger. For children not old enough or far enough advanced in aeronautical lore for the current plane-spotters' manuals. It describes in simple language over fifty planes of all types, explaining as it goes along numerous terms, series markings, and basic principles of aerodynamics, and it is illustrated with plenty of excellent photographs.

SOLDIERS, SAILORS, FLIERS, AND MARINES, by Mary Elting and Robert T. Weaver, pictures by Jeanne Bendick. Life and training in the services, presented in a manner designed to answer the questions of young children. As simple as can be, but containing a surprising amount of information. The small pictures are hardly more than decorations, but since there is one to almost every sentence, they serve to make the explanations doubly clear and to lend gaiety to the book.

MALTA SPITFIRE, by George F. Beurling and Leslie Roberts, illustrations by Clayton Knight. Plenty of excitement in the actual experiences of a much-deco-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rated R.C.A.F. pilot. Boys with an insatiable interest in flying will probably like the description of work and play at a flying school in England almost as much as the account of a Spitfire squadron's exploits over Malta.

HIS EXCITING AIR, by Boone T. Guyton. A veteran test pilot writes the story of his experiences, with not a spy ring or a secret code in the lot. There's no combat in this book, but the fact that the tests it tells about are responsible for the success or failure of American fighter pilots on all war fronts makes it a different and very absorbing story.

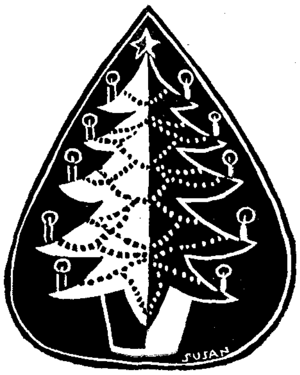
OAST GUARD, AHOY! by Philip Harkins. Wartime duty is, surprisingly, only a small part of this tale, but the regular activities of a Coast Guard man provide enough action to make the transition from peace to war hardly noticeable. In this, as in most of the teen-age service novels, the hero takes part in more varied action, in a short time, than seems possible, but, also as in most of them, the plot is a mere foil for authentic background detail. A book of more vigor than the usual service story.

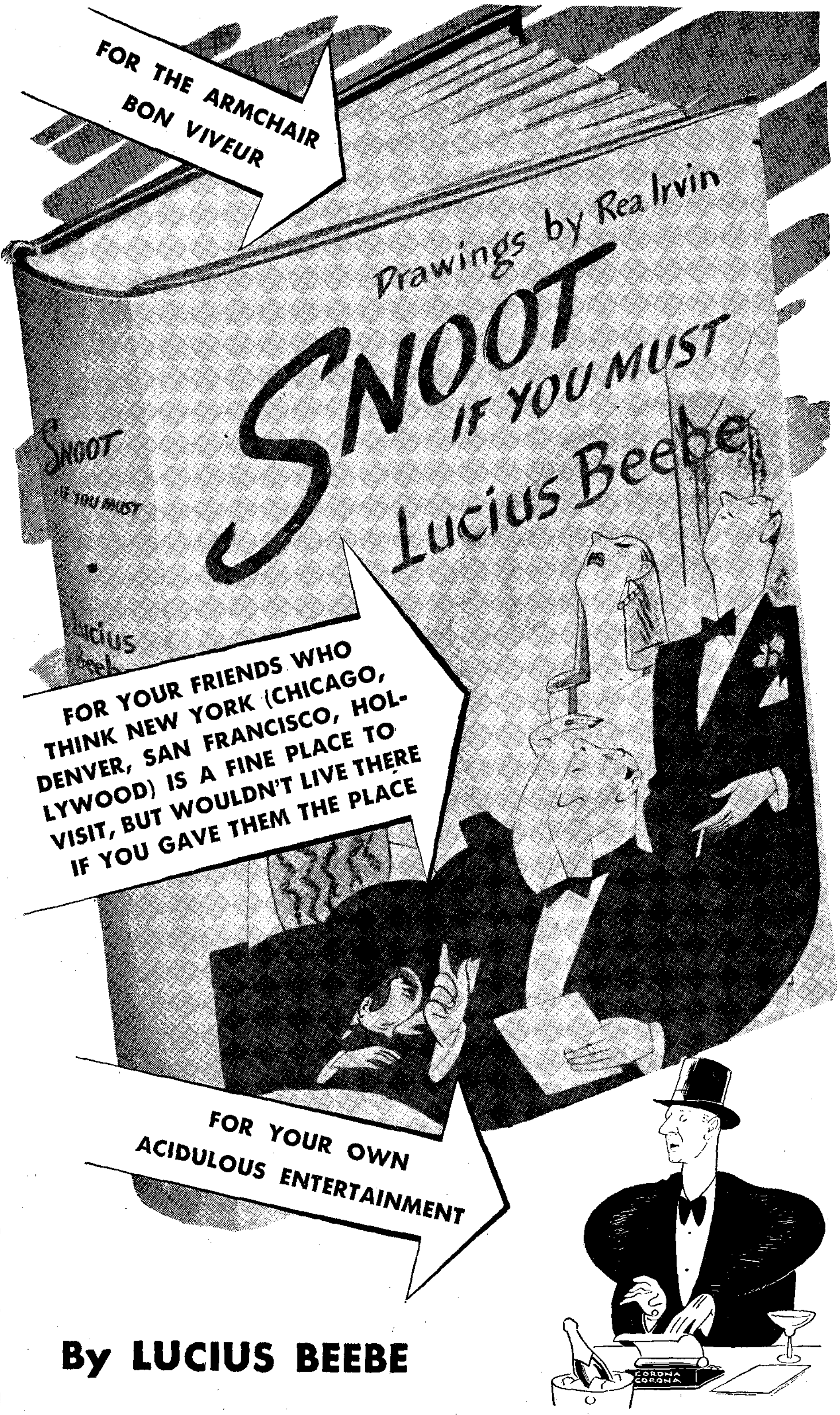
SUBMARINE SAILOR, by Gregor Felsen. Three or four movies could be made, and probably have been, from the material in this book, in which, on an eleven-week operational cruise, practically everything that can happen to a submarine in the Pacific does happen, along with a few things the reader might be excused for supposing improbable. The strenuous events, however, merely provide scope for demonstrating the capabilities of an American submarine when she struts her stuff, a display that Navy-minded boys will appreciate. With a 32-page supplement of photographs.

FLIGHTS TO GLORY, by John Purcell. The publishers are promoting this volume, by a war correspondent, as something for older children, but it makes every bit as good reading for adults. The exploits of forty fliers in various theatres of this war are integrated in a book that is less a mere roster of heroes than an intelligent and critical discussion of the use of airpower under all conditions. It is based on a sound knowledge of the design, function, and history of aircraft which rounds out the accounts of the individual flights to make a darned good history of the war in the air, with special emphasis on the Pacific theatre. Photographs.

BIOGRAPHIES

DONALD MCKAY: DESIGNER OF CLIPPER SHIPS, by Clara Ingram Judson, illustrated by John O'Hara Cosgrave, II. A

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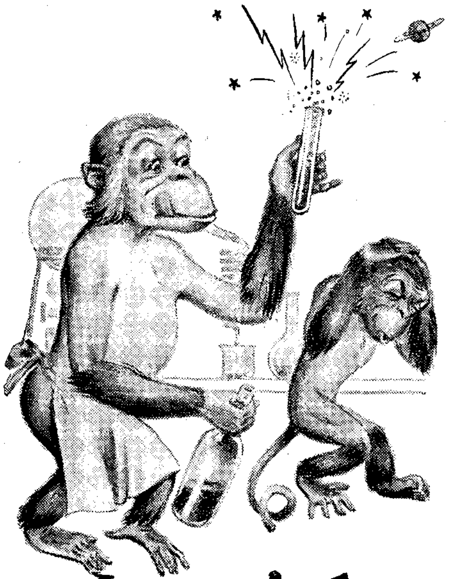

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brief, informative, and clearly written life of the builder of the Flying Cloud and the Sovereign of the Seas which ought to interest ten-year-old boys who care about sailing. Even the child who doesn't know about ships will find the book a satisfactory success story of an industrious apprentice. The pictures present admirably the intricate and beautiful construction of McKay's more famous clippers.

PAUL REVERE: PATRIOT ON HORSEBACK, by Frances Rogers and Alice Beard. A readable biography of an enterprising, talented American, set against the background of Colonial and Revolutionary Boston. The dramatic events of Revere's active life make a story that compensates for the book's not being too well written. There are several reproductions of the hero's own drawings of early Boston and some pleasant illustrations by Frances Rogers. (Ten to twelve.)

CHOPIN, by Antoni Gronowicz. An agreeably written biography with, in addition, explanation of some of the composer's more famous compositions. Probably, though, a child old enough to be interested in the George Sand episode at all (it's brought into the book circumspectly, but at length) and in the jealousies of Faubourg St.-Germain drawing rooms is ready for an adult life of the composer. (Fourteen to fifteen.)

BRAHMS: THE MASTER, by Madeleine Goss and Robert Haven Schauffler, illustrated by Frederic Dorr Steele. Brahms' life is dressed up with a good deal of fictionization, but the facts are all there. The really valuable appendices, one listing Brahms' works and recordings, the other giving a table of the musical events in the composer's life, would seem to be for more mature children than the story indicates.

PETER THE GREAT, by Nina Brown Baker, illustrated by Louis Slobodkin. A more than usually readable and well-written biography with which a twelve-year-old child can get off to a good start in Russian history.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF SIMON BOLIVAR, written and illustrated by Hendrik Willem van Loon. Well-read children probably know by this time that a book by Hendrik van Loon is about a lot more than the title lets on. The author, in his easy, offhand style, gives a clear and detailed picture of the first Spaniards in South America before he moves on to the eighteenth century and, finally, to Bolivar himself. A delightful book, with spirited illustrations in color.

WALTER REED: DOCTOR IN UNIFORM, by L. N. Wood, illustrated by Douglas Duer. An excellent life of the great bacteriologist. Even children not overly interested in science will find Reed's active career absorbing.

•

Vancouver's birth rate shows a 20 per cent increase this year as compared with a corresponding period in 1942. There have been 5,825 births since the beginning of the year, compared with 4,938 for the tame time in 1942.—*Seattle Times.*

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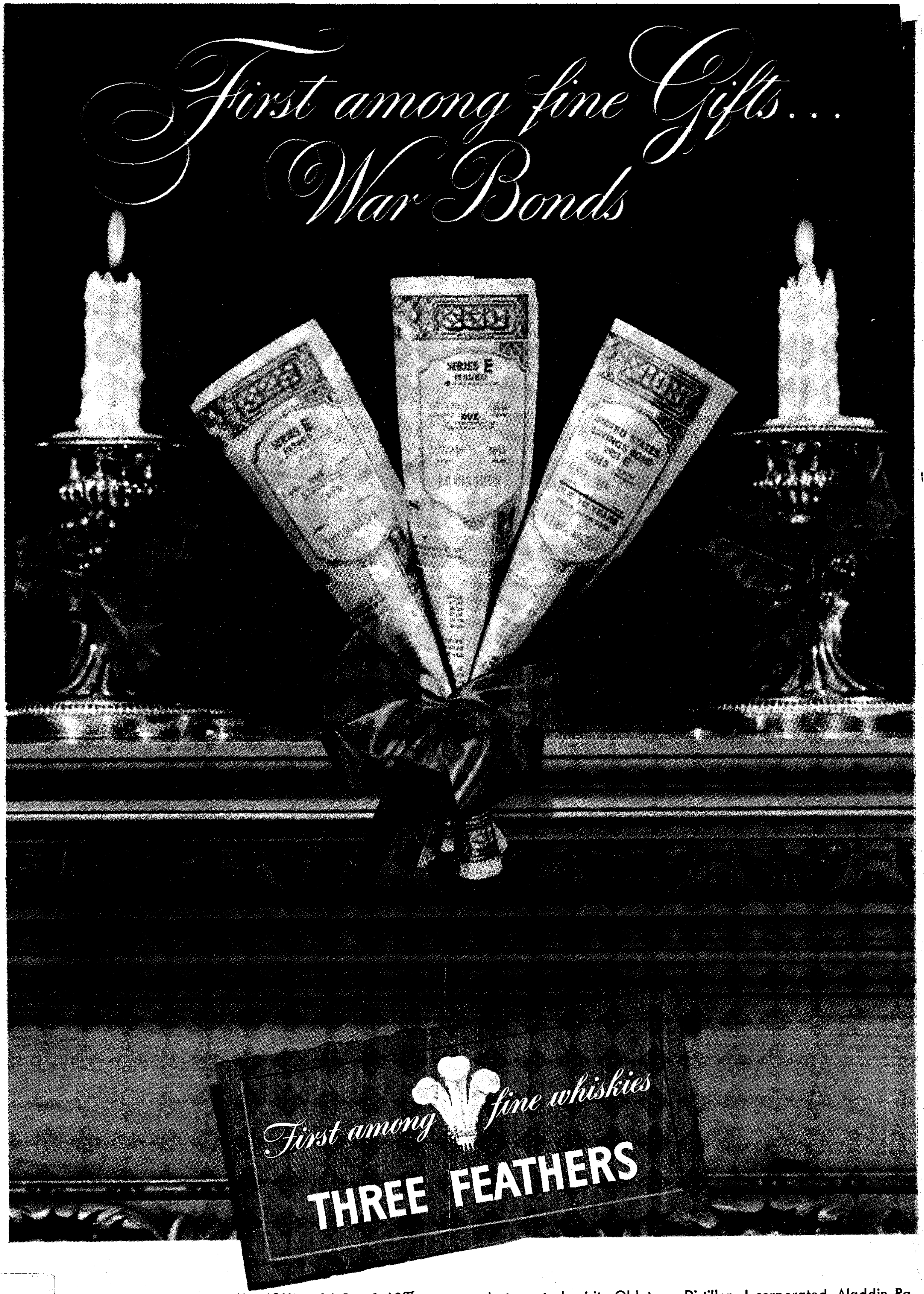
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